



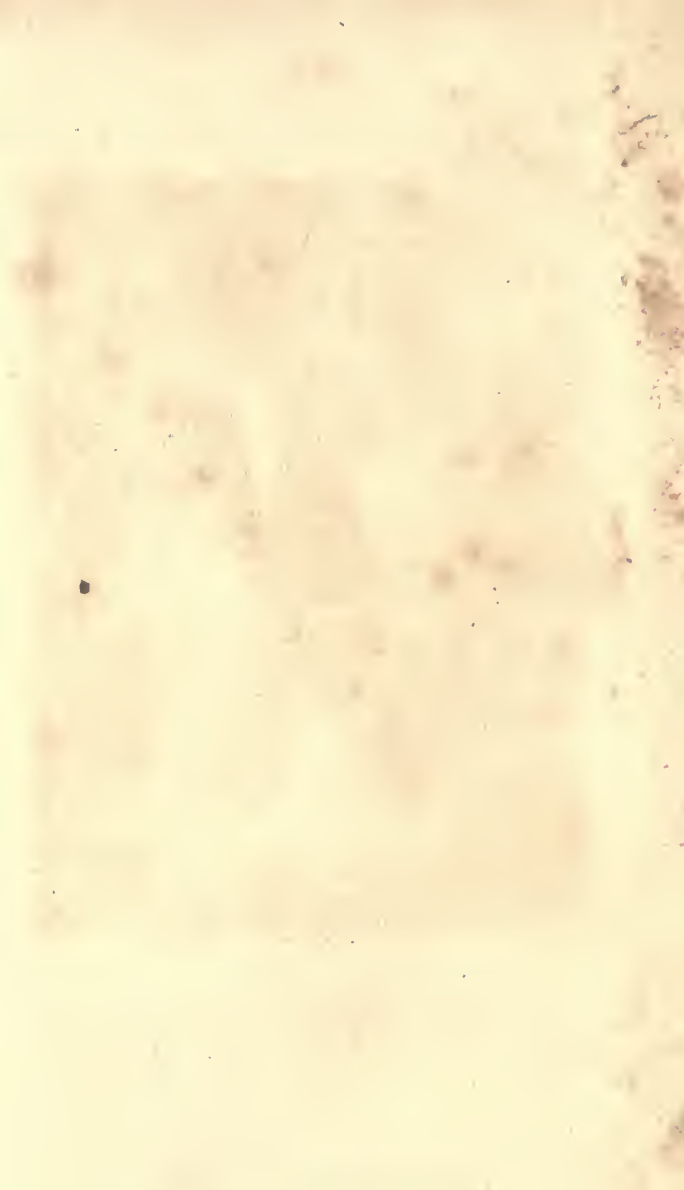
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W. Harvey.

F. Rollé.

PATRONAGE.

— I had heard it with feelings of powerless de-
spair.
He found himself in the open field, and leaning
against a tree — his hand pressed his forehead.

PATRONAGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

VOL. II.



W Harvey

E. Smith

"Look, ma'am, a mere strip!—only two breadths of three quarters bare each—which gives no folds in nature, nor drapery, nor majesty."

Vol. 2, page 149.

LONDON. BALDWIN & CRADOCK, PATERNOSTER ROW.
AND OTHER PROPRIETORS.

1833.



TALES AND NOVELS

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

IN EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XV.

CONTAINING

PATRONAGE,

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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LIVERPOOL.

1833.

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

[illegible]

P A T R O N A G E.

PATRONAGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

LETTER FROM CAROLINE TO ERASMUS.

“MY DEAR ERASMUS,

“YOUR friend and patient, Mr. Gresham, was so eager to take your advice, and so quick in his movements, that your letter, announcing his intended visit, reached us but a few days before his arrival at the Hills. And—mark how great and little events, which seem to have no possible link of connexion, depend upon one another—Alfred or Mr. Gresham must have sat up all night, or slept on the floor, had not Alfred, that morning, received a letter from Mrs. Hungerford, summoning him to town to draw her son’s marriage settlements. It is thought that colonel Hungerford, whose leave of absence from his regiment has, by special favour, been repeatedly protracted, will be very soon sent abroad. Lady Elizabeth Pembroke has, therefore, consented to his urgent desire for their immediate union; and Alfred will, I am sure, give them as little reason as possible to complain of the law’s delay. Lady Elizabeth, who has all that decision of mind and true courage which you know is so completely compatible with the most

perfect gentleness of disposition and softness, even timidity of manners, resolves to leave all her relations and friends, and to go abroad. She says she knew what sacrifices she must make in marrying a soldier, and she is prepared to make them without hesitation or repining.

“And now to return to your friend, Mr. Gresham. The more we see of him the more we like him. Perhaps he bribed our judgment a little at first by the kind, affectionate manner in which he spoke of you; but, independently of this prepossession, we should, I hope, soon have discovered his merit. He is a good English merchant. Not a ‘*M. Friport, qui sçait donner, mais qui ne sçait pas vivre,*’ but a well-bred, well-informed gentleman, upright, liberal, and benevolent, without singularity or oddities of any sort. His quiet, plain manners, free from ostentation, express so well the kind feelings of his mind, that I prefer them infinitely to what are called polished manners. Last night Rosamond and I were amusing ourselves by contrasting him with our recollection of the polished M. de Tourville—but as you were not at home at the memorable time of the shipwreck, and of M. de Tourville’s visit, you cannot feel the force of our parallel between these two beings, the most dissimilar I have ever seen—an English merchant and a diplomatic Frenchman. You will ask, what put it into our heads to make the comparison? A slight circumstance which happened yesterday evening. Rosamond was showing Mr. Gresham some of my drawings, and among them the copy of that beautiful miniature in M. de Tourville’s snuff-box.

My father told him the history of Euphrosyne, of her German prince, and count Albert. Mr. Gresham's way of listening struck us, by its contrast to the manner of M. de Tourville—and this led us on to draw a parallel between their characters. Mr. Gresham, instead of shrugging his shoulders, and smiling disdainfully, like the Frenchman, at the Quixotism of the young nobleman, who lost his favour at court by opposing the passion of his prince, was touched with count Albert's disinterested character; and quite forgetting, as Rosamond observed, to compliment me upon my picture of Euphrosyne, he laid down the miniature with a negligence of which M. de Tourville never would have been guilty, and went on eagerly to tell some excellent traits of the count. For instance, when he was a very young man in the Prussian or Austrian service, I forget which, in the heat of an engagement he had his sabre lifted over the head of one of the enemy's officers, when looking down, he saw that the officer's right arm was broken. The count immediately stopped, took hold of the disabled officer's bridle, and led him off to a place of safety. This and many other anecdotes Mr. Gresham heard, when he spent some time on the continent a few years ago, whilst he was transacting some commercial business. He had full opportunities of learning the opinions of different parties; and he says, that it was the prayer of all the good and wise in Germany, whenever the hereditary prince should succeed to the throne, that count Albert Altenberg might be his minister.

“By the by, Mr. Gresham, though he is rather

an elderly man, and looks remarkably cool and composed, shows all the warmth of youth whenever any of his feelings are touched.

“ I wish you could see how much my father is pleased with your friend. He has frequently repeated that Mr. Gresham, long as he has been trained in the habits of mercantile life, is quite free from the spirit of monopoly in small or great affairs. My father rejoices that his son has made such a friend. Rosamond charged me to leave her room to write to you at the end of my letter; but she is listening so intently to something Mr. Gresham is telling her, that I do not believe she will write one line. I hear a few words, which so much excite my curiosity, that I must go and listen too. Adieu.

“ Affectionately yours,

“ CAROLINE PERCY.”

Another letter from Caroline to Erasmus, dated some weeks after the preceding.

“ Tuesday, 14th.

“ Yes, my dear Erasmus, your friend, Mr. Gresham, is still with us; and he declares that he has not, for many years, been so happy as since he came here. He is now sufficiently intimate in this family to speak of himself, and of his own feelings and plans. You, who know what a horror he has of egotism, will consider this as a strong proof of his liking us, and of his confidence in our regard. He has related many of the instances, which, I suppose, he told you, of the ingratitude and disappointments he has met with from

persons whom he attempted to serve. He has kept us all, for hours, Rosamond especially, in a state of alternate pity and indignation. For all that has happened, he blames himself more than he blames any one else; and with a mildness and candour which make us at once admire and love him, he adverts to the causes of his own disappointment.

“ My father has spoken to him as freely as you could desire. He has urged, that as far as the public good is concerned, free competition is more advantageous to the arts and to artists than any private patronage can be.

“ If the productions have real merit, they will make their own way; if they have not merit, they ought not to make their way. And the same argument he has applied to literary merit, and to the merit, generally speaking, of persons as well as of things. He has also plainly told Mr. Gresham that he considers the trade of a patron as one of the most thankless, as it is the least useful, of all trades.

“ All this has made such an impression upon your candid friend, that he has declared it to be his determination to have no more protégées, and to let the competition of talents work fairly without the interference, or, as he expressed it, any of the *bounties* and *drawbacks* of patronage. ‘ But then,’ he added, with a sigh, ‘ I am an isolated being: am I to pass the remainder of my days without objects of interest or affection? While Constance Panton was a child, she was an object to me; but now she must live with her parents, or she will marry: at all events, she is rich—and is my wealth to be only for my selfish grati-

fication? How happy you are, Mr. Percy, who have such an amiable wife, such a large family, and so many charming domestic objects of affection!’

“ Mr. Gresham then walked away with my father to the end of the room, and continued his conversation in a low voice, to which I did not think I ought to listen, so I came up stairs to write to you. I think you told me that Mr. Gresham had suffered some disappointment early in life, which prevented his marrying; but if I am not mistaken, his mind now turns again to the hopes of domestic happiness. If I am not mistaken, Rosamond has made an impression on his heart. I have been as conveniently and meritoriously deaf, blind, and stupid, for some time past, as possible; but though I shut my eyes, and stop my ears, yet my imagination will act, and I can only say to myself, as we used to do when we were children—I will not think of it till it comes, that I may have the pleasure of the surprise. * * * * *

“ Affectionately yours,

“ CAROLINE PERCY.”

Caroline was right—Rosamond had made a great impression upon Mr. Gresham’s heart. His recollection of the difference between his age and Rosamond’s, and his consciousness of the want of the gaiety and attractions of youth, rendered him extremely diffident, and for some time suppressed his passion, at least delayed the declaration of his attachment. But Rosamond seemed evidently to like his company and conversation, and she showed that degree of esteem and interest for him which, he flattered him-

self, might be improved into a more tender affection. He ventured to make his proposal—he applied first to Mrs. Percy, and entreated that she would make known his sentiments to her daughter.

When Mrs. Percy spoke to Rosamond, she was surprised at the very decided refusal which Rosamond immediately gave. Both Mrs. Percy and Caroline were inclined to think that Rosamond had not only a high opinion of Mr. Gresham, but that she had felt a preference for him which she had never before shown for any other person; and they thought that, perhaps, some refinement of delicacy about accepting his large fortune, or some fear that his want of high birth, and what are called good connexions, would be objected to by her father and mother, might be the cause of this refusal. Mrs. Percy felt extremely anxious to explain her own sentiments, and fully to understand Rosamond's feelings. In this anxiety Caroline joined most earnestly; all the kindness, sympathy, and ardent affection, which Rosamond had ever shown for her, when the interests of her heart were in question, were strong in Caroline's recollection, and these were now fully returned. Caroline thought Mr. Gresham was too old for her sister; but she considered that this objection, and all others, should yield to Rosamond's own opinion and taste. She agreed with her mother in imagining that Rosamond was not quite indifferent to his merit and to his attachment.

Mrs. Percy began by assuring Rosamond that she should be left entirely at liberty to decide according to her own judgment and feelings. "You have seen,

my dear, how your father and I have acted towards your sister; and you may be sure that we shall show you equal justice. Though parents are accused of always rating 'a good estate above a faithful lover,' yet you will recollect that Mr. Barclay's good estate did not induce us to press his suit with Caroline. Mr. Gresham has a large fortune; and, to speak in lady Jane Granville's style, it must be acknowledged, my dear Rosamond, that this would be a most advantageous match; but for this very reason we are particularly desirous that you should determine for yourself: at the same time, let me tell you, that I am a little surprised by the promptness of your decision. Let me be sure that this negative is serious—let me be sure that I rightly understand you, my love: now, when only your own Caroline is present, tell me what are your objections to Mr. Gresham?"

Thanks for her mother's kindness; thanks, repeated, with tears in her eyes, were for a considerable time, all the answer that could be obtained from Rosamond. At length she said, "Without having any particular objection to a person, surely, if I cannot love him, that is sufficient reason for my not wishing to marry him."

Rosamond spoke these words in so feeble a tone, and with so much hesitation, colouring at the same time so much that her mother and sister were still uncertain how they were to understand her *if*—and Mrs. Percy replied, "Undoubtedly, my dear, *if* you cannot not love him; but that is the question. Is it quite certain that you cannot?"

"Oh! quite certain—I believe."

“This certainty seems to have come very suddenly,” said her mother, smiling.

“What can you mean, mother?”

“I mean that you did not show any decided dislike to him, till within these few hours, my dear.”

“Dislike! I don’t feel—I hope I don’t show any dislike—I am sure I should be very ungrateful. On the contrary, it would be impossible for any body, who is good for any thing, to *dislike* Mr. Gresham.”

“Then you can neither like him nor dislike him?—You are in a state of absolute indifference.”

“That is, except gratitude—gratitude for all his kindness to Erasmus, and for his partiality to me—gratitude I certainly feel.”

“And esteem?”

“Yes; to be sure, esteem.”

“And I think,” continued her mother, “that before he committed this crime of proposing for you, Rosamond, you used to show some of the indignation of a good friend against those ungrateful people who used him so ill.”

“Indignation! Yes,” interrupted Rosamond, “who could avoid feeling indignation?”

“And pity?—I think I have heard you express pity for poor Mr. Gresham.”

“Well, ma’am, because he really was very much to be pitied—don’t you think so?”

“I do—and pity——” said Mrs. Percy, smiling.

“No, indeed, mother, you need not smile—nor you, Caroline; for the sort of pity which I feel is not—it was merely pity by itself, plain pity: why

should people imagine and insist upon it, that more is felt than expressed?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Percy, "I do not insist upon your feeling more than you really do; but let us see—you are in a state of absolute indifference, and yet you feel esteem, indignation, pity—how is this, Rosamond? How can this be?"

"Very easily, ma'am, because by absolute indifference, I mean—Oh! you know very well what I mean—absolute indifference as to——"

"Love perhaps, is the word which you cannot pronounce this morning."

"Now, mother! Now, Caroline! You fancy that I love him. But, supposing there were any *if* in the case on my side, tell me only *why* I should refuse him?"

"Nay, my dear, that is what we wait to hear from you," said Mrs. Percy.

"Then I will tell you *why*," said Rosamond: "in the first place, Mr. Gresham has a large fortune, and I have none. And I have the greatest horror of the idea of marrying for money, or of the possibility of its being suspected that I might do so."

"I thought that was the fear!" cried Caroline: "but, my dear Rosamond, with your generous mind, you know it is quite impossible that you should marry from interested motives."

"Absolutely impossible," said her mother. "And when you are sure of your own mind, it would be weakness, my dear, to dread the suspicions of others, even if such were likely to be formed."

“Oh! do not, my dearest Rosamond,” said Caroline, taking her sister’s hand, pressing it between hers, and speaking in the most urgent, almost supplicating tone, “do not, generous as you are, sacrifice your happiness to mistaken delicacy!”

“But,” said Rosamond, after a moment’s silence, “but you attribute more than I deserve to my delicacy and generosity: I ought not to let you think me so much better than I really am. I had some other motives: you will think them very foolish—very ridiculous—perhaps wrong; but you are so kind and indulgent to me, mother, that I will tell you all my follies. I do not like to marry a man who is not a hero—you are very good not to laugh, Caroline.”

“Indeed, I am too seriously interested at present to laugh,” said Caroline.

“And you must be sensible,” continued Rosamond, “that I could not, by any effort of imagination, or by any illusion of love, convert a man of Mr. Gresham’s time of life and appearance, with his wig, and sober kind of understanding, into a hero.”

“As to the wig,” replied Mrs. Percy, “you will recollect that both sir Charles Grandison and Lovelace wore wigs; but, my dear, granting that a man cannot, in these days be a hero in a wig, and granting that a hero cannot or should not have a sober understanding, will you give me leave to ask, whether you have positively determined that none but heroes and heroines should live, or love, or marry, or be happy in this mortal world?”

“Heaven forbid!” said Rosamond, “particularly as I am not a heroine.”

“And as only a few hundred millions of people in the world are in the same condition,” added Mrs. Percy.

“And those, perhaps, not the least happy of human beings,” said Caroline. “Be that as it may, I think it cannot be denied that Mr. Gresham has, in a high degree, one of the qualities which ought to distinguish a hero.”

“What?” said Rosamond, eagerly.

“Generosity,” replied Caroline; “and his large fortune puts it in his power to show that quality upon a scale more extended than is usually allowed even to the heroes of romance.”

“True—very true,” said Rosamond, smiling: “generosity might make a hero of him if he were not a merchant—a merchant!—a Percy ought not to marry a merchant.”

“Perhaps, my dear,” said Mrs. Percy, “you don’t know that half, at least, of all the nobility in England have married into the families of merchants; therefore, in the opinion of half the nobility of England, there can be nothing discreditable or derogatory in such an alliance.”

“I know, ma’am, such things are; but then you will allow they are usually done for money, and that makes the matter worse. If the sons of noble families marry the daughters of mercantile houses, it is merely to repair the family fortune. But a nobleman has great privileges. If he marry beneath himself, his low wife is immediately raised by her wedding-ring to an equality with the high and mighty husband—her name is forgotten in her title—her vulgar re-

lations are left in convenient obscurity: the husband never thinks of taking notice of them; and the wife, of course, may let it alone if she pleases. But a woman, in our rank of life, must bear her husband's name, and must also bear all his relations, be they ever so vulgar. Now, Caroline, honestly—how should you like this?"

"Honestly, not at all," said Caroline; "but as we cannot have every thing we like, or avoid every thing we dislike, in life, we must balance the good against the evil, when we are to make our choice: and if I found certain amiable, estimable qualities in a character, I think that I might esteem, love, and marry him, even though he had a vulgar name and vulgar connexions. I fairly acknowledge, however, that it must be something superior in the man's character which could balance the objection to vulgarity in my mind."

"Very well, my dear," said Rosamond, "do you be a martyr to vulgarity and philosophy, if you like it—but excuse me, if you please. Since you, who have so much strength of mind, fairly acknowledge that this objection is barely to be overcome by your utmost efforts, do me the favour, do me the justice, not to expect from me a degree of civil courage quite above my powers."

Caroline, still believing that Rosamond was only bringing forward all the objections that might be raised against her wishes, replied, "Fortunately, my dear Rosamond, you are not called upon for any such effort of philosophy, for Mr. Gresham is not vulgar, nor is even his name vulgar, and he cannot have any

vulgar relations, because he has no relations of any description—I heard him say, the other day, that he was an isolated being.”

“That is a comfort,” said Rosamond, laughing; “that is a great thing in his favour; but if he has not relations, he has connexions. What do you think of those horrible Pantons? This instant I think I see old Panton cooling himself—wig pushed back—waistcoat unbuttoned—and protuberant Mrs. Panton with her bay wig and artificial flowers. And not the Pantons only, but you may be sure there are hordes of St. Mary Axe cockneys, that would pour forth upon *Mrs. Gresham*, with overwhelming force, and with partnership and old-acquaintance-sake claims upon her public notice and private intimacy. Come, come, my dear Caroline, don’t speak against your conscience—you know you never could withstand the hordes of *vulgarians*.”

“These *vulgarians* in buckram,” said Caroline, “have grown from two to two hundred in a trice, in your imagination, Rosamond: but consider that old Panton, against whom you have such an invincible horror, will, now that he has quarrelled with Erasmus, probably very soon eat himself out of the world; and I don’t see that you are bound to Mr. Gresham’s dead partner’s widow—is this your only objection to Mr. Gresham?”

“My only objection! Oh no! don’t flatter yourself that in killing old Panton you have struck off all my objections. Independently of vulgar relations, or connexions, and the disparity of age, my grand objection remains. But I will address myself to my

mother, for you are not a good person for judging of prejudices—you really don't understand them, my dear Caroline; one might as well talk to Socrates. You go to work with logic, and get one between the horns of a wicked dilemma directly—I will talk to my mother; she understands prejudices.”

“Your mother thanks you,” said Mrs. Percy, smiling, “for your opinion of her understanding.”

“My mother is the most indulgent of mothers, and, besides, the most candid, and therefore I know she will confess to me that she herself cherishes a little darling prejudice in favour of birth and family, a *leetle* prejudice—well covered by good-nature and politeness—but still a secret, invincible antipathy to low-born people.”

“To low-bred people, I grant.”

“Oh, mother! you are *upon your candour*—my dear mother, not only low-bred, but low-born: confess you have a—what shall I call it?—an *indisposition* towards low-born people.”

“Since you put me upon my candour,” said Mrs. Percy, “I am afraid I must confess that I am conscious of a little of the aristocratic weakness you impute to me.”

“Impute!—No imputation, in my opinion,” cried Rosamond. “I do not think it any weakness.”

“But I do,” said Mrs. Percy—“I consider it as a weakness; and bitterly should I reproach myself, if I saw any weakness, any prejudice of mine, influence my children injuriously in the most material circumstance of their lives, and where their happiness is at stake. So, my dear Rosamond, let me entreat——”

“Oh! mother, don't let the tears come into your eyes; and, without any entreaties, I will do just as you please.”

“My love,” said Mrs. Percy, “I have no pleasure but that you should please yourself and judge for yourself, without referring to any prepossession of mine. And lest your imagination should deceive you as to the extent of my aristocratic prejudices, let me explain. The *indisposition*, which I have acknowledged I feel towards low-born people, arises, I believe, chiefly from my taking it for granted that they cannot be thoroughly well-bred. I have accidentally seen examples of people of inferior birth, who, though they had risen to high station, and though they had acquired, in a certain degree, polite manners, and had been metamorphosed by fashion, to all outward appearance, into perfect gentry, yet betrayed some marks of their origin, or of their early education, whenever their passions or their interests were touched: then some awkward gesture, some vulgar expression, some mean or mercenary sentiment, some habitual contraction of mind, recurred.”

“True, true, most true!” said Rosamond. “It requires two generations, at least, to wash out the stain of vulgarity: neither a gentleman nor a gentlewoman can be made in less than two generations; therefore I never will marry a low-born man, if he had every perfection under the sun.”

“Nay, my dear, that is too strong,” said Mrs. Percy. “Hear me, my dearest Rosamond. I was going to tell you, that my experience has been so limited, that I am not justified in drawing from it

any general conclusion. And even to the most positive and rational general rules you know there are exceptions."

"That is a fine general softening clause," said Rosamond; "but now positively, mother, would you have ever consented to marry a merchant?"

"Certainly, my dear, if your father had been a merchant, I should have married him," replied Mrs. Percy.

"Well, I except my father. To put the question more fairly, may I ask, do you wish that your daughter should marry a merchant?"

"As I endeavoured to explain to you before, *that* depends entirely upon what the merchant is, and upon what my daughter feels for him."

Rosamond sighed.

"I ought to observe, that merchants are now quite in a different class from what they were at the first rise of commerce in these countries," continued her mother. "Their education, their habits of thinking, knowledge, and manners, are improved, and, consequently, their *consideration*, their rank in society, is raised. In our days, some of the best informed, most liberal, and most respectable men in the British dominions are merchants. I could not, therefore, object to my daughter's marrying a merchant; but I should certainly inquire anxiously what sort of a merchant he was. I do not mean that I should inquire whether he was concerned in this or that branch of commerce, but whether his mind was free from every thing mercenary and illiberal. I have done so with respect to Mr. Gresham, and I can

assure you solemnly, that Mr. Gresham's want of the advantage of high birth is completely counter-balanced in my opinion by his superior qualities. I see in him a cultivated, enlarged, generous mind. I have seen him tried, where his passions and his interests have been nearly concerned, and I never saw in him the slightest tincture of vulgarity in manner or sentiment: therefore, my dear daughter, if he has made an impression on your heart, do not, on my account, conceal or struggle against it; because, far from objecting to Mr. Gresham for a son-in-law, I should prefer him to any gentleman or nobleman who had not his exalted character."

"There!" cried Caroline, with a look of joyful triumph, "there! my dear Rosamond, now your heart must be quite at ease!"

But looking at Rosamond at this moment, she saw no expression of joy or pleasure in her countenance; and Caroline was now convinced that she had been mistaken about Rosamond's feelings.

"Really and truly, mother, you think all this?"

"Really and truly, my dear, no motive upon earth would make me disguise my opinions, or palliate even my prejudices, when you thus consult me, and depend upon my truth. And now that I have said this much, I will say no more, lest I should bias you on the other side: I will leave you to your own feelings and excellent understanding."

Rosamond's affectionate heart was touched so by her mother's kindness that she could not for some minutes repress her tears. When she recovered her voice, she assured her mother and Caroline, with a

seriousness and an earnest frankness which at once convinced them of her truth, that she had not the slightest partiality for Mr. Gresham ; that, on the contrary, his age was to her a serious objection. She had feared that her friends might wish for the match, and that being conscious she had no other objection to make to Mr. Gresham except that she could not love him, she had hesitated for want of a better reason, when her mother first began this cross-examination.

Relieved by this thorough explanation, and by the conviction that her father, mother, and sister, were perfectly satisfied with her decision, Rosamond was at ease, as far as she herself was concerned. But she still dreaded to see Mr. Gresham again. She was excessively sorry to have given him pain, and she feared not a little that in rejecting the lover she should lose the friend.

Mr. Gresham, however, was of too generous a character to cease to be the friend of the woman he loved, merely because she could not return his passion: it is wounded pride, not disappointed affection, that turns immediately from love to hatred.

Rosamond was spared the pain of seeing Mr. Gresham again at this time, for he left the Hills, and set out immediately for London, where he was recalled by news of the sudden death of his partner. Old Mr. Panton had been found dead in his bed, after having supped inordinately the preceding night upon eel-pie. It was indispensably necessary that Mr. Gresham should attend at the opening of Panton's will, and Mrs. Panton wrote to represent this

in urgent terms. Mr. Henry was gone to Amsterdam; he had, for some time previously to the death of Mr. Panton, obtained the partnership's permission to go over to the Dutch merchants, their correspondents in Amsterdam, to fill a situation in their house, for which his knowledge of the Dutch, French, and Spanish languages eminently qualified him.

When Mr. Henry had solicited this employment, Mr. Gresham had been unwilling to part with him, but had yielded to the young man's earnest entreaties, and to the idea that this change would, in a lucrative point of view, be materially for Mr. Henry's advantage.

Some apology to the lovers of romance may be expected for this abrupt transition from the affairs of the heart to the affairs of the counting-house—but so it is in real life. We are sorry, but we cannot help it—we have neither sentiments nor sonnets ready for every occasion.

CHAPTER XXII.

LETTER FROM ALFRED.

This appears to have been written some months after the vacation spent at the Hills.

‘ Oh! thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.’

“ You remember, I am sure, my dear father, how angry we were some time ago with that man, whose name I never would tell you, the man whom Rosa-

mond called counsellor *Nameless*, who snatched a *good point* from me in arguing Mr. Hauton's cause. This very circumstance has been the means of introducing me to the notice of three men, all eminent in their profession, and each with the same inclination to serve me, according to their respective powers—a solicitor, a barrister, and a judge. Solicitor Babington (by the by, pray tell Rosamond in answer to her question whether there is an honest attorney, that there are no such things as *attorneys* now in England—they are all turned into solicitors and agents, just as every *shop* is become a *warehouse*, and every *service* a *situation*), Babington the solicitor employed against us in that suit a man who knows, without practising them, all the tricks of the trade, and who is a thoroughly honest man, saw the trick that was played by *Nameless*, and took occasion afterwards to recommend me to several of his own clients. Upon the strength of this *point* briefs appeared on my table, day after day—two guineas, three guineas, five guineas! comfortable sight! But far more comfortable, more gratifying, the kindness of counsellor Friend: a more benevolent man never existed. I am sure the profession of the law has not contracted his heart, and yet you never saw or can conceive a man more intent upon his business. I believe he eats, drinks, and sleeps upon law: he has the reputation, in consequence, of being one of the soundest of our lawyers—the best opinion in England. He seems to make the cause of every client his own, and is as anxious as if his private property depended on the fate of each suit. He sets me a fine example of labour, perseverance, profes-

sional enthusiasm, and rectitude. He is one of the very best friends a young lawyer like me could have ; he puts me in the way I should go, and keeps me in it by showing that it is not a matter of chance, but of certainty, that this is the right road to fortune and to fame.

“ Mr. Friend has sometimes a way of paying a compliment as if he was making a reproach, and of doing a favour as a matter of course. Just now I met him, and apropos to some observations I happened to make on a cause in which he is engaged, he said to me, as if he was half angry, though I knew he was thoroughly pleased, ‘ Quick parts ! Yes, so I see you have : but take care—in your profession ’tis often ‘ Most haste, worst speed ;’ not but what there are happy exceptions, examples of lawyers, who have combined judgment with wit, industry with genius, and law with eloquence. But these instances are rare, very rare ; for the rarity of the case worth studying. Therefore dine with me to-morrow, and I will introduce you to one of these exceptions.’

“ The person in question, I opine, is the lord chief justice—and Friend could not do me a greater favour than to introduce me to one whom, as you know, I have long admired in public, and with whom, independently of any professional advantage, I have ardently wished to be acquainted.

“ I have been told—I cannot tell you what—for here’s the bell-man. I don’t wonder ‘ the choleric man ’ knocked down the postman for blowing his horn in his ear.

Abruptly yours,

“ ALFRED PERCY.”

Alfred had good reason to desire to be acquainted with this lord chief justice. Some French writer says, "*Qu'il faut plier les grandes ailes de l'éloquence pour entrer dans un salon.*" The chief justice did so with peculiar ease. He possessed perfect conversational *tact*, with great powers of wit, humour, and all that felicity of allusion, which an uncommonly recollective memory, acting on stores of various knowledge, can alone command. He really conversed; he did not merely tell stories, or make *bon-mots*, or confine himself to the single combat of close argument, or the flourish of declamation; but he alternately followed and led, threw out and received ideas, knowing how to listen full as well as how to talk, remembering always lord Chesterfield's experienced maxim, "That it is easier to hear than to talk yourself into the good opinion of your auditors." It was not, however, from policy, but from benevolence, that the chief justice made so good a hearer. It has been said, and with truth, that with him a *good point* never passed unnoticed in a public court, nor was a *good thing* ever lost upon him in private company. Of the number of his own good things fewer are in circulation than might be expected. The best conversation, that which rises from the occasion, and which suits the moment, suffers most from repetition. Fitted precisely to the peculiar time and place, the best things cannot bear transplanting.

The day Alfred Percy was introduced to the chief justice, the conversation began, from some slight remarks made by one of the company, on the acting of Mrs. Siddons. A lady who had just been reading

the Memoirs of the celebrated French actress, mademoiselle Clairon, spoke of the astonishing pains which she took to study her parts, and to acquire what the French call *l'air noble*, continually endeavouring, on the most common occasions, when she was off the stage, to avoid all awkward motions, and in her habitual manner to preserve an air of grace and dignity. This led the chief justice to mention the care which lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and other great orators, have taken to form their habits of speaking, by unremitting attention to their language in private as well as in public. He maintained that no man *can* speak with ease and security in public till custom has brought him to feel it as a moral impossibility that he could be guilty of any petty vulgarism, or that he could be convicted of any capital sin against grammar.

Alfred felt anxious to hear the chief justice farther on this subject, but the conversation was dragged back to mademoiselle Clairon. The lady by whom she was first mentioned declared she thought that all mademoiselle Clairon's studying must have made her a very unnatural actress. The chief justice quoted the answer which mademoiselle Clairon gave, when she was reproached with having too much art.—“*De l'art ! et que voudroit-on donc que j'eusse ? Etois-je Andromaque ? Etois-je Phédre ?*”

Alfred observed that those who complained of an actress's having too much art should rather complain of her having too little—of her not having art enough to conceal her art.

The chief justice honoured Alfred by a nod and a smile.

The lady, however, protested against this doctrine, and concluded by confessing that she always did and always should prefer nature to art.

From this commonplace confession, the chief justice, by a playful cross-examination, presently made it apparent that we do not always know what we mean by art and what by nature ; that the ideas are so mixed in civilized society, and the words so inaccurately used, both in common conversation, and in the writings of philosophers, that no metaphysical prism can separate or reduce them to their primary meaning. Next he touched upon the distinction between art and artifice. The conversation branched out into remarks on grace and affectation, and thence to the different theories of beauty and taste, with all which he *played* with a master's hand.

A man accustomed to speak to numbers perceives immediately when his auditors seize his ideas, and knows instantly, by the assent and expression of the eye, to whom they are new or to whom they are familiar. The chief justice discovered that Alfred Percy had superior knowledge, literature, and talents, even before he spoke, by his manner of listening. The conversation presently passed from *l'air noble* to *le style noble*, and to the French laws of criticism, which prohibit the descending to allusions to arts and manufactures. This subject he discussed deeply, yet rapidly observed how taste is influenced by different governments and manners—remarked how the strong line of demarcation formerly kept in France between the nobility and the citizens had influenced taste in writing and in eloquence, and how our more *popular*

government not only admitted allusions to the occupations of the lower classes, but required them. Our orators at elections, and in parliament, must speak so as to come home to the feelings and vocabulary of constituents. Examples from Burke and others, the chief justice said, might be brought in support of this opinion.

Alfred was so fortunate as to recollect some apposite illustrations from Burke, and from several of our great orators, Wyndham, Erskine, Mackintosh, and Romilly. As Alfred spoke, the chief justice's eye brightened with approbation, and it was observed that he afterwards addressed to him particularly his conversation; and, more flattering still, that he went deeper into the subject which he had been discussing. From one of the passages which had been mentioned, he took occasion to answer the argument of the French critics, who justify their taste by asserting that it is the taste of the ancients. Skilled in classical as in modern literature, he showed that the ancients had made allusions to arts and manufactures, as far as their knowledge went; but, as he observed, in modern times new arts and sciences afford fresh subjects of allusion unknown to the ancients; consequently we ought not to restrict our taste by exclusive reverence for classical precedents. On these points it is requisite to reform the pandects of criticism.

Another passage from Burke, to which Alfred had alluded, the chief justice thought too rich in ornament. "Ornaments," he said, "if not kept subordinate, however intrinsically beautiful, injure the general effect—therefore a judicious orator will sacri-

fice all such as draw the attention from his principal design.”

Alfred Percy, in support of this opinion, cited the example of the Spanish painter, who obliterated certain beautiful silver vases, which he had introduced in a picture of the Lord's Supper, because he found, that at first view, every spectator's eye was caught by these splendid ornaments, and every one extolled their exquisite finish, instead of attending to the great subject of the piece.

The chief justice was so well pleased with the conversation of our young barrister, that, at parting, he gave Alfred an invitation to his house. The conversation had been very different from what might have been expected: metaphysics, belles-lettres; poetry, plays, criticism—what a range of ideas, far from Coke and Seldon, was gone over this evening in the course of a few hours! Alfred had reason to be more and more convinced of the truth of his father's favourite doctrine, that the general cultivation of the understanding, and the acquirement of general knowledge, are essential to the attainment of excellence in any profession, useful to a young man particularly in introducing him to the notice of valuable friends and acquaintance.

An author well skilled in the worst parts of human nature has asserted, that “nothing is more tiresome than praises in which we have no manner of share.” Yet we, who have a better opinion of our kind, trust that there are some who can sympathize in the enthusiasm of a good and young mind, struck with splendid talents, and with a superior character;

therefore we venture to insert some of the warm eulogiums, with which we find our young lawyer's letters filled.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ I have only a few moments to write, but cannot delay to answer your question about the chief justice *Disappointed*—no danger of that—he far surpasses my expectations. It has been said that he never opened a book, that he never heard a common ballad, or saw a workman at his trade, without learning something, which he afterwards turned to good account. This you may see in his public speeches, but I am more completely convinced of it since I have heard him converse. His illustrations are drawn from the workshop, the manufactory, the mine, the mechanic, the poet—from every art and science, from every thing in nature, animate or inanimate.

‘ From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes his purple bright.

“ Perhaps I am writing his panegyric because he is my lord chief justice, and because I dined with him yesterday, and am to dine with him again tomorrow.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ ALFRED PERCY.”

In a subsequent letter he shows that his admiration increased instead of diminishing, upon a more intimate acquaintance with its object.

“ High station,” says Alfred, “ appears to me

much more desirable, since I have known this great man. He makes rank so gracious, and shows that it is a pleasurable, not a 'painful pre-eminence,' when it gives the power of raising others, and of continually doing kind and generous actions. Mr. Friend tells me, that, before the chief justice was so high as he is now, without a rival in his profession, he was ever the most generous man to his competitors. I am sure he is now the most kind and condescending to his inferiors. In company he is never intent upon himself, seems never anxious about his own dignity or his own fame. He is sufficiently sure of both to be quite at ease. He excites my ambition, and exalts its nature and value.

“ He has raised my esteem for my profession, by showing the noble use that can be made of it, in defending right and virtue. He has done my mind good in another way: he has shown me that professional labour is not incompatible with domestic pleasures. I wish you could see him as I do, in the midst of his family, with his fine children playing about him, with his wife, a charming cultivated woman, who adores him, and who is his best companion and friend. Before I knew the chief justice, I had seen other great lawyers and judges, some of them crabbed old bachelors, others uneasily yoked to vulgar helpmates—having married early in life women whom they had dragged up as they rose, but who were always pulling them down,—had seen some of these learned men sink into mere epicures, and become dead to intellectual enjoyment—others, with higher minds, and originally fine talents, I had seen in pre-

mature old age, with understandings contracted and palsied by partial or overstrained exertion, worn out, mind and body, and only late, very late in life, just attaining wealth and honours, when they were incapable of enjoying them. This had struck me as a deplorable and discouraging spectacle—a sad termination of a life of labour. But now I see a man in the prime of life, in the full vigour of all his intellectual faculties and moral sensibility, with a high character, fortune, and professional honours, all obtained by his own merit and exertions, with the prospect of health and length of days to enjoy and communicate happiness. Exulting in the sight of this resplendent luminary, and conscious that it will guide and cheer me forwards, I ‘bless the useful light.’”

Our young lawyer was so honestly enthusiastic in his admiration of this great man, and was so full of the impression that had been made on his mind, that he forgot in this letter to advert to the advantage which, in a professional point of view, he might derive from the good opinion formed of him by the chief justice. In consequence of solicitor Babington’s telling his clients the share which Alfred had in winning colonel Hauton’s cause, he was employed in a suit of considerable importance, in which a great landed property was at stake. It was one of those standing suits which last from year to year, and which seem likely to linger on from generation to generation. Instead of considering his brief in this cause merely as a means of obtaining a fee, instead of

contenting himself to make some *motion of course*, which fell to his share, Alfred set himself seriously to study the case, and searched indefatigably for all the precedents that could bear upon it. He was fortunate enough, or rather he was persevering enough, to find an old case in point, which had escaped the attention of the other lawyers. Mr. Friend was one of the senior counsel in this cause, and he took generous care that Alfred's merit should not now, as upon a former occasion, be concealed. Mr. Friend prevailed upon his brother barristers to agree in calling upon Alfred to speak to his own *case in point*; and the chief justice, who presided, said, "This case is new to me. This had escaped me, Mr. Percy; I must take another day to reconsider the matter, before I can pronounce judgment."

This from the chief justice, with the sense which Alfred's brother barristers felt of his deserving such notice, was of immediate and material advantage to our young lawyer. Attorneys and solicitors turned their eyes upon him, briefs began to flow in, and his diligence increased with his business. As junior counsel, he still had little opportunity in the common course of things of distinguishing himself, as it frequently fell to his share only to say a few words; but he never failed to make himself master of every case in which he was employed. And it happened one day, when the senior counsel was ill, the judge called upon the next barrister.—"Mr. Trevors, are you prepared?"

"My lord—I can't say—no, my lord."

"Mr. Percy, are you prepared?"

“ Yes, my lord.”

“ So I thought—always prepared : go on, sir—go on, Mr. Percy.”

He went on, and spoke so ably, and with such comprehensive knowledge of the case and of the law, that he obtained a decision in favour of his client, and established his own reputation as a man of business and of talents, who was *always prepared*. For the manner in which he was brought forward and distinguished by the chief justice he was truly grateful. This was a species of patronage honourable both to the giver and the receiver. Here was no favour shown disproportionate to deserts, but here was just distinction paid to merit, and generous discernment giving talents opportunity of developing themselves. These opportunities would only have been the ruin of a man who could not show himself equal to the occasion ; but this was not the case with Alfred. His capacity, like the fairy tent, seemed to enlarge so as to contain all that it was necessary to comprehend : and new powers appeared in him in new situations.

Alfred had been introduced by his brother Erasmus to some of those men of literature with whom he had become acquainted at lady Spilsbury's good dinners. Among these was a Mr. Dunbar, a gentleman who had resided for many years in India, from whom Alfred, who constantly sought for information from all with whom he conversed, had learned much of India affairs. Mr. Dunbar had collected some curious tracts on Mohammedan law, and glad to find an intelligent auditor on his favourite subject, a subject

not generally interesting, he willingly communicated all he knew to Alfred, and lent him his manuscripts and scarce tracts, which Alfred, in the many leisure hours that a young lawyer can command before he gets into practice, had studied, and of which he had made himself master. It happened a considerable time afterwards that the East India Company had a cause—one of the greatest causes ever brought before our courts of law—relative to the demand of some native bankers in Hindostan against the company for upwards of four millions of rupees. This Mr. Dunbar, who had a considerable interest in the cause, and who was intimate with several of the directors, recommended it to them to employ Mr. Alfred Percy, who, as he knew, had had ample means of information, and who had studied a subject of which few of his brother barristers had any knowledge. The very circumstance of his being employed in a cause of such importance was of great advantage to him; and the credit he gained by accurate and uncommon knowledge in the course of the suit at once raised his reputation among the best judges, and *established* him in the courts.

On another occasion, Alfred's moral character was as serviceable as his literary taste had been in recommending him to his clients. Buckhurst Falconer had introduced him to a certain Mr. Clay, known by the name of *French* Clay. In a conversation after dinner, when the ladies had retired, Mr. Clay had boasted of his successes with the fair sex, and had expressed many sentiments that marked him for a profligate coxcomb.

Alfred felt disgust and indignation for this parade of vice. There was one officer in company who strongly sympathised in his feelings; this led to farther acquaintance and mutual esteem. This officer soon afterwards married lady Harriot ——, a beautiful young woman, with whom he lived happily for some time, till unfortunately, while her husband was abroad with his regiment, chance brought the wife, at a watering place, into the company of French Clay, and imprudence, the love of flattery, coquetry, and self-confidence, made her a victim to his vanity. Love he had none—nor she either—but her disgrace was soon discovered, or revealed; and her unhappy and almost distracted husband immediately commenced a suit against Clay. He chose Alfred Percy for his counsel. In this cause, where strong feelings of indignation were justly roused, and where there was room for oratory, Alfred spoke with such force and pathos that every honest heart was touched. The verdict of the jury showed the impression which he had made upon them: his speech was universally admired; and those who had till now known him only as a man of business, and a sound lawyer, were surprised to find him suddenly display such powers of eloquence. Counsellor Friend's plain advice to him had always been, "Never harangue about nothing: if your client require it, he is a fool, and never mind him; never speak till you've something to say, and then only say what you have to say.

' Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of solid sense is seldom found.'

Friend now congratulated Alfred with all his honest affectionate heart, and said, with a frown that struggled hard with a smile, "Well, I believe I must allow you to be an orator. But, take care—don't let the lawyer merge in the advocate. Bear it always in mind, that a mere man of words at the bar—or indeed any where else—is a mere man of straw."

The chief justice, who knew how to say the kindest things in the most polite manner, was heard to observe that "Mr. Percy had done wisely, to begin by showing that he had laid a solid foundation of law, on which the ornaments of oratory could be raised high, and supported securely."

French Clay's *affair* with lady Harriot had been much talked of in the fashionable world; from a love of scandal, or a love of justice, from zeal in the cause of morality, or from natural curiosity, her trial had been a matter of general interest to the ladies, young and old. Of consequence Mr. Alfred Percy's speech was *prodigiously* read, and, from various motives, highly applauded. When a man begins to rise, all hands—all hands but the hands of his rivals—are ready to push him up, and all tongues exclaim, "'Twas I helped!" or, "'Twas what I always foretold!"

The lady Angelica Headingham now bethought herself that she had a little poem, written by Mr. Alfred Percy, which had been given to her long ago by miss Percy, and of which, at the time she received it, her ladyship had thought so little, that hardly deigning to bestow the customary tribute of a compliment, she had thrown it, scarcely perused, into her

writing-box. It was now worth while to rummage for it, and now, when the author had a *name*, her ladyship discovered that the poem was charming—absolutely charming! Such an early indication of talents! Such a happy promise of genius!—Oh! she had always foreseen that Mr. Alfred Percy would make an uncommon figure in the world!

“Bless me! does your ladyship know him?”

“Oh! intimately!—That is, I never saw *him* exactly—but all his family I’ve known intimately—ages ago in the country.”

“I should so like to meet him! And do pray give me a copy of the verses—and me!—and me!”

To work went the pens of all the female amateurs, in scribbling copies of “*The Lawyer’s May-day*.”—And away went the fair patroness in search of the author—introduced herself with unabashed grace, invited him for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—Engaged? how unfortunate!—Well, for next week? a fortnight hence? three weeks? positively she must have him at her *conversazione*—she must give him—No, he must give her a day, he must consent to lose a day—so many of her friends and real judges were dying to see him.”

To save the lives of so many judges, he consented to lose an evening—the day was fixed—Alfred found her *conversazione* very brilliant—was admired—and admired others in his turn as much as was expected. It was an agreeable variety of company and of thought to him, and he promised to go sometimes to her ladyship’s parties—a promise which delighted her much, particularly as he had not yet given a copy of the

verses to lady Spilsbury. Lady Spilsbury, to whom the verses quickly worked round, was quite angry that her friend Erasmus had not given her an early copy ; and now invitations the most pressing came from lady Spilsbury to her excellent literary dinners. If Alfred had been so disposed, he might, among these fetchers and carriers of bays, have been extolled to the skies ; but he had too much sense and prudence to lose the substance for the shadow, to sink a solid character into a *drawing-room reputation*. Of this he had seen the folly in Buckhurst Falconer's case, and now, if any farther warning on this subject had been wanting, he would have taken it from the example of *poor* Seebright, the poet, whom he met the second time he went to lady Angelica Headingham's. *Poor Seebright*, as the world already began to call him, from being an object of admiration, was beginning to sink into an object of pity. Instead of making himself independent by steady exertions in any respectable profession, instead of making his way in the republic of letters by some solid work of merit, he frittered away his time among fashionable amateurs, feeding upon their flattery, and living on in the vain hope of patronage. Already the flight of his genius had been restrained, the force of his wing impaired ; instead of soaring superior, he kept hovering near the earth ; his "kestrel courage fell," he appeared to be almost tamed to the domestic state to which he was reduced—yet now and then a rebel sense of his former freedom, and of his present degradation, would appear. "Ah! if I were but independent as you are! If I had but followed a profession as you have done!"

said he to Alfred, when, apart from the crowd, they had an opportunity of conversing confidentially.

Alfred replied that it was not yet too late, that it was never too late for a man of spirit and talents to make himself independent; he then suggested to Mr. Seebright various ways of employing his powers, and pointed out some useful and creditable literary undertakings, by which he might acquire reputation. Seebright listened, his eye eagerly catching at each new idea the first moment, the next turning off to something else, raising objections futile or fastidious, seeing nothing impossible in any dream of his imagination, where no effort of exertion was requisite, but finding every thing impracticable when he came to sober reality, where he was called upon to labour. In fact, he was one of the sort of people who do not know what they want, or what they would be, who complain and complain; disappointed and discontented, at having sunk below their powers and their hopes, and are yet without capability of persevering exertion to emerge from their obscurity. Seebright was now become an inefficient being, whom no one could assist to any good purpose. Alfred, after a long, mazy, fruitless conversation, was convinced that the case was hopeless, and, sincerely pitying him, gave it up as irremediable. Just as he had come to this conclusion, and had sunk into silence, a relation of his, whom he had not seen for a considerable time, entered the room, and passed by without noticing him. She was so much altered in her appearance, that he could scarcely believe he saw lady Jane Granville; she looked out of spirits, and care-worn. He im-

mediately observed that less attention was paid to her than she used to command; she had obviously sunk considerably in importance, and appeared to feel this keenly. Upon inquiry, Alfred learnt that she had lost a large portion of her fortune by a lawsuit, which she had managed, that is to say, mismanaged, for herself; and she was still at law for the remainder of her estate, which, notwithstanding her right was undoubted, it was generally supposed that she would lose, for the same reason that occasioned her former failure, her pertinacity in following her own advice only. Alfred knew that there had been some misunderstanding between lady Jane and his family, that she had been offended by his sister Caroline having declined accepting her invitation to town, and from Mr. and Mrs. Percy having differed with her in opinion as to the value of the *patronage* of fashion: she had also been displeased with Erasmus about sir Amyas Courtney. Notwithstanding all this, he was convinced that lady Jane, whatever her opinions might be, and whether mistaken or not, had been actuated by sincere regard for his family, for which he and they were grateful; and now was the time to show it, now when he was coming into notice in the world, and she declining in importance. Therefore, though she had passed by him without recognizing him, he went immediately and spoke to her in so respectful and kind a manner, paid her the whole evening such marked attention, that she was quite pleased and touched. In reality, she had been vexed with herself for having persisted so long in her resentment; she wished for a fair opportunity for a reconciliation, and

she rejoiced that Alfred thus opened the way for it. She invited him to come to see her the next day, observing, as she put her card into his hand, that she no longer lived in her fine house in St. James's-place. Now that his motives could not be mistaken, he was assiduous in his visits; and when he had sufficiently obtained her confidence, he ventured to touch upon her affairs. She, proud to convince him of her abilities as a woman of business, explained her whole case, and descanted upon the blunders and folly of her solicitors and counsellors, especially upon the absurdity of the opinions which she had not followed. Her cause depended upon the *replication* she was to put in to a plea in special pleading: she thought she saw the way straight before her, and exclaimed vehemently against that love of the crooked path by which her lawyers seemed possessed.

Without disputing the legal soundness of her ladyship's opinion in her own peculiar case, Alfred, beginning at a great distance from her passions, quietly undertook, by relating to her cases which had fallen under his own knowledge, to convince her that plain common sense and reason could never lead her to the knowledge of the rules of special pleading, or to the proper wording of those answers, on the *letter* of which the fate of a cause frequently depends. He confessed to her that his own understanding had been so shocked at first by the apparent absurdity of the system, that he had almost abandoned the study, and that it had been only in consequence of actual experience that he had at last discovered the utility of those rules. She insisted upon being also convinced

before she could submit; but as it is not quite so easy as ladies sometimes think it is to teach any art or science in two words, or to convey, in a moment, to the ignorant, the combined result of study and experience, Alfred declined this task, and could undertake only to show her ladyship, by asking her opinion on various cases which had been decided in the courts, that it was possible she might be mistaken; and that, however superior her understanding, a court of law would infallibly decide according to its own rules.

“But, good Heavens! my dear sir,” exclaimed lady Jane, “when, after I have paid the amount of my bond, and every farthing that I owe a creditor, yet this rogue says I have not, is not it a proper answer that I owe him nothing?”

“Pardon me, this would be considered as an evasive plea by the court, or as a *negative pregnant*.”

“Oh! if you come to your *negative pregnant*,” cried lady Jane, “it is impossible to understand you—I give up the point.”

To this conclusion it had been Alfred’s object to bring her ladyship; and when she was fully convinced of the insufficient limits of the human—he never said the female—understanding to comprehend these things without the aid of men learned in the law, he humbly offered his assistance to guide her out of that labyrinth, into which, unwittingly and without any clue, she had ventured farther and farther, till she was just in the very jaws of nonsuit and ruin. She put her affairs completely into his hands, and promised that she would no farther interfere, even with

her advice; for it was upon this condition that Alfred engaged to undertake the management of her cause. Nothing indeed is more tormenting to men of business, than to be pestered with the incessant advice, hopes and fears, cautions and explanations, cunning suggestions, superficial knowledge, and profound ignorance, of lady or gentlemen lawyers. Alfred now begged and obtained permission from the court to amend the lady Jane Granville's last plea,—he thenceforward conducted the business, and played the game of special pleading with such strict and acute attention to the rules, that there were good hopes the remaining portion of her ladyship's fortune, which was now at stake, might be saved. He endeavoured to keep up her spirits and her patience, for of a speedy termination to the business there was no chance. They had to deal with adversaries who knew how, on their side, to protract the pleadings, and to avoid what is called *coming to the point*.

It was a great pleasure to Alfred thus to have it in his power to assist his friends, and the hope of serving them redoubled his diligence. About this time he was engaged in a cause for his brother's friend and Rosamond's admirer, Mr. Gresham. A picture-dealer had cheated this gentleman, in the sale of a picture of considerable value. Mr. Gresham had bargained for, and bought, an original Guido, wrote his name on the back of it, and directed that it should be sent to him. The painting which was taken to his house had his name written on the back, but was not the original Guido for which he had bargained—it was a copy. The picture-dealer, how-

ever, and two respectable witnesses, were ready to swear positively that this was the identical picture on which Mr. Gresham wrote his name—that they saw him write his name, and heard him order that it should be sent to him. Mr. Gresham himself acknowledged that the writing was so like his own that he could not venture to deny that it was his, and yet he could swear that this was not the picture for which he had bargained, and on which he had written his name. He suspected it to be a forgery; and was certain that, by some means, one picture had been substituted for another. Yet the defendant had witnesses to prove that the picture never was out of Mr. Gresham's sight, from the time he bargained for it, till the moment when he wrote his name on the back, in the presence of the same witnesses.

This chain of evidence they thought was complete, and that it could not be broken. Alfred Percy, however, discovered the nature of the fraud, and, regardless of the boasts and taunts of the opposite party, kept his mind carefully secret, till the moment when he came to cross-examine the witnesses; for, as Mr. Friend had observed to him, many a cause had been lost by the impatience of counsel, in showing, beforehand, how it might certainly be won.* By thus revealing the intended mode of attack, opportunity is given to prepare a defence by which it may be ultimately counteracted. In the present case, the defendant, however, came into court secure of victory, and utterly unprepared to meet the truth, which was

* See Deinology.

brought out full upon him when least expected. The fact was, that he had put two pictures into the same frame—the original in front, the copy behind it: on the back of the canvass of the copy Mr. Gresham had written his name, never suspecting that it was not the original for which he bargained, and which he thought he actually held in his hand. The witnesses, therefore, swore literally the truth, that they saw him write upon *that* picture; and they believed the picture, on which he wrote, was the identical picture that was sent home to him. One of the witnesses was an honest man, who really believed what he swore, and knew nothing of the fraud, to which the other, a rogue in confederacy with the picture-dealer, was privy. The cross-examination of both was so ably managed, that the honest man was soon made to perceive and the rogue forced to reveal the truth. Alfred had reason to be proud of the credit he obtained for the ability displayed in this cross-examination, but he was infinitely more gratified by having it in his power to gain a cause for his friend, and to restore to Mr. Gresham his favourite Guido.

A welcome sight—a letter from Godfrey! the first his family had received from him since he left England. Two of his letters, it appears, had been lost. Alluding to one he had written immediately on hearing of the change in his father's fortune, he observes, that he has kept his resolution of living within his pay; and, after entering into some other family details, he continues as follows: "Now, my dear mother, prepare to hear me recant what I have said against lord Oldborough. I forgive his lordship all

his sins, and I begin to believe, that though he is a statesman, his heart is not yet quite *ossified*. He has recalled our regiment from this unhealthy place, and he has promoted Gascoigne to be our lieutenant-colonel. I say that lord Oldborough has done all this, because I am sure, from a hint in Alfred's last letter, that his lordship has been the prime mover in the business. But not to keep you in suspense about the facts.

“ In my first letter to my father, I told you, that from the moment our late lethargic lieutenant-colonel came to the island, he took to drinking rum, pure rum, to waken himself—claret, port, and madeira, had lost their power over him. Then came brandy, which he fancied was an excellent preservative against the yellow fever, and the fever of the country. So he died ‘boldly by brandy.’ Poor fellow! he was boasting to me, the last week of his existence, when he was literally on his deathbed, that his father taught him to drink before he was six years old, by practising him every day, after dinner, in the sublime art of carrying a bumper steadily to his lips. He moreover boasted to me, that when a boy of thirteen, at an academy, he often drank two bottles of claret at a sitting; and that, when he went into the army, getting among a jolly set, he brought himself never to feel the worse for any quantity of wine. I don't know what he meant by the worse for it—at forty-five, when I first saw him, he had neither head nor hand left for himself or his country. His hand shook so, that if he had been perishing with thirst, he could not have carried a glass to his lips, till after various

attempts in all manner of curves and zigzags, spilling half of it by the way. It was really pitiable to see him—when he was to sign his name I always went out of the room, and left Gascoigne to guide his hand. More helpless still his mind than his body. If his own or England's salvation had depended upon it, he could not, when in the least hurried, have uttered a distinct order, have dictated an intelligible letter; or, in time of need, have recollected the name of any one of his officers, or even his own name—quite imbecile and embruted. But, peace to his ashes—or rather to his dregs—and may there never be such another British colonel!

“Early habits of temperance have not only saved my life, but made my life worth saving. Neither colonel Gascoigne nor I have ever had a day's serious illness since we came to the island—but we are the only two that have escaped. Partly from the colonel's example, and partly from their own inclination, all the other officers have drunk hard. Lieutenant R—— is now ill of the fever; captain H—— (I beg his pardon), now major H——, will soon follow the colonel to the grave, unless he takes my very disinterested advice, and drinks less. I am laughed at by D—— and V—— and others for this; they ask why the deuce I can't let the major kill himself his own way, and as fast as he pleases, when I should get on a step by it, and that step such a great one. They say none but a fool would do as I do, and I think none but a brute could do otherwise—I can't stand by with any satisfaction, and see a fellow-creature killing himself by inches, even though I have the chance

of slipping into his shoes : I am sure the shoes would pinch me confoundedly. If it is my brother-officer's lot to fall in battle, it's very well—I run the same hazard—he dies, as he ought to do, a brave fellow ; but to stand by, and see a man die as he ought not to do, and die what is called an *honest fellow* !—I can't do it. H—— at first had a great mind to run me through the body ; but, poor man, he is now very fond of me, and if any one can keep him from destroying himself, I flatter myself I shall.

“ A thousand thanks to dear Caroline for her letter, and to Rosamond for her journal. They, who have never been an inch from home, cannot conceive how delightful it is, at such a distance, to receive letters from our friends. You remember, in Cook's voyage, his joy at meeting in some distant island with the spoon marked *London*.

“ I hope you received my letters, Nos. 1 and 2. Not that there was any thing particular in them. You know I never do more than tell the bare facts—not like Rosamond's journal—with which, by the by, Gascoigne has fallen in love. He sighs, and wishes that Heaven had blessed him with such a sister—for *sister*, read wife. I hope this will encourage Rosamond to write again immediately. No ; do not tell what I have just said about Gascoigne, for—who knows the perverse ways of women?—perhaps it might prevent her from writing to me at all. You may tell her, in general, that it is my opinion ladies always write better and do every thing better than men—except fight, which Heaven forbid they should ever do in public or private !

“ I am glad that Caroline did not marry Mr. Barclay, since she did not like him ; but by all accounts he is a sensible, worthy man, and I give my consent to his marriage with lady Mary Pembroke, though, from Caroline’s description, I became half in love with her myself. N. B. I have not been in love above six times since I left England, and but once any thing to signify. How does the Marchioness of Twickenham go on ?

“ Affectionate duty to my father, and love to all the happy people at home.

“ Dear mother,

“ Your affectionate son,

“ G. PERCY.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

LETTER FROM ALFRED TO CAROLINE.

“ MY DEAR CAROLINE.

“ I AM going to surprise you—I know it is the most imprudent thing a story-teller can do to give notice or promise of a surprise ; but you see, I have such confidence at this moment in my fact, that I hazard this imprudence—Who do you think I have seen ? Guess—guess all round the breakfast-table—father, mother, Caroline, Rosamond—I defy you all—ay, Rosamond, even you, with all your capacity for romance ; the romance of real life is beyond all other romances—its coincidences beyond the combinations of the most inventive fancy—even of yours, Rosa-

mond—Granted—go on—Patience, ladies, if you please, and don't turn over the page, or glance to the end of my letter to satisfy your curiosity, but read fairly on, says my father.

“ You remember, I hope, the Irishman, O'Brien, to whom Erasmus was so good, and whom Mr. Gresham, kind as he always is, took for his porter : when Mr. Gresham set off last week for Amsterdam, he gave this fellow leave to go home to his wife, who lives at Greenwich. This morning, the wife came to see my honour to speak to me, and when she did see me she could not speak, she was crying so bitterly ; she was in the greatest distress about her husband : he had, she said, in going to see her, been seized by a press-gang, and put on board a tender now on the Thames. Moved by the poor Irishwoman's agony of grief, and helpless state, I went to Greenwich, where the tender was lying, to speak to the captain, to try to obtain O'Brien's release. But upon my arrival there, I found that the woman had been mistaken in every point of her story. In short, her husband was not on board the tender, had never been pressed, and had only stayed away from home the preceding night, in consequence of having met with the captain's servant, one of his countrymen, from the county of Leitrim dear, who had took him home to treat him, and had kept him all night to sing, ‘ St. Patrick's day in the morning,’ and to drink a good journey, and a quick passage, across the salt water to his master, which he could not refuse. Whilst I was looking at my watch, and regretting my lost morning, a gentleman, whose servant had really been

pressed, came up to speak to the captain, who was standing beside me. The gentleman had something striking and noble in his whole appearance ; but his address and accent, which were those of a foreigner, did not suit the fancy of my English captain, who, putting on the surly air, with which he thought it for his honour and for the honour of his country to receive a Frenchman, as he took this gentleman to be, replied in the least satisfactory manner possible, and in the short language of some seamen, ‘Your footman’s an Englishman, sir ; has been pressed for an able-bodied seamen, which I trust he’ll prove ; he’s aboard the tender, and there he will remain.’ The foreigner, who, notwithstanding the politeness of his address, seemed to have a high spirit, and to be fully sensible of what was due from others to him as well as from him to them, replied with temper and firmness. The captain, without giving any reasons, or attending to what was said, reiterated, ‘I am under orders, sir ; I am acting according to my orders—I can do neither more nor less. The law is as I tell you, sir.’

“The foreigner bowed submission to the law, but expressed his surprise that such should be law in a land of liberty. With admiration he had heard, that, by the English law and British constitution, the property and personal liberty of the lowest, the meanest subject, could not be injured or oppressed by the highest nobleman in the realm, by the most powerful minister, even by the king himself. He had always been assured that the king could not put his hand into the purse of the subject, or take from him to the value of a single penny ; that the sovereign could

not deprive the meanest of the people unheard, untried, uncondemned, of a single hour of his liberty, or touch a hair of his head; he had always, on the continent, heard it the boast of Englishmen, that when even a slave touched English ground he became free: ‘Yet now, to my astonishment,’ pursued the foreigner, ‘what do I see?—a freeborn British subject returning to his native land, after an absence of some years, unoffending against any law, innocent, unsuspected of all crime, a faithful domestic, an excellent man, prevented from returning to his family and his home, put on board a king’s ship, unused to hard labour, condemned to work like a galley slave, doomed to banishment, perhaps to death!—Good Heavens! In all this where is your English liberty? Where is English justice, and the spirit of your English law?’

“‘And who the devil are you, sir?’ cried the captain, ‘who seem to know so much and so little of English law?’

“‘My name, if that be of any consequence, is count Albert Altenberg.’

(“Well, Caroline, you are surprised.—‘No,’ says Rosamond; ‘I guessed it was he, from the first moment I heard he was a foreigner, and had a noble air.’)

“‘Altenberg,’ repeated the captain; ‘that’s not a French name:—Why, you are not a Frenchman!’

“‘No, sir—a German.’

“‘Ah ha!’ cried the captain, suddenly changing his tone, ‘I thought you were not a Frenchman, or you could not talk so well of English law, and feel

so much for English liberty; and now then, since that's the case, I'll own to you frankly, that in the main I'm much of your mind—and for my own particular share, I'd as lieve the Admiralty had sent me to hell as have ordered me to press on the Thames. But my business is to obey orders—which I will do, by the blessing of God—so good morning to you. As to law, and justice, and all that, talk to him,' said the captain, pointing with his thumb over his left shoulder to me as he walked off hastily.

“‘Poor fellow!’ said I; ‘this is the hardest part of a British captain's duty, and so he feels it.’

“‘Duty!’ exclaimed the count—‘Duty! pardon me for repeating your word—but can it be his duty? I hope I did not pass proper bounds in speaking to him; but now he is gone, I may say to you, sir—to you, who, if I may presume to judge from your countenance, sympathise in my feelings—this is a fitter employment for an African slave-merchant than for a British officer. The whole scene which I have just beheld there on the river, on the banks, the violence, the struggles I have witnessed there, the screams of the women and children,—it is not only horrible, but in England incredible! Is it not like what we have heard of on the coast of Africa with detestation—what your humanity has there forbidden—abolished? And is it possible that the cries of those negroes across the Atlantic can so affect your philanthropists' imaginations, whilst you are deaf or unmoved by these cries of your countrymen, close to your metropolis, at your very gates! I think I hear them still,’ said the count, with a look of horror. ‘Such a scene I never

before beheld! I have seen it—and yet I cannot believe that I have seen it in England.’

“I acknowledged that the sight was terrible; I could not be surprised that the operation of pressing men for the sea service should strike a foreigner as inconsistent with the notion of English justice and liberty, and I admired the energy and strength of feeling which the count showed; but I defended the measure as well as I could, on the plea of necessity.

“‘Necessity!’ said the count: ‘Pardon me if I remind you that necessity is the tyrant’s plea.’

“I mended my plea, and changed necessity into utility—general utility. It was essential to England’s defence—to her existence—she could not exist without her navy, and her navy could not be maintained without a press-gang—as I was assured by those who were skilled in naval affairs.

“The count smiled at my evident consciousness of the weakness of my concluding corollary, and observed that, by my own statement, the whole argument depended on the assertions of those who maintained that a navy could not exist without a press-gang. He urged this no farther, and I was glad of it; his horses and mine were at this moment brought up, and we both rode together to town.

“I know that Rosamond, at this instant, is gasping with impatience to hear whether in the course of this ride I spoke of M. de Tourville—and the shipwreck. I did—but not of Euphrosyne: upon that subject I could not well touch. He had heard of the shipwreck, and of the hospitality with which the sufferers had been treated by an English gentleman,

and he was surprised and pleased, when I told him that I was the son of that gentleman. Of M. de Tourville the count, I fancy, thinks much the same as you do. He spoke of him as an intriguing diplomatist, of quick talents, but of a mind incapable of any thing great or generous. The count went on from speaking of M. de Tourville to some of the celebrated public characters abroad, and to the politics and manners of the different courts and countries of Europe. For so young a man, he has seen and reflected much. He is indeed a very superior person, as he convinced me even in this short ride. You know that Dr. Johnson says, ‘that you cannot stand for five minutes with a great man under a shed, waiting till a shower is over, without hearing him say something that another man could not say.’ But though the count conversed with me so well and so agreeably, I could see that his mind was, from time to time, absent and anxious; and as we came into town, he again spoke of the press-gang, and of his poor servant—a faithful attached servant, he called him, and I am sure the count is a good master, and a man of feeling. He had offered money to obtain the man’s release in vain. A substitute it was at this time difficult to find—the count was but just arrived in London, had not yet presented any of his numerous letters of introduction; he mentioned the names of some of the people to whom these were addressed, and he asked me whether application to any of them could be of service. But none of his letters were to any of the men now in power. Lord Oldborough was the only person I knew whose word

would be law in this case, and I offered to go with him to his lordship. This I ventured, my dear father, because I wisely—yes, wisely, as you shall see, calculated that the introduction of a foreigner, fresh from the continent, and from that court where Cunningham Falconer is now resident envoy, would be agreeable, and might be useful to the minister.

“ My friend, Mr. Temple, who is as obliging and as much my friend now he is secretary to *the* great man as he was when he was a scrivener nobody in his garret, obtained audience for us directly. I need not detail—indeed I have not time—graciously received—count’s business done by a line—Temple ordered to write to Admiralty: lord Oldborough seemed obliged to me for introducing the count—I saw he wished to have some private conversation with him—rose, and took my leave. Lord Oldborough paid me for my discretion on the spot by a kind look—a great deal from him—and following me to the door of the antechamber, ‘ Mr. Percy, I cannot regret that you have followed your own independent professional course—I congratulate you upon your success—I have heard of it from many quarters, and always, believe me, with pleasure, on your father’s account, and on your own.’

“ Next day I found on my table, when I came from the courts, the count’s card—when I returned his visit, commissioner Falconer was with him in close converse—confirmed by this in opinion that lord Oldborough is sucking information—I mean, political secrets—out of the count. The commissioner could not, in common decency, help being ‘ exceedingly

sorry that he and Mrs. Falconer had seen so little of me of late,' nor could he well avoid asking me to a concert, to which he invited the count, for the ensuing evening. As the count promised to go, so did I, on purpose to meet him. Adieu, dearest Caroline.

“ Most affectionately yours,
“ ALFRED PERCY.”

To give an account of Mrs. Falconer's concert in fashionable style, we should inform the public that Dr. Mudge for ever established his fame in “ *Buds of Roses* ;” and miss La Grande was astonishing, absolutely astonishing, in “ *Frenar vorrei le lagrime* ”—quite in Catalani's best manner ; but miss Georgiana Falconer was divine in “ *O Giove onnipotente*,” and quite surpassed herself in “ *Quanto O quanto è amor possente*,” in which Dr. Mudge was also capital : indeed it would be doing injustice to this gentleman's powers not to acknowledge the universality of his genius.

Perhaps our readers may not feel quite satisfied with this general eulogium, and may observe, that all this might have been learnt from the newspapers of the day. Then we must tell things plainly and simply, but this will not sound nearly so grand, and letting the public behind the scenes will destroy all the stage effect and illusion. Alfred Percy went to Mrs. Falconer's unfashionably early, in hopes that, as count Altenberg dined there, he might have a quarter of an hour's conversation with him before the musical party should assemble. In this hope Alfred

was mistaken. He found in the great drawing-room only Mrs. Falconer and two other ladies, whose names he never heard, standing round the fire; the unknown ladies were in close and eager converse about count Altenberg. "He is so handsome—so polite—so charming!"—"He is very rich—has immense possessions abroad, has not he?"—"Certainly, he has a fine estate in Yorkshire."—"But when did he come to England?"—"How long does he stay?"—"15,000*l.*, no, 20,000*l.* per annum."—"Indeed!"—"Mrs. Falconer, has not count Altenberg 20,000*l.* a year?"

Mrs. Falconer, seemingly uninterested, stood silent, looking through her glass at the man who was lighting the argand lamps. "Really, my dear," answered she, "I can't say—I know nothing of count Altenberg—Take care! that argand!—He's quite a stranger to us—the commissioner met him at lord Oldborough's, and on lord Oldborough's account, of course—Vigor, we must have more light, Vigor—wishes to pay him attention—But here's Mr. Percy," continued she, turning to Alfred, "can, I dare say, tell you all about these things. I think the commissioner mentioned that it was you, Mr. Percy, who introduced the count to lord Oldborough."

The ladies immediately fixed their surprised and inquiring eyes upon Mr. Alfred Percy—he seemed to grow in an instant several feet in their estimation: but he shrunk again when he acknowledged that he had merely met count Altenberg accidentally at Greenwich—that he knew nothing of the count's estate in Yorkshire, or of his foreign possessions, and

was utterly incompetent to decide whether he had 10,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* per annum.

“That’s very odd!” said one of the ladies. “But this much I know, that he is passionately fond of music, for he told me so at dinner.”

“Then I am sure he will be charmed to-night with miss Georgiana,” said the confidants.

“But what signifies that,” replied the other lady, “if he has not——”

“Mr. Percy,” interrupted Mrs. Falconer, “I have never seen you since that sad affair of lady Harriot H—— and Lewis Clay;” and putting her arm within Alfred’s, she walked him away, talking over the affair, and throwing in a proper proportion of compliment. As she reached the folding doors, at the farthest end of the room, she opened them.

“I have a notion the young people are here.” She introduced him into the music-room. Miss Georgiana Falconer, at the piano-forte, with performers, composers, masters, and young ladies, all with music-books round her, sat high in consultation, which Alfred’s appearance interrupted—a faint struggle to be civil—an insipid question or two was addressed to him. “Fond of music, Mr. Percy? Captain Percy, I think, likes music? You expect captain Percy home soon?”

Scarcely listening to his answers, the young ladies soon resumed their own conversation, forgot his existence, and went on eagerly with their own affairs.

As they turned over their music-books, Alfred, for some minutes, heard only the names of La Tour,

Winter, Von Esch, Lanza, Portugallo, Mortellari, Guglielmi, Sacchini, Sarti, Paisiello, pronounced by male and female voices in various tones of ecstasy and of execration. Then there was an eager search for certain favourite duets, trios, and sets of *cavatinas*. Next he heard, in rapid succession, the names of Tenducci, Pachierotti, Marchesi, Viganoni, Braham, Gabrielli, Mara, Banti, Grassini, Billington, Catalani. Imagine our young barrister's sense of his profound ignorance, whilst he heard the merits of all dead and living composers, singers, and masters, decided upon by the miss Falconers. By degrees he began to see a little through the palpable, obscure, by which he had at first felt himself surrounded: he discerned that he was in a committee of the particular friends of the miss Falconers, who were settling what they should sing and play. All, of course, were flattering the miss Falconers, and abusing their absent friends, those especially who were expected to bear a part in this concert; for instance—"Those two eternal miss Byngs, with voices like cracked bells, and with their old-fashioned music, Handel, Corelli, and Pergolese, horrid!—And odious little miss Crotch, who has science but no taste, execution but no expression!" Here they talked a vast deal about expression. Alfred did not understand them, and doubted whether they understood themselves. "Then her voice! how people can call it fine!—powerful, if you will—but overpowering! For my part, I can't stand it, can you?—Every body knows an artificial shake, when good, is far superior to a natural shake. As to the miss Barhams, the eldest has no

more ear than the table, and the youngest such a thread of a voice !”

“ But, mamma,” interrupted miss Georgiana Falconer, “ are the miss La Grandes to be here to-night ?”

“ Certainly, my dear—you know I could not avoid asking the miss La Grandes.”

“ Then, positively,” cried miss Georgiana, her whole face changing, and ill-humours swelling in every feature, “ then, positively, ma’am, I can’t and won’t sing a note !”

“ Why, my dear love,” said Mrs. Falconer; “ surely you don’t pretend to be afraid of the miss La Grandes ?”

“ You !” cried one of the chorus of flatterers—“ You ! to whom the La Grandes are no more to be compared——”

“ Not but that they certainly sing finely, I am told,” said Mrs. Falconer; “ yet I can’t say I like their style of singing—and knowledge of music, you know, they don’t pretend to.”

“ Why, that’s true,” said miss Georgiana; “ but still, somehow, I can never bring out my voice before those girls. If I have any voice at all, it is in the lower part, and miss La Grande always chooses the lower part—besides, ma’am, you know she regularly takes ‘ *O Giove onnipotente*’ from me. But I should not mind *that* even, if she would not attempt poor ‘ *Quanto O quanto è amor possente*’—there’s no standing that ! Now, really, to hear that so spoiled by miss La Grande——”

“ Hush ! my dear,” said Mrs. Falconer, just as

Mrs. La Grande appeared——“ Oh ! my good Mrs. La Grande, how kind is this of you to come to me with your poor head ! And miss La Grande and miss Eliza ! We are so much obliged to you, for you know that we could not have done without you.”

The miss La Grandes were soon followed by the miss Barhams and miss Crotch, and they were all “*so good, and so kind, and such dear creatures.*” But after the first forced compliments, silence and reserve spread among the young ladies of the miss Falconers’ party. It was evident that the fair professors were mutually afraid and envious of each other, and there was little prospect of harmony of temper. At length the gentlemen arrived. Count Altenberg appeared, and came up to pay his compliments to the miss Falconers : as he had not been behind the scenes, all was charming illusion to his eyes. No one could appear more good-humoured, agreeable, and amiable than miss Georgiana ; she was in delightful spirits, well dressed, and admirably supported by her mother. The concert began. But who can describe the anxiety of the rival mothers, each in agonies to have their daughters brought forward and exhibited to the best advantage ! Some grew pale, some red—all, according to their different powers of self-command and address, endeavoured to conceal their feelings. Mrs. Falconer now shone superior in ease inimitable. She appeared absolutely unconcerned for her own daughter, quite intent upon bringing into notice the talents of the miss Barhams, miss Crotch, the miss La Grandes, &c.

These young ladies in their turn knew and practised the various arts by which at a musical party the

unfortunate mistress of the house may be tormented. Some, who were sensible that the company were anxious for their performance, chose to be "*quite out of voice,*" till they had been pressed and flattered into acquiescence; one sweet bashful creature must absolutely be forced to the instrument, as a new speaker of the House of Commons was formerly dragged to the chair. Then the instrument was not what one young lady was *used to*; the lights were so placed that another who was near-sighted could not see a note—another could not endure such a glare. One could not sing unless the windows were all open—another could not play unless they were all shut. With perfect complaisance Mrs. Falconer ordered the windows to be opened and shut, and again shut and opened; with admirable patience she was, or seemed to be, the martyr to the caprices of the fair musicians. While all the time she so manœuvred as to divide, and govern, and finally to have every thing arranged as she pleased. None but a perfectly cool stander-by, and one previously acquainted with Mrs. Falconer's character, could have seen all that Alfred saw. Perhaps the interest he began to take about count Altenberg, who was the grand object of all her operations, increased his penetration. While the count was engaged in earnest political conversation in one of the inner rooms with the commissioner, Mrs. Falconer besought the miss La Grandes to favour the company. It was impossible for them to resist her polite entreaties. Next she called upon miss Crotch, and the miss Barhams; and she contrived that they should sing and play, and play and sing, till they had exhausted the

admiration and complaisance of the auditors. Then she relieved attention with some slight things from miss Arabella Falconer, such as could excite no *sensation* or envy. Presently, after walking about the room, carelessly joining different conversation parties, and saying something obliging to each, she approached the count and the commissioner. Finding that the commissioner had finished all he had to say, she began to reproach him for keeping the count so long from the ladies, and leading him, as she spoke, to the piano-forte, she declared that he had missed such charming things. She *could* not ask miss Crotch to play any more till she had rested—"Georgiana! for want of something better, do try what you can give us—She will appear to great disadvantage, of course—My dear, I think we have not had *O Giove onnipotente*."

"I am not equal to that, ma'am," said Georgiana, drawing back: "you should call upon miss La Grande."

"True, my love; but miss La Grande has been so very obliging, I could not ask—Try it, my love—I am not surprised you should be diffident after what we have heard; but the count, I am sure, will make allowances."

With amiable and becoming diffidence miss Georgiana was compelled to comply—the count was surprised and charmed by her voice: then she was prevailed upon to try "*Quanto O quanto è amor possente*"—the count, who was enthusiastically fond of music, seemed quite enchanted; and Mrs. Falconer took care that he should have this impression left full and strong upon his mind—supper was announced.

The count was placed at the table between Mrs. Falconer and lady Trant—but just as they were sitting down, Mrs. Falconer called to Georgiana, who was going, much against her will, to another table, “Take my place, my dear Georgiana, for you know I never eat supper.”

Georgiana’s countenance, which had been black as night, became all radiant instantly. She took her mamma’s place beside the count. Mrs. Falconer walked about all supper-time smiling, and saying obliging things with self-satisfied grace. She had reason indeed to be satisfied with the success of this night’s operations. Never once did she appear to look towards the count, or her daughter; but assuredly she saw that things were going on as she wished.

In the mean time Alfred Percy was as heartily tired by the exhibitions of this evening as were many fashionable young men who had been loud in their praises of the performers. Perhaps Alfred was not however a perfectly fair judge, as he was disappointed in his own manœuvres, not having been able to obtain two minutes, conversation with the count during the whole evening. In a letter to Rosamond, the next day, he said that Mrs. Falconer’s concert had been very dull, and he observed that “People can see more of one another in a single day in the country than they can in a year in town.” He was farther very eloquent “on the folly of meeting in crowds to say commonplace nothings to people you do not care for, and to see only the outsides of those with whom you desire to converse.”

“Just as I was writing this sentence,” continues

Alfred, "count Altenberg called—how fortunate!—how obliging of him to come so early, before I went to the courts. He has put me into good-humour again with the whole world—even with the miss Falconers. He came to take leave of me—he is going down to the country—with whom do you think?—With lord Oldborough, during the recess. Did I not tell you that lord Oldborough would like him—that is, would find that he has information, and can be useful. I hope you will all see the count; indeed I am sure you will. He politely spoke of paying his respects to my father, by whom the shipwrecked foreigners had been so hospitably succoured in their distress. I told him that our family no longer lived in the same place; that we had been obliged to retire to a small estate, in a distant part of the county. I did not trouble him with the history of our family misfortunes; nor did I even mention how the shipwreck, and the carelessness of the Dutch sailors, had occasioned the fire at Percy-hall—though I was tempted to tell him this when I was speaking of M. de Tourville.

"I forgot to tell my father, that the morning when I went with the count to lord Oldborough's, among a heap of books of heraldry, with which his table was covered, I spied an old book of my father's on the *arte* of deciphering, which he had lent commissioner Falconer years ago. Lord Oldborough, whose eye is quick as a hawk's, saw my eye turn towards it, and he asked me if I knew any thing of that book, or of the art of deciphering? Nothing of the art, but something of the book, which I recol-

lected to be my father's. His lordship put it into my hands, and I showed some pencil notes of my father's writing. Lord Oldborough seemed surprised; and said he did not know this had been among the number of your studies. I told him that you had once been much intent upon Wilkins and Leibnitz's scheme of a universal language, and that I believed this had led you to the art of deciphering. He repeated the words 'Universal language—Ha!—then I suppose it was from Mr. Percy that commissioner Falconer learnt all he knew on this subject?'

“ ‘ I believe so, my lord.’

“ ‘ Ha!’ He seemed lost for a moment in thought; and then added, ‘ I wish I had known this sooner—Ha!’

“ What these *Haes* meant, I was unable to decipher; but I am sure they related to some matter very interesting to him. He explained himself no farther, but immediately turned away from me to the count, and began to talk of the affairs of his court, and of M. de Tourville, of whom he seems to have some knowledge, I suppose through the means of his envoy, Cunningham Falconer.

“ I understand that a prodigious party is invited to Falconer-court. The count asked me if I was to be one of them, and seemed to wish it—I like him much. They are to have balls, and plays, and great doings. If I have time, I will write *to-morrow*, and tell you who goes, and give you a sketch of their characters. Mrs. Falconer cannot well avoid asking you to some of her entertainments, and it will be pleasant to you to know who's who beforehand.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the patronage of fashion, which the miss Falconers had for some time enjoyed, notwithstanding all their own accomplishments, and their mother's address and knowledge of the world, the grand object had not been obtained—for they were not married. Though every where seen, and every where admired, no proposals had yet been made adequate to their expectations. In vain had one young nobleman after another, heir apparent after heir apparent, been invited, cherished, and flattered by Mrs. Falconer, had been constantly at her balls and concerts, had stood beside the harp and the piano-forte, had danced or flirted with the miss Falconers, had been hung out at all public places as a pendant to one or other of the sisters.

The mother, seeing project after project fail for the establishment of her daughters, forced to bear and to conceal these disappointments, still continued to form new schemes with indefatigable perseverance. Yet every season the difficulty increased; and Mrs. Falconer, in the midst of the life of pleasure which she seemed to lead, was a prey to perpetual anxiety. She knew that if any thing should happen to the commissioner, whose health was declining; if he should lose lord Oldborough's favour, which seemed not impossible; if lord Oldborough should not be able to maintain himself in power, or if he should die; she and her daughters would lose every thing.

From a small estate, overwhelmed with debt, there would be no fortune for her daughters ; they would be left utterly destitute, and absolutely unable to do any thing for themselves—unlikely to suit plain country gentlemen, after the high style of company in which they had lived, and still more incapable than she would be of bearing a reverse of fortune. The young ladies, confident of their charms, unaccustomed to reflect, and full of the present, thought little of these probabilities of future evil, though they were quite as impatient to be married as their mother could wish. Indeed, this impatience becoming visible, she was rather anxious to suppress it, because it counteracted her views. Mrs. Falconer had still two schemes for their establishment. Sir Robert Percy had luckily lost his wife within the last twelvemonth, had no children, and had been heard to declare that he would marry again as soon as he decently could, because, if he were to die without heirs, the Percy estate might revert to the relations, whom he detested. Mrs. Falconer had persuaded the commissioner to cultivate sir Robert Percy's acquaintance ; had this winter watched for the time when law business called him to town ; had prevailed upon him to go to her house, instead of staying, as he usually did, at an hotel, or spending his day at his solicitor's chambers. She had in short made things so agreeable to him, and he seemed so well pleased with her, she had hopes he would in time be brought to propose for her daughter Arabella. To conciliate sir Robert Percy, it was necessary to avoid all connexion with *the other Percys* ; and it was for this reason that the commis-

sioner had of late avoided Alfred and Erasmus. Mrs. Falconer's schemes for Georgiana, her beautiful daughter, were far more brilliant. Several great establishments she had in view. The appearance of count Altenberg put many old visions to flight—her whole fancy fixed upon him. If she could marry her Georgiana to count Altenberg!—There would be a match high as her most exalted ambition could desire; and this project did not seem impossible. The count had been heard to say that he thought miss Georgiana Falconer the handsomest woman he had seen since he had been in London. He had admired her dancing, and had listened with enthusiastic attention to her music, and to her charming voice; the young lady herself was confident that he was, would be, or ought to be, her slave. The count was going into the country for some weeks with lord Oldborough. Mrs. Falconer, though she had not seen Falconer-court for fifteen years, decided to go there immediately. Then she should have the count fairly away from all the designing mothers and rival daughters of her acquaintance, and besides—she might, by this seasonable visit to the country, secure sir Robert Percy for her daughter Arabella. The commissioner rejoiced in his lady's determination, because he knew that it would afford him an opportunity of obliging lord Oldborough. His lordship had always been averse to the trouble of entertaining company. He disliked it still more since the death of lady Oldborough; but he knew that it was necessary to keep up his interest and his popularity in the country, and he would, therefore, be obliged by Mrs. Falconer's giving din-

ners and entertainments for him. This game had succeeded, when it had been played—at the time of the marchioness of Twickenham's marriage. Mr. Falconer was particularly anxious now to please lord Oldborough, for he was fully aware that he had lost ground with his patron, and that his sons had all in different ways given his lordship cause of dissatisfaction. With Buckhurst Falconer lord Oldborough was displeased for being the companion and encourager of his nephew, colonel Hauton, in extravagance and gaming. In paying his court to the nephew, Buckhurst lost the uncle. Lord Oldborough had hoped that a man of literature and talents, as Buckhurst had been represented to him, would have drawn his nephew from the turf to the senate, and would have raised in colonel Hauton's mind some noble ambition.

“A clergyman! sir,” said lord Oldborough to commissioner Falconer with a look of austere indignation—“What could induce such a man as Mr. Buckhurst Falconer to become a clergyman?” The commissioner, affecting to sympathize in this indignation, declared that he was so angry with his son that he would not see him. All the time, however, he comforted himself with the hope that his son would, in a few months, be in possession of the long-expected living of Chipping Friars, as the old incumbent was now speechless. Lord Oldborough had never, after this disowning of Buckhurst, mentioned his name to the father, and the commissioner thought this management had succeeded.

Of John Falconer, too, there had been complaints.

Officers returned from abroad had spoken of his stupidity, his neglect of duty, and, above all, of his boasting that, let him do what he pleased, he was sure of lord Oldborough's favour—certain of being a major in one year, a lieutenant-colonel in two. At first his boasts had been laughed at by his brother officers, but when, at the year's end, he actually was made a major, their surprise and discontent were great. Lord Oldborough was blamed for patronizing such a fellow. All this, in course of time, came to his lordship's knowledge. He heard these complaints in silence. It was not his habit suddenly to express his displeasure. He heard, and saw, without speaking or acting, till facts and proofs had accumulated in his mind. He seemed to pass over many things unobserved, but they were all registered in his memory, and he would judge and decide at last in an instant, and irrevocably. Of this commissioner Falconer, a cunning man, who watched parts of a character narrowly, but could not take in the whole, was not aware. He often blessed his good fortune for having escaped lord Oldborough's displeasure or detection, upon occasions when his lordship had marked all that the commissioner imagined he had overlooked; his lordship was often most awake to what was passing, and most displeased, when he appeared most absent or unmoved.

For instance, many mistakes, and much ignorance, had frequently appeared in his envoy Cunningham Falconer's despatches; but except when, in the first moment of surprise at the difference between the ineptitude of the envoy, and the talents of the author of

the pamphlet, his lordship had exclaimed, "*A slovenly despatch,*" these mistakes, and this ignorance, had passed without animadversion. Some symptoms of duplicity, some evasion of the minister's questions, had likewise appeared, and the commissioner had trembled lest the suspicions of his patron should be awakened.

Count Altenberg, without design to injure Cunningham, had accidentally mentioned in the presence of the commissioner and of lord Oldborough something of a transaction which was to be kept a profound secret from the minister, a private intrigue which Cunningham had been carrying on to get himself appointed envoy to the court of Denmark, by the interest of the opposite party, in case of a change of ministry. At the moment when this was alluded to by count Altenberg, the commissioner was so dreadfully alarmed that he perspired at every pore; but perceiving that lord Oldborough expressed no surprise, asked no explanation, never looked towards him with suspicion, nor even raised his eyes, Mr. Falconer flattered himself that his lordship was so completely engrossed in the operation of replacing a loose glass in his spectacles, that he had not heard or noticed one word the count had said. In this hope the commissioner was confirmed by lord Oldborough's speaking an instant afterwards precisely in his usual tone, and pursuing his previous subject of conversation, without any apparent interruption in the train of his ideas. Yet, notwithstanding that the commissioner fancied that he and his son had escaped, and were secure in each particular instance, he had

a general feeling that lord Oldborough was more reserved towards him; and he was haunted by a constant fear of losing, not his patron's esteem or confidence, but his favour. Against this danger he constantly guarded. To flatter, to keep lord Oldborough in good humour, to make himself agreeable and necessary by continual petty submissions and services, was the sum of his policy.

It was with this view that he determined to go to the country; and with this view he had consented to various expences, which were necessary, as Mrs. Falconer declared, to make it practicable for her and her daughters to accompany him. Orders were sent to have a theatre at Falconer-court, which had been long disused, fitted up in the most elegant manner. The miss Falconers had been in the habit of acting at sir Thomas and lady Flowerton's private theatre at Richmond, and they were accomplished actresses. Count Altenberg had declared that he was particularly fond of theatrical amusements. That hint was sufficient. Besides, what a sensation the opening of a theatre at Falconer-court would create in the country! Mrs. Falconer observed, that the only possible way to make the country supportable was to have a large party of town friends in your house—and this was the more necessary for her, as she was almost a stranger in her own county.

Alfred kept his promise, and sent Rosamond a list of the persons of whom the party was to consist. Opposite to several names he wrote—commonplace young—or, commonplace old ladies:—of the latter number were lady Trant and lady Kew: of the

former were the miss G—s, and others not worth mentioning. Then came the two lady Arlingtons, nieces of the Duke of Greenwich.

“The lady Arlingtons,” continues Alfred, “are glad to get to Mrs. Falconer, and Mrs. Falconer is glad to have them, because they are related to my lord duke. I have met them at Mrs. Falconer’s, at lady Angelica Headingham’s, and often at lady Jane Granville’s. The style and tone of the lady Anne is languishing—of lady Frances, lively: both seem mere spoilt selfish ladies of quality. Lady Anne’s selfishness is of the cold, chronic, inveterate nature; lady Frances’s of the hot, acute, and tormenting species. She ‘loves every thing by fits, and nothing long.’ Every body is *an angel*, and *a dear creature*, while they minister to her fancies—and no longer. About these fancies she is restless and impatient to a degree which makes her sister look sick and scornful beyond description. Lady Anne neither fancies nor loves any thing or any body. She seems to have no object upon earth but to drink barley-water, and save herself from all manner of trouble or exertion, bodily or mental. So much for the lady Arlingtons.

“Buckhurst Falconer cannot be of this party—colonel Hauton has him at his regiment. But Buckhurst’s two friends, the Clays, are earnestly pressed into the service. Notwithstanding the fine sanctified speech Mrs. Falconer made me, about *that sad affair of Lewis Clay with lady Harriot H—*, she invites him; and I have a notion, if count Altenberg had not appeared, that she would like to have had him, *or his brother*, for her son-in-law. That you

may judge how much my mother would like them for her sons-in-law, I will take the trouble to draw you portraits of both gentlemen.

“*French Clay* and *English Clay*, as they have been named, are brothers, both men of large fortune, which their father acquired respectably by commerce, and which they are spending in all kinds of extravagance and profligacy, not from inclination, but merely to purchase admission into fine company. *French Clay* is a travelled coxcomb, who, *à propos de bottes*, begins with, ‘When I was abroad with the princess *Orbitella*——’ But I am afraid I cannot speak of this man with impartiality, for I cannot bear to see an Englishman apeing a Frenchman. The imitation is always so awkward, so ridiculous, so contemptible. *French Clay* talks of *tact*, but without possessing any; he delights in what he calls *persiflage*, but in his *persiflage*, instead of the wit and elegance of Parisian raillery, there appears only the vulgar love and habit of derision. He is continually railing at our English want of *savoir vivre*, yet is himself an example of the ill-breeding which he reprobates. His manners have neither the cordiality of an Englishman nor the polish of a foreigner. To improve us in *l’esprit de société*, he would introduce the whole system of French gallantry—the vice without the refinement. I heard him acknowledge it to be ‘his principle’ to intrigue with every *married* woman who would listen to him, provided she has any one of his four requisites, wit, fashion, beauty, or a good table. He says his late suit in Doctors’-commons cost him nothing; for 10,000*l.* are nothing to him.

“Public virtue, as well as private, he thinks it a fine

air to disdain, and patriotism and love of our country he calls prejudices of which a philosopher ought to divest himself. Some charitable people say that he is not so unfeeling as he seems to be, and that above half his vices arise from affectation, and from a mistaken ambition to be what he thinks perfectly French.

“ His brother, English Clay, is a cold, reserved, proud, dull-looking man, whom art, in despite of nature, strove, and strove in vain, to quicken into a ‘gay deceiver.’ He is a grave man of pleasure—his first care being to provide for his exclusively personal gratifications. His dinner is a serious, solemn business, whether it be at his own table or at a tavern, which last he prefers—he orders it so that his repast shall be the very best of its kind that money can procure. His next care is, that he be not cheated in what he is to pay. Not that he values money, but he cannot bear to be *taken in*. Then his dress, his horses, his whole appointment and establishment, are complete, and accurately in the fashion of the day—no expence spared. All that belongs to Mr. Clay, of Clay-hall, is the best of its kind, or, at least, *had from the best hand* in England. Every thing about him is English; but I don’t know whether this arises from love of his country or contempt of his brother. English Clay is not ostentatious of that which is his own, but he is disdainful of all that belongs to another. The slightest deficiency in the *appointments* of his companions he sees, and marks by a wink to some bystander, or with a dry joke laughs the wretch to scorn. In company he delights to sit by silent and snug, sneering inwardly at those who are entertaining the company, and *committing* themselves. He never

entertains, and is seldom entertained. His joys are neither convivial nor intellectual; he is gregarious, but not companionable; a hard drinker, but not social. Wine sometimes makes him noisy, but never makes him gay; and, whatever be his excesses, he commits them seemingly without temptation from taste or passion. He keeps a furiously expensive mistress, whom he curses, and who curses him, as Buckhurst informs me, ten times a day; yet he prides himself on being free and unmarried! Scorning and dreading women in general, he swears he would not marry Venus herself unless she had 100,000*l.* in each pocket; and now that no mortal Venus wears pockets, he thanks Heaven he is safe. Buckhurst, I remember, assured me that beneath this crust of pride there is some good-nature. Deep hid under a large mass of selfishness, there may be some glimmerings of affection. He shows symptoms of feeling for his horses, and his mother, and his coachman, and his country. I do believe he would fight for old England, for it is his country, and he is English Clay. Affection for his coachman, did I say?—He shows admiration, if not affection, for every whip of note in town. He is their companion—no, their pupil, and, as Antoninus Pius gratefully prided himself in recording the names of those relations and friends from whom he learnt his several virtues, this man may boast to after-ages of having learnt from one coachman how to cut a fly off his near leader's ear, how to tuck up a duck from another, and the *true spit* from a third—by the by, it is said, but I don't vouch for the truth of the story, that this last accomplishment cost him a tooth, which he had had drawn to attain it in perfection. Pure

slang he could not learn from any one coachman, but from constantly frequenting the society of all. I recollect Buckhurst Falconer telling me that he dined once with English Clay, in company with a baronet, a viscount, an earl, a duke, and the driver of a mail-coach, to whom was given, by acclamation, the seat of honour. I am told there is a house, at which these gentlemen and noblemen meet regularly every week, where there are two dining-rooms divided by glass doors. In one room the real coachmen dine, in the other the amateur gentlemen, who, when they are tired of their own conversation, throw open the glass doors, that they may be entertained and edified by the coachmen's wit and *slang*; in which dialect English Clay's rapid proficiency has, it is said, recommended him to the *best* society, even more than his being the master of the best of cooks, and of Clay-hall.

“ I have said so much more than I intended of both these brothers, that I have no room for more portraits; indeed, the other gentlemen are zeroes.

* * * * *

“ Yours affectionately,

“ ALFRED PERCY.”

Notwithstanding the pains which Mrs. Falconer took to engage these Mr. Clays to accompany her, she could obtain only a promise that they would wait upon her, if possible, some time during the recess.

Count Altenberg also, much to Mrs. Falconer's disappointment, was detained in town a few days longer than he had foreseen, but he promised to follow lord Oldborough early in the ensuing week. All the rest of the *prodigious* party arrived at Falconer-court,

which was within a few miles of lord Oldborough's seat at Clermont-park.

The day after lord Oldborough's arrival in the country, his lordship was seized with a fit of the gout, which fixed in his right hand. Commissioner Falconer, when he came in the morning to pay his respects, and to inquire after his patron's health, found him in his study, writing a letter with his left hand. "My lord, shall not I call Mr. Temple—or—could I offer my services as secretary?"

"I thank you, sir—no. This letter must be written with my own hand."

Who can this letter be to, that is of so much consequence? thought the commissioner; and glancing his eye at the direction, he saw, as the letter was given to a servant, "*To L. Percy, Esq.*"—his surprise arrested the pinch of snuff which he was just going to take. "What could be the business—the secret—only a few lines, what could they contain?"

Simply these words:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I write to you with my left hand, the gout having, within these few hours, incapacitated my right. Since this gout keeps me a prisoner, and I cannot, as I had intended, go to you, may I beg that you will do me the favour to come to me, if it could suit your convenience, to-morrow morning, when I shall be alone from twelve till four.

"With true esteem,

"Yours,

"OLDBOROUGH."

In the course of the day the commissioner found out, by something lord Oldborough *let fall*, what his lordship had no intention to conceal, that he had requested Mr. Percy to come to Clermont-park the next morning; and the commissioner promised himself that he would be in the way to see his good cousin Percy, and to satisfy his curiosity. But his manœuvres and windings were, whenever it was necessary, counteracted and cut short by the unexpected directness and peremptory plain dealing of his patron. In the morning, towards the hour of twelve, the commissioner thought he had well begun a conversation that would draw out into length upon a topic which he knew must be interesting to his lordship, and he held in his hand private letters of great consequence from his son Cunningham; but lord Oldborough, taking the letters, locked them up in his desk, saying, “To-night I will read them—this morning I have set apart for a conversation with Mr. Percy, whom I wish to see alone. In the mean time, my interest in the borough has been left too much to the care of that attorney Sharpe, of whom I have no great opinion. Will you be so good to ride over, as you promised me that you would, to the borough, and see what is doing there?”

The commissioner endeavoured not to look disconcerted or discomfited, rang the bell for his horses, and took his leave, as lord Oldborough had determined that he should, before the arrival of Mr. Percy, who came exactly at twelve.

“I thank you for this punctuality, Mr. Percy,” said lord Oldborough, advancing in his most gracious

manner; and no two things could be more strikingly different than his gracious and ungracious manner. "I thank you for this kind punctuality. No one knows better than I do the difference between the visit of a friend and all other visits."

Without preface, lord Oldborough always went directly to the point. "I have requested you to come to me, Mr. Percy, because I want from you two things, which I cannot have so much to my satisfaction from any other person as from you—assistance and sympathy. But, before I go to my own affairs, let me—and not by way of compliment, but plainly and truly—let me congratulate you, my dear sir, on the success of your sons, on the distinction and independence they have already acquired in their professions. I know the value of independence—of that which I shall never have," added his lordship, with a forced smile and a deep sigh. "But let that be. It was not of that I meant to speak. You pursue your course, I, mine. Firmness of purpose I take to be the great difference between man and man. I am not one of those who habitually covet sympathy. It is a sign of a mind insufficient to its own support, to look for sympathy on every trivial occurrence; and on great occasions it has not been my good fortune to meet many persons who could sympathize with me."

"True," said Mr. Percy, "people must think with you, before they can feel with you."

"It is extraordinary, Mr. Percy," continued lord Oldborough, "that, knowing how widely you differ from me in political principles, I should choose, of all men living, to open my mind to you. But the fact

is, that I am convinced, however we may differ about the means, the end we both have in view is one and the same—the good and glory of the British empire.”

“My lord, I believe it,” cried Mr. Percy—with energy and warmth he repeated, “My lord, I believe it.”

“I thank you, sir,” said lord Oldborough; “you do me justice. I have reason to be satisfied when such men as you do me justice; I have reason also to be satisfied that I have not to make the common complaint of those who serve princes. From him whom I have served I have not met with any ingratitude, with any neglect: on the contrary, I am well assured, that so firm is his conviction of my intending the good of his throne and of his people, that to preserve me his minister is the first wish of his heart. I am confident that without hesitation he would dismiss from his councils any who should obstruct my views, or be inimical to my interests.”

“Then, my lord, you are happy; if man can be happy at the summit of ambition.”

“Pardon me. It is a dizzy height at best; but, were it attained, I trust my head would be strong enough to bear it.”

“Lord Verulam, you know, my lord,” said Mr. Percy, smiling, “tells us, that people, by looking down precipices, do put their spirits in the act of falling.”

“True, true,” said lord Oldborough, rather impatient at Mr. Percy’s going to lord Verulam and philosophy. “But you have not yet heard the facts. I am encompassed with enemies, open and secret.

Open enemies I meet and defy—their strength I can calculate and oppose; but the strength of my secret enemies I cannot calculate, for that strength depends on their combination, and that combination I cannot break till I know of what it consists. I have the power and the will to strike, but know not where to aim. In the dark I will not strike, lest I injure the innocent or destroy a friend. Light I cannot obtain, though I have been in search of it for a considerable time. Perhaps, by your assistance it may be obtained.”

“By my assistance!” exclaimed Mr. Percy: “ignorant, as I am, of all parties, and of all their secret transactions, how, my dear lord, can I possibly afford you any assistance?”

“Precisely by your being unconnected with all parties—a cool stander-by, you can judge of the play—you can assist me with your general knowledge of human nature, and with a particular species of knowledge, of which I should never have guessed that you were possessed, but for an accidental discovery of it made to me the other day by your son Alfred—your knowledge of the art of deciphering,”

Lord Oldborough then produced the Tourville papers, related how they had been put into his hands by commissioner Falconer, showed him what the commissioner and his son had deciphered, pointed out where the remaining difficulty occurred, and explained how they were completely at a stand from their inability to decipher the word Gassoc, or to decide who or what it could mean. All the conjectures of the commissioner, the cassock, and the

bishop, and the *gosshawk*, and the heraldic researches, and the French misnomers, and the puns upon the coats of arms, and the notes from Wilkins on universal language, and an old book on deciphering, which had been lent to the commissioner, and the private and public letters which Cunningham had written since he went abroad, were all laid before Mr. Percy.

“As to my envoy, Mr. Cunningham Falconer,” said lord Oldborough, as he took up the bundle of Cunningham’s letters, “I do not choose to interrupt the main business before us, by adverting to him or to his character, farther than to point out to you this mark,” showing a peculiar pencil mark, made on certain papers. “This is my note of distrust, observe, and this my note for mere circumlocution, or nonsense. And here,” continued his lordship, “is a list of all those in, or connected with the ministry, whom it is possible may be my enemies.” The list was the same as that on which the commissioner formerly went to work, except that the name of the duke of Greenwich had been struck out, and two others added in his place, so that it stood thus: “Dukes of Doncaster and Stratford; lords Coleman, Naresby, Skreene, Twisselton, Waltham, Wrexfield, Chelsea, and Lancaster; sir Thomas Cope, sir James Skipworth; secretaries Arnold and Oldfield.” This list was marked with figures, in different coloured inks, prefixed to each name, denoting the degrees of their supposed enmity to lord Oldborough, and these had been calculated from a paper, containing notes of the probable causes and motives of their disaffection,

drawn up by commissioner Falconer, but corrected, and in many places contradicted, by notes in lord Oldborough's hand-writing. His lordship marked which was *his* calculation of probabilities, and made some observations on the character of each, as he read over the list of names rapidly.

Doncaster, a dunce—Stratford, a miser—Coleman, a knave—Naresby, non compos—Skreene, the most corrupt of the corrupt—Twisselton, puzzle headed—Waltham, a mere theorist—Wrexfield, a speechifier—Chelsea, a trimmer—Lancaster, deep and dark—sir Thomas Cope, a wit, a poet, and a fool—sir James Skipworth, finance and finesse—Arnold, able and active—and Oldfield, a diplomatist in grain.

“And is this the summary of the history of the men with whom your lordship is obliged to act and live?” said Mr. Percy.

“It is—I am: but, my dear sir, do not let us fly off at a tangent to morality or philosophy; these have nothing to do with the present purpose. You have before you all the papers relative to this transaction. Now, will you do me the favour, the service, to look them over, and try whether you can make out *le mot d'énigme*. I shall not disturb you.”

Lord Oldborough sat down at a small table by the fire, with a packet of letters and memorials beside him, and in a few minutes was completely absorbed in these, for he had acquired the power of turning his attention suddenly and entirely from one subject to another.

Without reading the mass of commissioner Falconer's explanations and conjectures, or encumbering

his understanding with all that Cunningham had collected, as if purposely to puzzle the cause, Mr. Percy examined first very carefully the original documents—then lord Oldborough's notes on the views and characters of the suspected persons, and the reasons of their several enmities or dissatisfaction. From the scale of probabilities, which he found had been with great skill calculated on these notes, he selected the principal names, and then tried with these, whether he could make out an idea that had struck him the moment he had heard of the Gassoc. He recollected the famous word Cabal, in the reign of Charles the Second, and he thought it possible that the cabalistical word Gassoc might be formed by a similar combination. But *Gassoc* was no English word, was no word of any language. Upon close examination of the Tourville papers, he perceived that the commissioner had been right in one of his suggestions, that the *G* had been written instead of a *C*: in some places it had been a *c* turned into a *g*, and the writer seemed to be in doubt whether the word should be *Gassoc* or *Cassoc*. Assuming, therefore, that it was *Cassock*, Mr. Percy found the initials of six persons, who stood high in lord Oldborough's scale of probabilities: Chelsea—Arnold—Skreene—Skipworth—Oldfield—Coleman; and the last *k*, for which he hunted in vain a considerable time, was supplied by Kensington (one of the Duke of Greenwich's title), whose name had been scratched out of the list, since his reconciliation and connexion by marriage with lord Oldborough, but who had certainly at one time been of the league of his lordship's

enemies. Every circumstance and date in the Tourville papers exactly agree with this explanation: the Cassock thus composed cleared up all difficulties; and passages, that were before dark and mysterious, were rendered by this reading perfectly intelligible. The interpretation, when once given, appeared so simple, that lord Oldborough wondered how it was possible that it had not before occurred to his mind. His satisfaction was great—he was at this moment relieved from all danger of mistaking friend for foe; he felt that his enemies were in his power, and his triumph secure.

“My dear sir,” cried he, “you do not know, you cannot estimate, the extent of the service you have done me: far from wishing to lessen it in your eyes, I wish you to know at this moment its full importance. By lady Oldborough’s death, and by circumstances with which I need not trouble you, I lost the support of her connexions. The duke of Greenwich, though my relation, is a weak man, and a weak man can never be a good friend. I was encompassed, undermined, the ground hollow under me—I knew it, but I could not put my finger upon one of the traitors. Now I have them all at one blow, and I thank you for it. I have the character, I believe, of being what is called proud, but you see that I am not too proud to be assisted and obliged by one who will never allow me to oblige or assist him or any of his family. But why should this be? Look over the list of these men. In some one of these places of trust, give me a person in whom I can confide, a friend to me, and to your country. Look over that

list, now in your hand, and put your finger upon any thing that will suit you."

"I thank you, my lord," said Mr. Percy; "I feel the full value of your good opinion, and true gratitude for the warmth of your friendship, but I cannot accept of any office under your administration. Our political principles differ as much as our private sentiments of honour agree; and these sentiments will, I trust, make you approve of what I now say—and do."

"But there are places, there are situations which you might accept, where your political opinions and mine could never clash. It is an extraordinary thing for a minister to press a gentleman to accept of a place, unless he expects more in return than what he gives. But come—I must have Mr. Percy one of us. You have never tried ambition yet," added lord Oldborough, with a smile: "trust me, you will find ambition has its pleasures, its proud moments, when a man feels that he has his foot on the neck of his enemies."

Lord Oldborough stood, as if he felt this pride at the instant. "You do not know the charms of ambition, Mr. Percy."

"It may be delightful to feel one's foot on the neck of one's enemies, but, for my part, I rather prefer having no enemies."

"No enemies!" said lord Oldborough: "every man that has character enough to make friends has character enough to make enemies—and must have enemies, if not of his power or place, of his talents and property—the sphere lower, the passion's the

same. No enemies!—What is he, who has been at law with you, and has robbed you of your estate?”

“I forgot him—upon my word, I forgot him,” said Mr. Percy. “You see, my lord, if he robbed me of my estate, he did not rob me of my peace of mind. Does your lordship think,” said Mr. Percy, smiling, “that any ambitious man, deprived of his place, could say as much?”

“When I can tell you that from my own experience, you shall know,” said lord Oldborough, replying in the same tone; “but, thanks to your discovery, there seems to be little chance, at present, of my being competent to answer that question. But to business—we are wasting life.”

Every word or action that did not tend to a political purpose appeared to lord Oldborough to be a waste of life.

“Your ultimatum? Can you be one of us?”

“Impossible, my lord. Pardon me if I say, that the nearer the view your confidence permits me to take of the workings of your powerful mind, and of the pains and penalties of your exalted situation, the more clearly I feel that ambition is not for me, that my happiness lies in another line.”

“Enough—I have done—the subject is at rest between us for ever.” A cloud, followed instantaneously by a strong radiance of pleasure, passed across lord Oldborough’s countenance, while he pronounced, as if speaking to himself, the words, “Singular obstinacy! Admirable consistency! And I too am consistent, my dear, sir,” said he, sitting down at the table. “Now for business; but I am deprived of my right

hand." He rang, and desired his secretary, Mr. Temple, to be sent to him. Mr. Percy rose to take leave, but lord Oldborough would not permit him to go. "I can have no secrets for you, Mr. Percy—stay and see the end of the Cassock."

Mr. Temple came in; and lord Oldborough, with that promptitude and decision by which he was characterised, dictated a letter to the king, laying before his majesty the whole intrigue, as discovered by the Tourville papers, adding a list of the members of the *Cassock*—concluding by begging his majesty's permission to resign, unless the cabal, which had rendered his efforts for the good of the country and for his majesty's service in some points abortive, should be dismissed from his majesty's councils. In another letter to a private friend, who had access to the royal ear, lord Oldborough named the persons, whom, if his majesty should do him the favour of consulting him, he should wish to recommend in the places of those who might be dismissed. His lordship farther remarked, that the marriage which had taken place between his niece and the eldest son of the duke of Greenwich, and the late proofs of his grace's friendship, dissipated all fears and resentment arising from his former connexion with the *Cassock*. Lord Oldborough therefore entreated his majesty to continue his grace in his ministry. All this was stated in the shortest and plainest terms.

"No rounded periods, *no phrases*, no fine writing, Mr. Temple, upon this occasion, if you please; it must be felt that these letters are straight from my mind, and that if they are not written by my own

hand, it is because that hand is disabled. As soon as the gout will let me stir, I shall pay my duty to my sovereign in person. These arrangements will be completed, I trust, by the meeting of parliament. In the mean time I am better here than in London; the blow will be struck, and none will know by whom—not but what I am ready to avow it, if called upon. But—let the coffee-house politicians decide, and the country gentlemen prose upon it,” said lord Oldborough, smiling—“some will say the ministry split on India affairs, some on Spanish, some on French affairs. How little they, any of them, know what passes or what governs behind the curtain! Let them talk—whilst I act.”

The joy of this discovery so raised lord Oldborough's spirits, and dilated his heart, that he threw himself open with a freedom and hilarity, and with a degree of humour unusual to him, and unknown except to the few in his most intimate confidence. The letters finished, Mr. Temple was immediately despatched with them to town.

“There,” said lord Oldborough, as soon as Mr. Temple had left him, “there's a secretary I can depend upon; and there is another obligation I owe to your family—to your son Alfred.”

Now this business of the Tourville papers was off his mind, lord Oldborough, though not much accustomed to turn his attention to the lesser details of domestic life, spoke of every individual of the Percy family with whom he was acquainted; and, in particular, of Godfrey, to whom he was conscious that he had been unjust. Mr. Percy, to relieve him from this regret, talked of the pleasure his son had had in

his friend Gascoigne's late promotion to the lieutenant colonelcy. Whilst Mr. Percy spoke, lord Oldborough searched among a packet of letters for one which made honourable mention of captain Percy, and put it into the hands of the happy father.

"Ah! these are pleasurable feelings denied to me," said lord Oldborough.

After a pause he added, "That nephew of mine, colonel Hauton, is irretrievably profligate, selfish, insignificant. I look to my niece, the marchioness of Twickenham's child, that is to say, if the mother——"

Another long pause, during which his lordship rubbed the glasses of his spectacles, and looked through them, as if intent that no speck should remain; while he did this very slowly, his mind ran rapidly from the idea of the marchioness of Twickenham to John Falconer, and thence to all the causes of distrust and discontent which he felt towards all the different individuals of the Falconer family. He considered, that now the Tourville papers had been completely deciphered, the necessity for engaging the secrecy of the commissioner, and of his son Cunningham, would soon cease.

Lord Oldborough's reverie was interrupted by seeing, at this instant, the commissioner returning from his ride.

"Not a word, Mr. Percy, of what has passed between us, to commissioner Falconer—not a word of the *Gassoc*. I put you on your guard, because you live with those in whom you have entire confidence," said lord Oldborough; "but that is what a public man, a minister, cannot do."

Another reason why I should not like to be a mi-

nister, thought Mr. Percy. "I took it for granted that the commissioner was entirely in your lordship's confidence."

"I thought you were too good a philosopher to take any thing for granted, Mr. Percy. Consider, if you please, that I am in a situation where I must have tools, and use them, as long as I can make them serviceable to my purposes. Sir, I am not a missionary, but a minister. I must work with men, and upon men, such as I find them. I am not a chemist, to analyse and purify the gold. I make no objection to that alloy, which I am told is necessary, and fits it for being moulded to my purposes. But here comes the ductile commissioner."

Lord Oldborough began to talk to him of the borough, without any mercy for his curiosity, and without any attempt to evade the various dexterous pushes he made to discover the business which had this morning occupied his lordship. Mr. Percy was surprised, in the course of this day, to see the manner in which the commissioner, a gentleman well-born, of originally independent fortune and station, humbled and abased himself to a patron. Mr. Falconer had contracted a certain cringing servility of manner, which completely altered his whole appearance, and which quite prevented him even from looking like a gentleman. It was his principle never to contradict a great man, never to give him any sort of pain; and his idea of the deference due to rank, and of the danger of losing favour by giving offence, was carried so far, that not only his attitude and language, but his whole mind, seemed to be new modified. He had not the free use

of his faculties. He seemed really so to subdue and submit his powers, that his understanding was annihilated. Mr. Percy was astonished at the change in his cousin; the commissioner was equally surprised, nay, actually terrified, by Mr. Percy's freedom and boldness. "Good Heavens! how can you speak in this manner?" said Mr. Falconer, as they were going down stairs together, after parting with lord Oldborough.

"And why not?—I have nothing to fear or to hope, nothing to gain or to lose. Lord Oldborough can give me nothing that I would accept, but his esteem, and that I am sure of never losing."

Heigho!—If I had your favour with my lord, what I would make of it! thought the commissioner, as he stepped into his chariot. Mr. Percy mounted his horse, and rode back to his humble home, glad to have done his friend lord Oldborough a service, still more glad that he was not bound to the minister by any of the chains of political dependence. Rejoiced to quit Tourville papers—state intrigues—lists of enemies,—and all the necessity for reserve and *management*, and all the turmoil of ambition.

CHAPTER XXV.

COUNT ALTENBERG arrived at Clermont-park, and as lord Oldborough was still confined by the gout, commissioner Falconer, to his lady's infinite satisfaction, was deputed to show him every thing that was worth seeing in this part of the country. Every

morning some party was formed by Mrs. Falconer, and so happily arranged, that her Georgiana and the count were necessarily thrown together. The count rode extremely well; miss Falconers had been taught to ride in a celebrated riding-house, and were delighted to display their equestrian graces. When they were not disposed to ride, the count had a phaeton, and Mrs. Falconer a barouche; and either in the phaeton, or the barouche seat, miss Georgiana Falconer was seated with the count, who, as she discovered, drove uncommonly well.

The count had expressed a desire to see the place where M. de Tourville had been shipwrecked, and he really wished to be introduced to the Percy family, of whom, from the specimen he had seen in Alfred, and from all the hospitality they had shown the distressed mariners (some of whom were his countrymen), he had formed a favourable opinion. Half his wish was granted, the rest dispersed in empty air. Mrs. Falconer with alacrity arranged a party for Percy-hall, to show the count the scene of the shipwreck. She should be so glad to see it herself, for she was absent from the country at the time of the sad disaster; but the commissioner, who knew the spot, and all the circumstances, better than any other person, would show them every thing—and sir Robert Percy, she was sure, would think himself much honoured by count Altenberg's visiting his place.

Count Altenberg had some confused recollection of Mr. Alfred Percy's having told him that his father no longer lived at Percy-hall; but this speech of Mrs. Falconer's led the count to believe that he had misunderstood what Alfred had said.

The party arranged for Percy-hall consisted of the miss Falconers, the two lady Arlingtons, and some other young people, who were at Falconer-court. It was a fine morning, Mrs. Falconer was all suavity and smiles, both the miss Falconers in charming hopes, and consequently in charming spirits.

Percy-hall was really a beautiful place, and miss Arabella Falconer now looked at it with the pleasure of anticipated possession. Sir Robert Percy was not at home, he had been obliged that morning to be absent on some special business; but he had left orders with his steward and housekeeper to show the party of visitors the house and grounds. In going through the apartments, they came to the gallery leading to the library, where they were stopped by some workmen's trestles, on which were lying two painted glass windows, one that had been taken down, and another which was to be put in its stead. Whilst the workmen were moving the obstacles out of the way, the company had leisure to admire the painted windows. One of them was covered with coats of arms: the other represented the fire at Percy-hall, and the portrait of Caroline, assisting the old nurse down the staircase. This painting immediately fixed count Altenberg's eye, and miss Georgiana Falconer, not knowing whose portrait it was, exclaimed, as she looked at the figure of Caroline, "Beautiful! Exquisite! What a lovely creature that is assisting the old woman!"

"Yes," said count Altenberg, "it is one of the finest countenances I ever beheld."

All the ladies eagerly pressed forward to look at it.

“Beautiful! Don’t you think it is something like lady Anne Cope?” said miss Falconer.

“Oh! dear, no!” cried miss Georgiana Falconer: “it is a great deal handsomer than any of the Copes ever were, or ever will be!”

“It has a look of lady Mary Nesbitt,” said one of the lady Arlingtons.

“The eyes are so like lady Coningsby, who is my delight,” said Georgiana.

“And it has quite the Arlington nose,” said Mrs. Falconer, glancing her eye upon the lady Arlingtons. Count Altenberg, without moving his eye, repeated, “It is the most beautiful face I ever beheld.”

“Not nearly so beautiful as the original, sir,” said the painter.

“The original?—Is it a copy?”

“A portrait, sir.”

“Oh! a family portrait of one of our great, great grandmother Percys, I suppose,” said miss Georgiana, “done in her youth—in a fancy piece, you know, according to the taste of those times—she must have been superlatively lovely.”

“Ma’am,” said the painter, “the young lady, of whom this is a portrait, is, I hope and believe, now living.”

“Where?—and who can she be?—for I am sure I don’t recollect ever having seen her in all my life—never met her in town any where——Pray, sir, who may it be?” added she, turning to the artist, with a mixture of affected negligence and real pride.

“Miss Caroline Percy, ma’am.”

“A daughter of sir Robert Percy—of the gentleman of this house?” said count Altenberg eagerly.

Mrs. Falconer, and her daughter Georgiana, answered rapidly, with looks of alarm, as they stood a little behind the count.

“Oh! no, no, count Altenberg,” cried Mrs. Falconer, advancing, “not a daughter of the gentleman of this house—another family, relations, but distant relations of the commissioner’s: *he* formerly knew something of them, but *we* know nothing of them.”

The painter however knew a great deal, and seemed anxious to tell all he knew: but Mrs. Falconer walked on immediately, saying, “This is our way, is not it? This leads to the library, where, I dare say, we shall find the book which the count wanted.” The count heard her not, for with his eyes fixed on the picture he was listening to the account which the painter was giving of the circumstance it recorded of the fire at Percy-hall—of the presence of mind and humanity of miss Caroline Percy, who had saved the life of the poor decrepit woman, who in the picture was represented as leaning upon her arm. The painter paused when he came to this part of his story——“That woman was my mother, sir”——He went on, and with all the eloquence of filial affection and of gratitude, pronounced in a few words a panegyric on the family who had been his first and his best benefactors: all who heard him were touched with his honest warmth, except the miss Falconers.

“I dare say *those* Percys were very good people in

their day," said miss Falconer ; " but their day is over, and no doubt you'll find, in the present possessor of the estate, sir, as good a patron at least."

The artist took up his pencil without making any reply, and went on with some heraldic devices he was painting.

" I am amazed how you could see any likeness in that face or figure to lady Anne Cope, or lady Mary Nesbitt, or any of the Arlingtons," said miss Georgiana Falconer, looking through her hand at the portrait of Caroline: " it's the most beautiful thing I ever saw, certainly; but there's nothing of an air of fashion, and without that——"

" Count Altenberg, I have found for you the very book I heard you tell the commissioner last night you wished so much to see," said Mrs. Falconer. The count went forward to receive the book, and to thank the lady for her polite attention; she turned over the leaves, and showed him some uncommonly fine prints, which he was bound to admire—and whilst he was admiring, Mrs. Falconer found a moment to whisper to her daughter Georgiana, " Not a word more about the picture: let it alone, and it is only a picture—dwell upon it, and you make it a reality."

Miss Georgiana had quickness and ability sufficient to feel the value of her mother's knowledge of the world and of human nature, but she had seldom sufficient command of temper to imitate or to profit by Mrs. Falconer's address. On this occasion she contented herself with venting her spleen on the poor painter, whose colouring and drapery she began to criticise unmercifully. Mrs. Falconer, however, car-

ried off the count with her into the library, and kept him there, till the commissioner, who had been detained in the neighbouring village by some electioneering business, arrived; and then they pursued their walk together through the park. Miss Falconer was particularly delighted with the beauties of the grounds. Miss Georgiana, recovering her good-humour, was again charming—and all went on well; till they came near the sea-shore, and the count asked commissioner Falconer to show him the place where the shipwreck had happened. She was provoked that his attention should be withdrawn from her, and again by these Percys. The commissioner called to one of the boatmen who had been ordered to be in readiness, and asked him to point out the place where the Dutch vessel had been wrecked. The man, who seemed rather surly, replied that they could not see the right place where they stood, and if they had a mind to see it, they must come into the boat, and row *a piece* up farther.

Now some of these town-bred ladies were alarmed at the idea of going to sea, and though miss Georgiana was very unwilling to be separated from the count, and though her mother encouraged the young lady to vanquish her fears as much by precept and as little by example as possible, yet when she was to be handed into the boat, she drew back in pretty terror, put her hands before her face, and protested she could not venture even with count Altenberg. After as much waste of words as the discussion of such arrangements on a party of pleasure usually involves, it was at length settled that only the commissioner

should accompany the count, that the rest of the gentlemen and ladies should pursue their walk, and that they should all meet again at the park-gate. The surly boatman rowed off, but he soon ceased to be surly when the count spoke of the humanity and hospitality which had been shown to some of his countrymen by Mr. Percy. Immediately the boatman's tongue was loosed.

“Why, ay, sir, if you bees curious about *that* there gentleman, I can tell you a deal about him. But them as comes to see the new man does not covet to hear talk of the old master; but, nevertheless, there's none like him—he gave me and wife that there white cottage yonder, half ways up the bank, where you see the smoke rising between the trees—as snug a cottage it is!—But that is no matter to you, sir. But I wish you had but *seed* him the night of the shipwreck, he and his son, God above bless him, and them—wherever they are, if they're above ground, I'd row out the worst night ever we had, to set my eyes on them again before I die, but for a minute. Ay, that night of the shipwreck, not a man was willing to go out with them, or could be got out the first turn, but myself.”

Upon this text he spoke at large, entering into a most circumstantial and diffuse history of the shipwreck, mingling his own praises with those which he heartily bestowed upon the Percys of the right good old branch. Commissioner Falconer mean time was not in a condition to throw in any thing in favour of his new friend sir Robert Percy; he was taking pinch after pinch of snuff, looking alternately at the

water and the boat, sitting stiffly upright in anxious silence. Although in the incessant practice of suppressing his own feelings, corporeal and mental, from respect or complaisance to his superiors in rank and station, yet he presently found it beyond the utmost efforts of his courtly philosophy to endure his qualms of mind and body. Interrupting the talkative boatman, he first conjured the orator to mind what he was about; at last, Mr. Falconer complaining of growing very sick, the count gave up all thoughts of proceeding farther, and begged the boatman to put them ashore as soon as they could. They landed near the village, which it was necessary that they should pass through, before they could reach the appointed place of meeting. The poor commissioner, whose stomach was still disordered, and whose head was giddy, observed that they had yet a long walk to take, and proposed sending for one of the carriages—accordingly they waited for it at the village inn. The commissioner, after having made a multitude of apologies to the count, retired to rest himself—during his absence the count, who, wherever he was, endeavoured to see as much as possible of the manners of the people, began talking to the landlord and landlady. Again the conversation turned upon the characters of the late and the present possessors of Percy-hall; and the good people, by all the anecdotes they told, and still more by the warm attachment they expressed for the old banished family, increased every moment his desire to be personally acquainted with those who in adversity were preferred to persons in present power and prosperity. Count Altenberg, young as

he was, had seen enough of the world to feel the full value of eulogiums bestowed on those who are poor, and who have no means of serving in any way the interests of their panegyrists.

When the carriage came, and the commissioner was sufficiently refitted for conversation, the count repeatedly expressed his earnest wish to become acquainted with that Mr. Percy and his family, to whom his countrymen had been so much obliged, and of whom he said he had this morning heard so many interesting anecdotes. The commissioner had not been present when the count saw the picture of Caroline, nor indeed did he enter into Mrs. Falconer's matrimonial designs for her daughter Georgiana. The commissioner generally saw the folly, and despaired of the success, of all castle-building but his own, and his castles in the air were always on a political plan. So without difficulty he immediately replied that nothing would give him more pleasure than to introduce the count to his relations, the Percys. The moment this was mentioned, however, to Mrs. Falconer, the commissioner saw through the complacent countenance, with which she forced herself to listen to him, that he had made some terrible blunder, for which he should have to answer in private.

Accordingly the first moment they were alone, Mrs. Falconer reproached him with the rash promise he had made. "I shall have all the difficulty in the world to put this out of the count's head. I thought, Mr. Falconer, that you had agreed to let *those* Percys drop."

“So I would if I could, my dear; but how can I, when lord Oldborough persists in holding them up?—You must go and see them, my dear.”

“I!” cried Mrs. Falconer, with a look of horror; “I!—not I, indeed! Lord Oldborough holds up only the gentlemen of the family—his lordship has nothing to do with the ladies, I suppose. Now, you know visiting can go on vastly well, to all eternity, between the gentlemen of a family without the ladies having any sort of intimacy or acquaintance even. You and Mr. Percy, if it is necessary for appearance sake with lord Oldborough—may continue upon the old footing; but I charge you, commissioner, do not involve me—and whatever happens, don’t take Count Altenberg with you to the Hills.”

“Why not, my dear?”

“My dear, I have my reasons. You were not in the gallery at Percy-hall this morning, when the count saw that painted glass window?”

The commissioner begged an explanation; but when he had heard all Mrs. Falconer’s reasons, they did not seem to strike him with the force she desired and expected.

“I will do as you please, my dear,” said he, “and if I can, I will make the count forget my promised introduction to the Percys; but all the time, depend upon it, your fears and your hopes are both equally vain. You ladies are apt to take it for granted that men’s heads are always running on love.”

“Young men’s heads sometimes are,” said Mrs. Falconer.

“Very seldom in these days,” said the commissioner. “And love altogether, as one should think you might know by this time, Mrs. Falconer—a sensible woman of the world, as you are; but no woman, even the most sensible, can ever believe it—love altogether has surprisingly little to do in the real management and business of the world.”

“Surprisingly little,” replied Mrs. Falconer, placidly. “But seriously, my dear, here is an opportunity of making an excellent match for Georgiana, if you will be so obliging as not to counteract me.”

“I am the last man in the world to counteract you, my dear; but it will never do,” said Mr. Falconer; “and you will only make Georgiana ridiculous, as she has been several times already, from the failure of these love-matches. I tell you, Mrs. Falconer, count Altenberg is no more thinking of love than I am—nor is he a man in the least likely to fall in love.”

“He is more than half in love with my Georgiana already,” said the mother, “if I have any eyes.”

“You have eyes, and very fine eyes, my dear, as every body knows, and no one better than myself—they have but one defect.”

“Defect!”

“They sometimes see more than exists.”

“You would not be so incredulous, Mr. Falconer, if you had seen the rapture with which the count listens to Georgiana when she plays on the harp. He is prodigiously fond of music.”

“And of painting too,” said the commissioner; “for by your account of the matter, he seemed to have been more than half in love also with a picture this morning.”

“A picture is no very dangerous rival, except in a *modern novel*,” replied Mrs. Falconer. “But beware, commissioner—and remember, I understand these things—I warn you in time—beware of the original of that picture, and never again talk to me of going to see those Percys; for though the girl may be only an unfashioned country beauty, and Georgiana has so many polished advantages, yet there is no knowing what whim a young man might take into his head.”

The commissioner, though he remained completely of his own opinion, that Mrs. Falconer’s scheme for Georgiana would never do, disputed the point no farther, but left the room, promising all she required, for promises cost him nothing. To do him justice, he recollected and endeavoured to the best of his power to keep his word; for the next morning he took his time so well to propose a ride to the Hills, just at the moment when lord Oldborough and the count were deep in a conversation on the state of continental politics, that his lordship would not part with him. The commissioner paid his visit alone, and Mrs. Falconer gave him credit for his address; but scarcely had she congratulated herself, when she was thrown again into terror—the commissioner had suggested to lord Oldborough the propriety and policy of giving, whilst he was in the country, a *popularity ball*! His lordship assented, and Mrs. Falconer, as

usual, was to take the trouble off his hands, and to give an entertainment to his lordship's friends. Lord Oldborough had not yet recovered from the gout, and he was glad to accept of her offer: his lordship not being able to appear, or to do the honours of the fête, was a sufficient apology for his not giving it at Clermont-park.

The obsequious commissioner begged to have a list of any friends whom lord Oldborough particularly wished to have invited; but his lordship, with a look of absence, replied, that he left all that entirely to Mrs. Falconer: however, the very evening of the day on which the commissioner paid his visit alone at the Hills, lord Oldborough put into his hands a list of the friends who he wished should be invited to the ball, and at the head of his list were the Percys.

"The Percys! the very people I first thought of!" said Mr. Falconer, commanding his countenance carefully: "but I fear we cannot hope to have them, they are at such a distance, and they have no carriage."

"Any of my carriages, all of them, shall be at their command," said lord Oldborough.

The commissioner reported this to Mrs. Falconer, observing that he had gone to the very brink of offending lord Oldborough to oblige her, as he knew by his lordship's look and tone of voice; and that nothing now could be done, but to visit the Percys, and as soon as possible, and to send them a card of invitation for the ball.

"And, my dear, whatever you do, I am sure will be done with a good grace," added the commissioner,

observing that his lady looked excessively discomfited.

“Very well, commissioner; you will have your daughter upon your hands, that’s all.”

“I should be as sorry for that, my love, as you could be; but what can be done? we must not lose the substance in running after the shadow. Lord Oldborough might turn short round upon us.”

“Not the least likely upon such a trifling occasion as this, where no politics are in question. What can Mrs. or miss Percy’s being or not being at this ball signify to lord Oldborough?—a man who never in his life thought of balls or cared any thing about women, and these are women whom he has never seen. What interest can it possibly be of lord Oldborough’s?”

“I cannot tell you, my dear—I don’t see any immediate interest. But there’s an old private friendship in the case. Some way or other, I declare I cannot tell you how, that old cousin Percy of mine has contrived to get nearer to lord Oldborough than any one living ever could do—nearer to his heart.”

“Heart!—Private friendship!” repeated Mrs. Falconer, with a tone of ineffable contempt. “Well, I only wish you had said nothing about the matter to lord Oldborough; I could have managed it myself. Was there ever such want of address! When you saw the Percys at the head of the list, was that a time to say any thing about your fears of their not coming? Do you think lord Oldborough could not translate fears into hopes? Then to mention their having no carriages!—when, if you had kept your own counsel, that would have been our sufficient excuse at last.

They must have refused: nothing need have been said about it till the night of the ball; and I would lay my life, lord Oldborough would never, in the mean time, have thought of it, or of them. But so silly! to object in that way, when you know that the slightest contradiction wakens lord Oldborough's will; and then indeed you might as well talk to his own Jupiter Tonans. If his lordship had set a beggar-woman's name at the head of his list, and you had objected that she had no carriage, he would directly have answered 'She shall have mine.' Bless me! It's wonderful that people can pique themselves on address, and have so little knowledge of character."

"My dear," said the commissioner, "if you reproach me from this time till to-morrow, the end of the matter will be, that you must go and see the Percys. I say, Mrs. Falconer," added he, assuming a peremptory tone, for which he had acquired a taste from lord Oldborough, but had seldom courage or opportunity to indulge in it, "I say, Mrs. Falconer, the thing must be done." He rang the bell in a gloriously authoritative manner, and ordered the carriage.

A visit paid thus upon compulsion was not likely to be very agreeable; but the complaints against the roads, the dreadful distance, and the horrid necessity of being civil, need not be recorded. Miss Falconers exclaimed when they at last came to the Hills, "La! I did not think it was so tolerable a place!" Miss Georgiana hoped that they should, at least, see miss Caroline—she owned she was curious to see that beautiful original, of whom the painter at Percy-hall, and her brother Buckhurst, had said so much.

Mrs. Percy and Rosamond only were at home. Caroline had taken a walk with her father to a considerable distance.

Mrs. Falconer, who had, by this time, completely recovered her self-command, presented herself with such smiling grace, and expressed, in such a tone of cordiality, her earnest desire, now that she had been so happy as to get into the country, to enjoy the society of her friends and relations, that Rosamond was quite charmed into a belief of at least half of what she said. Rosamond was willing to attribute all that had appeared, particularly of late, in contradiction of this lady's present professions, to some political motives of commissioner Falconer, whom she disliked for his conduct to Buckhurst, and whom she was completely willing to give up, as a worldly-minded courtier. But whilst the manners of the mother operated thus with Rosamond in favour of her moral character, even Rosamond's easy faith and sanguine benevolence could not see or hear any thing from the daughters that confirmed Mrs. Falconer's flattering speeches; they sat in languid silence, looking upon the animate and inanimate objects in the room with the same air of supercilious listlessness. They could not speak so as to be heard, they could not really understand any thing that Rosamond said to them; they seemed as if their bodies had been brought into the room by mistake, and their souls left behind them: not that they were in the least timid, or abashed; no, they seemed fully satisfied with their own inanity, and proud to show that they had absolutely no ideas in common with those into whose company they had been thus unfortunately compelled.

Once or twice they turned their heads with some signs of vivacity, when the door opened, and when they expected to see miss Caroline Percy enter : but though the visit was protracted, in hopes of her return, yet at last they were obliged to depart without having their curiosity satisfied.

Mrs. Falconer's fears of rivalship for her Georgiana were not diminished by this visit. By those of the family whom she saw this day, she judged of Caroline, whom she had not seen ; and she had tact sufficient to apprehend, that the conversation and manners of Mrs. Percy and of Rosamond were such as might, perhaps, please a well-bred and well-informed foreigner better, even, than the fashionable tone and air of the day, of which he had not been long enough in England to appreciate the conventional value. Still Mrs. Falconer had a lingering hope that some difficulties about dress, or some happy cold, might prevent these dangerous Percys from accepting the invitation to the ball. When their answers to her card came, she gave one hasty glance at it.

“Will do themselves the honour.”

“My dear, you are alarming yourself unnecessarily,” cried the commissioner, who pitied the distress visible, at least to his eyes, in her countenance ; or who feared, perhaps, a renewal of reproaches for his own want of address, “quite unnecessarily, believe me. I have had a great deal of conversation with count Altenburg since I spoke of him to you last, and I am confirmed in my opinion that he merely feels the curiosity natural to an enlightened traveller to become acquainted with Mr. Percy, a man who has been de-

scribed to him as a person of abilities. And he wants to thank him in the name of his countrymen, who were assisted, you know I told you, by the Percys, at the time of the shipwreck. You will see, my dear, that the ladies of the family will be nothing to him."

Mrs. Falconer sighed, and bit her lips.

"In half an hour's conversation, I would engage to find out the ruling passion of any man, young or old. Now, remember I tell you, Mrs. Falconer, count Altenberg's ruling passion is ambition."

"Ruling passion!" repeated Mrs. Falconer; "one of your book-words, and book-notions, that are always misleading you in practice. Ruling passion!—Metaphysical nonsense! As if men were such consistent creatures as to be ruled regularly by one passion—when often ten different passions pull a man, even before your face, ten different ways, and one cannot tell one hour what will be the ruling passion of the next. Tell me the reigning fashion, and I will tell you the ruling passion!—Luckily," continued Mrs. Falconer, after a pause of deep consideration, "Georgiana is very fashionable—one of the most fashionable young women in England, as the count might have seen when he was in London. But then, on the other hand, whether he is judge enough of English manners—Georgiana must be well dressed—and I know the count's taste in dress; I have made myself mistress of that—Commissioner, I must trouble you for some money."

"Mrs. Falconer, I have no money; and if I had," said the commissioner, who always lost his temper

when that subject was touched upon, "if I had, I would not give it to you to throw away upon such a losing game—a nonsensical speculation! Georgiana has not the least chance, nor has any other English woman, were she as handsome as Venus and dressed in bank notes—why, Mrs. Falconer, since you put me in a passion, I must tell you a secret."

But checking himself, Mr. Falconer stood for a moment silent, and went on with "count Altenberg has made up his quarrel with the hereditary prince, and I have it from undoubted authority, that he is to be the prince's prime minister when he comes to the throne; and the present prince, you know, as Cunningham says, is so infirm and asthmatic, that he may be carried off at any moment."

"Very well—very likely—I am glad of it," said Mrs. Falconer: "but where's the secret?"

"I've thought better of that, and I cannot tell it to you. But this much I tell you positively, Mrs. Falconer, that you will lose your labour, if you speculate upon the count for Georgiana."

"Is he married? Answer me that question, and I will ask no more—and that I have a right to ask."

"No—not married; but I can tell no more. Only let me beg that you will just put all love notions out of Georgiana's head and your own, or you'll make the girl ridiculous, and expose yourself, my dear. But, on the other hand, let there be no deficiency of attention to the count, for all our civilities to him will pay a hundred fold, and, perhaps, sooner than you expect—for he may be prime minister and prime favourite at Cunningham's court in a month, and of course will

have it in his power to forward Cunningham's interests. That is what I look to, Mrs. Falconer; for I am long-sighted in my views, as you will find."

"Well, time will show. I am glad you tell me he positively is not married," concluded Mrs. Falconer: "as to the rest, we shall see."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE evening appointed for Mrs. Falconer's ball at length arrived; and all the neighbouring gentry assembled at Falconer-court. They were received by Mrs. Falconer in a splendid salon, new furnished for this occasion, which displayed in its decorations the utmost perfection of modern taste and magnificence.

Mrs. Falconer was fitted, both by art and nature, to adorn a ball-room, and conduct a ball. With that ease of manner which a perfect knowledge of the world and long practice alone can give, she floated round the circle, conscious that she was in her element. Her eye, with one glance, seemed to pervade the whole assembly; her ear divided itself amongst a multitude of voices; and her attention diffused itself over all with equal grace. Yet that attention, universal as it seemed, was nicely discriminative. Mistress of the art of pleasing, and perfectly acquainted with all the shades of politeness, she knew how to dispose them so as to conceal their boundaries, and even their gradation, from all but the most skilful observers. They might, indeed, have formed, from Mrs. Falconer's reception of each of her guests, an

exact estimate of their rank, fashion, and consequence in the world; for by these standards she regulated her opinion, and measured her regard. Every one present knew this to be her theory, and observed it to be her practice towards others; but each flattered themselves by turns that they discovered in her manner a personal exception in their own favour. In the turn of her countenance, the tone of her voice, her smile or her anxiety, in her distant respect or her affectionate familiarity, some distinction was discerned peculiar to each individual.

The miss Falconers, stationary at one end of the room, seemed to have adopted manners diametrically opposite to those of their mother: attraction being the principle of the mother, repulsion of the daughters. Encircled amongst a party of young female friends, miss Falconers, with high-bred airs, confined to their own *coterie* their exclusive attention.

They left to their mother the responsibility and all the labour of *doing the honours* of her own house, whilst they enjoyed the glory of being remarked and *wondered at* by half the company; a circumstance which, far from embarrassing, seemed obviously to increase their gaiety.

The ball could not begin till the band of a regiment, quartered in the neighbourhood, arrived. Whilst they were waiting for the music, the miss Falconers and their party stationed themselves directly opposite to the entrance of the salon, so as to have a full view of the antechamber through which the company were to pass—no one passed uncensured by this confederacy. The first coup-d'œil decided the fate of all who

appeared, and each of the fair judges vied with the others in the severity of the sentence pronounced on the unfortunate persons who thus came before their merciless tribunal.

“But I am astonished the Percys do not make their appearance,” cried miss Georgiana Falconer.

“Has sir Robert Percy any one with him?” asked one of the young ladies.

“I am not speaking of sir Robert Percy,” replied miss Georgiana, “but of the other branch, the fallen branch of the Percys—our relations too—but we know nothing of them—only mamma was obliged to ask them for to-night—And, Bell, only conceive how horribly provoking! because they come, we sha’n’t have sir Robert Percy—just sent to excuse himself.”

“Abominable! Now, really!—And for people quite out of the world, that nobody ever heard of, except lord Oldborough, who, ages ago, had some political connexion, I think they say, with the father,” said Miss Arabella.

“No, they met abroad, or something of that sort,” replied miss Georgiana.

“Was that it? Very likely—I know nothing about them: I only wish they had staid at home, where they are so fond of staying, I hear. You know, Georgiana, Buckhurst told us, that when they had something to live upon they never lived like other people, but always were buried alive in the country; and lady Jane Granville, with her own lips, told me, that, even since they lost their fortune, she had asked one of these girls to town with her and to Tun-

bridge—Now only conceive how kind! and what an advantage that would have been—And, can you believe it? Mr. Percy was so unaccountable, and they all so odd, that they refused—Lady Jane, of course, will never ask them again. But now, must not they be the silliest creatures in the universe?”

“Silly! Oh! dear, no: there you are wrong, Bell; for you know they are all so wise, and so learned, so blue, such a deep blue, and all that sort of thing, that, for my part, I shall never dare to open my lips before them.”

“Fortunately,” said one of the young ladies, “you have not much to fear from their learning at a ball; and as dancers I don’t apprehend you have much to dread from any of them, even from *the beauty*.”

“Why, scarcely,” said miss Georgiana: “I own I shall be curious to see how they will *get on*—‘*comment ces savantes se tireront d’affaire.*’ I wonder they are not here. Keep your eye on the door, dear lady Frances—I would not miss their entrée for millions.”

In vain eyes and glasses were fixed in expectation of the arrival of these devoted objects of ridicule—another, and another, and another came, but not the Percys.

The band was now ready, and began to play—Count Altenberg entered the room. Quick as grace can venture to move, Mrs. Falconer glided to receive him. Miss Georgiana Falconer, at the same moment, composed her features into their most becoming position, and gave herself a fine air of the head. The count bowed to her—she fanned herself, and her eye

involuntarily glanced, first at a brilliant star he wore, and then at her mother, whilst, with no small degree of anxiety, she prepared to play off, on this decisive evening, all her artillery, to complete her conquest—to complete her victory, for she flattered herself that only the finishing blow was wanting. In this belief her female companions contributed to confirm her, though probably they were all the time laughing at her vanity.

Mrs. Falconer requested count Altenberg to open the ball with lady Frances Arlington. After having obeyed her orders, he next led out miss Georgiana Falconer, evidently to her satisfaction; the more so, as she was conscious of being, at that moment, the envy of at least half the company.

Count Altenberg, quite unconscious of being himself the object of any attention, seemed to think only of showing his partner to advantage; if he danced well, it appeared to be only because he habitually moved with ease and dignity, and that whatever he did he looked like a gentleman. His fair partner danced admirably, and now surpassed herself.

It was repeated to Mrs. Falconer, that colonel Bremen, the count's friend, had told some one that the count had declared he had never seen any thing equal to miss Georgiana Falconer, except at the opera at Paris. At this triumphant moment miss Georgiana could have seen, with security and complacency, the arrival of miss Caroline Percy. The more prudent mother, however, was well satisfied with her absence. Every thing conspired to Mrs. Falconer's satisfaction. The ball was far advanced, and no Percys ap-

peared. Mrs. Falconer wondered, and deplored, and at length it came near the hour when supper was ordered—the commissioner inquired whether Mrs. Falconer was certain that she had named the right day on the card?

“Oh! certain——But it is now so late, I am clear they will not be here to-night.”

“Very extraordinary, to keep lord Oldborough’s carriage and servants!” said the commissioner: “they went in time, I am sure, for I saw them set out.”

“All I know is, that we have done every thing that is proper,” said Mrs. Falconer, “and lord Oldborough cannot blame us—as to the count, he seems quite *content*.”

Mrs. Falconer’s accent seemed to imply something more than *content*; but this was not a proper time or place to contest the point. The husband passed on, saying to himself “Absurd!” The wife went on, saying “Obstinate!”

Count Altenberg had led his partner to a seat, and as soon as he quitted her, the young ladies of her party all flattered her, in congratulatory whispers: one observed that there was certainly something very particular in count Altenberg’s manner, when he first spoke to miss Georgiana Falconer; another remarked that he always spoke to miss Georgiana Falconer with emotion and embarrassment; a third declared that her eye was fixed upon the count, and she saw him several times change colour—all, in short, agreed that the count’s heart was miss Georgiana Falconer’s devoted prize. She the while, with well-affected incredulity and secret complacency, half repressed and

half encouraged these remarks by frequent exclamations of "La! how can you think so!—Why will you say such things!—Dear! how can you be so tormenting—so silly, now, to have such fancies!—But did he really change colour?"—In love with her! She wondered how such an idea could ever come into their heads—she should, for her part, never have dreamed of such a thing—indeed, she was positive they were mistaken. Count Altenberg in love with her!—O no, there could be nothing in it.

Whilst she spoke, her eyes followed the count, who, quite unconscious of his danger, undisturbed by any idea of miss Georgiana Falconer and love, two ideas which probably never had entered his mind together, was carelessly walking down the room, his thoughts apparently occupied with the passing scene. He had so much the habit of observing men and manners, without appearing to observe them, that, under an air of gaiety, he carried his understanding, as it were, incognito. His observation glanced on all the company as he passed. Miss Georgiana Falconer lost sight of him as he reached the end of the saloon; he disappeared in the antechamber.

Soon afterwards a report reached her that the Percy family were arrived; that count Altenberg had been particularly struck by the sight of one of the miss Percy's, and had been overheard to whisper to his friend colonel Bremen, "Very like the picture! but still more *mind* in the countenance!"

At hearing this, miss Georgiana Falconer grew first red and then turned pale; Mrs. Falconer, though scarcely less confounded, never changed a muscle of

her face, but leaving every body to choose their various comments upon the count's words, and simply saying, "Are the Percys come at last?" she won her easy way through the crowd, whispering to young Petcalf as she passed, "Now is your time, Petcalf, my good creature—Georgiana is disengaged."

Before Mrs. Falconer got to the antechamber, another report met her, "that the Percys had been overturned, and had been terribly hurt."

"Overturned!—terribly hurt!—Good Heavens!" cried Mrs. Falconer, as she entered the antechamber. But the next person told her they were not in the least hurt—still pressing forward, she exclaimed, "Mrs. Percy! Where is Mrs. Percy? My dear madam! what has happened? Come the wrong road, did you?—broken bridge—And were you really overturned?"

"No, no, only obliged to get out and walk a little way."

"Oh! I am sorry——But I am so glad to see you all safe!——When it grew late I grew so uneasy!" Then turning towards Caroline, "Miss Caroline Percy, I am sure, though I had never, till now, the pleasure of seeing her."

An introduction of Caroline by Mrs. Percy, in due form, took place. Mrs. Falconer next recognised Mr. Percy, declared he did not look a day older than when she had seen him fifteen years before—then recurring to the ladies, "But, my dear Mrs. Percy, are you sure that your shoes are not wet through?—Oh! my dear madam, miss Percy's are terribly wet! and miss Caroline's!—Positively, the young

ladies must go to my dressing-room—the shoes must be dried:” Mrs. Falconer said that perhaps her daughters could accommodate the miss Percys with others.

It was in vain that Rosamond protested her shoes were not wet, and that her sister’s were perfectly dry; a few specks on their white justified Mrs. Falconer’s apprehensions.

“Where is my Arabella? If there was any body I could venture to trouble——”

Count Altenberg instantly offered his services.

“Impossible to trouble you, count! But since you are so very good, perhaps you could find one of my daughters for me—miss Falconer—if you are so kind, sir—Georgiana I am afraid is dancing.”

Miss Falconer was found, and despatched with the miss Percy’s, in spite of all they could say to the contrary, to Mrs. Falconer’s dressing-room. Rosamond was permitted, without much difficulty, to do as she pleased; but Mrs. Falconer’s infinite fears lest Caroline should catch her death of cold could not be appeased, till she had submitted to change her shoes.

“Caroline!” said Rosamond, in a low voice, “Caroline! do not put on those shoes—they are too large—you will never be able to dance in them.”

“I know that—but I am content. It is better to yield than to debate the point any longer,” said Caroline.

When they returned to the ball-room, count Altenberg was in earnest conversation with Mr. Percy; but Mrs. Falconer observed that the count saw miss Caroline Percy the moment she re-appeared.

“Now is not it extraordinary,” thought she, “when Georgiana dances so well! is infinitely more fashionable, and so charmingly dressed!—What can strike him so much in this girl’s appearance?”

It was not her appearance that struck him. He was too well accustomed to see beauty and fashion in public places to be caught at first sight by a handsome face, or by a young lady’s exhibition of her personal graces at a ball; but a favourable impression had been made on his mind by what he had previously heard of miss Caroline Percy’s conduct and character: her appearance confirmed this impression precisely, because she had not the practised air of a professed beauty, because she did not seem in the least to be thinking of herself, or to expect admiration. This was really uncommon, and, therefore, it fixed the attention of a man like count Altenberg. He asked Caroline to dance; she declined dancing. Mr. Temple engaged Rosamond, and the moment he led her away, the count availed himself of her place, and a conversation commenced, which soon made Mrs. Falconer regret that Caroline had declined dancing. Though the count was a stranger to the Percy family, yet there were many subjects of common interest of which he knew how to avail himself. He began by speaking of Mr. Alfred Percy, of the pleasure he had had in becoming acquainted with him, of the circumstance which led to this acquaintance: then he passed to lord Oldborough—to M. de Tourville—to the shipwreck. He paused at Percy-hall, for he felt for those to whom he was speaking. They understood him, but they did not avoid the subject; he then indulged

himself in the pleasure of repeating some of the expressions of attachment to their old landlord, and of honest affection and gratitude, which he had heard from the peasants in the village.

Mrs. Falconer moved away the moment she foresaw this part of the conversation, but she was only so far removed as to prevent the necessity of her taking any part in it, or of appearing to hear what it might be awkward for her to hear, considering her intimacy with sir Robert Percy. She began talking to an old lady about her late illness, of which she longed to hear from her own lips all the particulars; and whilst the old lady told her case, Mrs. Falconer, with eyes fixed upon her, and making, at proper intervals, all the appropriate changes of countenance requisite to express tender sympathy, alarm, horror, astonishment, and joyful congratulation, contrived, at the same time, through the whole progress of fever, and the administration of half the medicines in the London Pharmacopœia, to hear every thing that was said by count Altenberg, and not to lose a word that was uttered by Caroline. Mrs. Falconer was particularly anxious to know what would be said about the picture in the gallery at Percy-hall, with which the count had been so much charmed. When he got into the gallery, Mrs. Falconer listened with breathless eagerness, yet still smiling on the old lady's never-ending history of her convalescence, and of a shawl undoubtedly Turkish, with the true, inestimable, inimitable, little border.

Not a word was said of the picture—but a pause implied more to alarm Mrs. Falconer than could have been expressed by the most flattering compliment.

Mrs. Falconer wondered why supper was so late. She sent to order that it might be served as soon as possible; but her man, or her gentleman cook, was not a person to be hurried. Three successive messengers were sent in vain. He knew his importance, and preserved his dignity. The caramel was not ready, and nothing could make him dispense with its proper appearance.

How much depended on this caramel! How much, of which the cook never dreamed! How much Mrs. Falconer suffered during this half hour, and suffered with a smiling countenance! How much, with a scowling brow, miss Georgiana Falconer made poor Petcalf endure!

Every thing conspired to discomfit Mrs. Falconer. She saw the manner in which all the principal gentry in the country, one after another, expressed satisfaction at meeting the Percy family. She saw the regard and respect with which they were addressed, notwithstanding their loss of fortune and station. It was quite astonishing to Mrs. Falconer. Every body in the rooms, except her own set of town friends, seemed *so strangely* interested about this family. "How provoking that I was obliged to ask them here!—And count Altenberg sees and hears all this!"

Yes—all this confirmed, by the testimony of their equals in rank, the favourable ideas he had first received of the Percys from their inferiors and dependants. Every person who spoke to or of Caroline—and he heard many speak of her who had known her from childhood—showed affection in their countenance and manner.

At length, supper was announced, and Mrs. Falconer requested Count Altenberg would take lady Frances Arlington into the supper-room. Miss Georgiana Falconer was anxious to sit as near as possible to her dear lady Frances, and this was happily accomplished.

The count was more than usually agreeable; but whether this arose from his desire to please the ladies who sat beside him, or those who sat opposite to him, those to whom he was in politeness bound to address his conversation, or those whose attention he might hope it would attract, were questions of difficult solution.

As they were returning into the ball-room, Rosamond watched her opportunity, made her way along a passage which led to Mrs. Falconer's dressing-room, seized her sister's shoes, returned with the prize before Caroline reached the antechamber, and unseen by all, made her put them on—"Now promise me not to refuse to dance, if you are asked again."

Count Altenberg engaged miss Georgiana Falconer the first two dances—when these were finished, he asked Caroline to dance, and Mrs. Falconer, who dreaded the renewal of conversation between them, and who knew nothing of Rosamond's counter-manceuvre about the shoes, was surprised and rejoiced when she saw Caroline comply, and suffer herself to be led out by count Altenberg. But miss Georgiana, who had observed that Rosamond danced well, had fears—the mother's hopes were disappointed, the daughter's fears were justified. Caroline showed all the capability of dancing without

being a dancer, and it certainly did not escape the count's observation that she possessed what is most desirable in female accomplishments, the power to excel without the wish to display. Immediately after she had finished these dances, the favour of her hand was solicited by a certain colonel Spandrill. Colonel Spandrill, celebrated for his fashionable address and personal accomplishments, had been the hoped-for partner of many rival ladies, and his choice excited no small degree of emotion. However, it was settled that he only danced with miss Percy because Mrs. Falconer had made it her particular request. One of these ladies declared she had overheard that request ; colonel Spandrill then was safe from all blame, but the full fire of their resentment was directed against poor Caroline. Every feature of her face was criticised, and even the minutiae of her dress. They all allowed that she was handsome, but each found some different fault with her style of beauty. It was curious to observe how this secondary class of young ladies, who had without discomfiture or emotion seen Caroline the object of count Altenberg's attention, were struck with indignation the moment they suspected her of pleasing colonel Spandrill. Envy seldom takes two steps at once : it is always excited by the fear of losing the proximate object of ambition ; it never exists without some mixture of hope as well as of fear. These ladies having no hope of captivating count Altenberg, Caroline did not then appear to be their rival ; but now that they dreaded her competition with a man whom they had hopes of winning, they pulled her to pieces without mercy.

The miss Falconers and their quadrille-set were resting themselves, whilst this country dance was going on. Miss Georgiana was all the time endeavouring to engage count Altenberg in conversation. By all the modern arts of coquetry, so insipid to a man of the world, so contemptible to a man of sense, she tried to recall the attention of the count. Politeness obliged him to seem to listen, and he endeavoured to keep up that kind of conversation which is suited to a ball-room; but he relapsed continually into reverie, till at last, provoked by his absence of mind, miss Georgiana, unable to conceal her vexation, unjustly threw the blame upon her health. She complained of the headach, of heat, of cold, of country dances—such barbarous things!—How could any one bear any thing but quadrilles? Then the music—the band was horrid!—they played vastly too fast—shocking! there was no such thing as keeping time—did not count Altenberg think so?

Count Altenberg was at that moment beating time with his foot, in exact cadence to miss Caroline Percy's dancing: miss Falconer saw this, but not till she had uttered her question, not till it had been observed by all her companions. Lady Frances Arlington half smiled, and half a smile instantly appeared along a whole line of young ladies. Miss Georgiana suddenly became sensible that she was exposed to the ridicule or sarcastic pity of those who but an hour before had flattered her in the grossest manner: she had expected to produce a great effect at this ball—she saw another preferred. Her spirits sunk, and even the powers of affectation failed. The struggle between the fine lady and the woman ceased. Pas-

sion always conquers art at a *coup de main*. When any strong emotion of the soul is excited, the natural character, temper, and manners, seldom fail to break through all that is factitious—those who had seen miss Georgiana Falconer only through the veil of affectation were absolutely astonished at the change that appeared when it was thrown aside. By the count the metamorphosis was unnoticed, for he was intent on another object; but by many of the spectators it was beheld with open surprise, or secret contempt. She exhibited at this moment the picture of a disappointed coquette—the spasm of jealousy had seized her heart; and, unable to conceal or endure the pain in this convulsion of mind, she forgot all grace and decorum. Her mother from afar saw the danger at this crisis, and came to her relief. The danger in Mrs. Falconer's opinion was, that the young lady's want of temper should be seen by count Altenberg; she therefore carried him off to a distant part of the room, to show him, as she said, “a bassoon player, who was the exact image of Hogarth's enraged musician.”

In the mean time colonel Spandrill and Caroline had finished their dance; and the colonel, who made it a principle to engross the attention of the prettiest woman in the room, was now, after his manner, paying his adorations to his fair partner. Promising himself that he should be able to recede or advance as he thought proper, he used a certain happy ambiguity of phrase, which, according to the manner in which it is understood, or rather according to the tone and look with which it is accompanied, says every

thing—or nothing. With prudent caution, he began with darts, flames, wounds, and anguish; words which every military man holds himself privileged to use towards every fine woman he meets. Darts, flames, wounds, and anguish, were of no avail. The colonel went on, as far as bright eyes—bewitching smiles—and heavenly grace. Still without effect. With astonishment he perceived that the girl, who looked as if she had never heard that she was handsome, received the full fire of his flattery with the composure of a veteran inured to public admiration.

Mrs. Falconer was almost as much surprised and disappointed by this as the colonel could be. She had purposely introduced the gallant colonel Spandrill to the miss Percys, in hopes that Caroline's head might be *affected* by flattery; and that she might not then retain all that dignity of manner which, as Mrs. Falconer had sense enough to see, was her distinguishing charm in the eyes of the count. Frustrated, and dreading every instant that with all her address she should not be able to manage her Georgiana's temper, Mrs. Falconer became excessively impatient for the departure of the Percy family.

“Mr. Falconer!” cried she; “Commissioner! Mrs. Percy ordered her carriage a considerable time ago. They have a great way to return, and a dreadful road—I am uneasy about them—do, pray, be so good to see what detains her carriage.”

The commissioner went out of the room, and a few minutes afterwards returned, and taking Mrs. Falconer aside, said, “I have something to tell you, my dear, that will surprise you—indeed I can scarcely

believe it. Long as I have known lord Oldborough, I never knew him do or think of doing such a thing—and he ill—at least ill enough with the gout, for an excuse—an excuse he thought sufficient for the whole county—and there are people of so much more consequence—I protest I cannot understand it.”

“Understand what, commissioner?—Will you tell me what has happened, and you may be as much surprised as you please afterwards? Lord Oldborough has the gout,” added she, in an accent which expressed “*Well, all the world knows that.*”

“Lord Oldborough’s own confidential man Rodney, you know——”

“Well, well, Rodney, I do know—what of him?”

“He is here—I have seen him this instant—from his lord, with a message to Mr. Percy, to let him know that there are apartments prepared for him and all his family at Clermont-park; and that he insists upon their not returning this night to the Hills, lest the ladies should be tired.”

“Lord Oldborough!” repeated Mrs. Falconer; “Lord Oldborough!—the ladies!—Clermont-park! where none but persons of the first distinction are invited!”

“Ay, now you are surprised,” cried the commissioner.

“Surprised! beyond all power of expression,” said Mrs. Falconer.

“Beyond all power of dissimulation,” she should have said.

“Count Altenberg, too, going to hand them to their carriage—going to Clermont-park with them!

—I wish to Heaven," said Mrs. Falconer to herself, "I had never given this unfortunate ball!"

Mrs. Falconer was mistaken in this idea. It was not the circumstance of meeting Caroline at a ball that made this impression on count Altenberg; wherever he had seen her, if he had had opportunity of conversing, and of observing the dignity and simplicity of her manner, the same effect would have been produced—but in fact Mrs. Falconer's fears, and her daughter's jealousy, had much magnified the truth. Count Altenberg had not, as they fancied, fallen desperately in love at first sight with Caroline—he had only been pleased, and interested sufficiently to make him desirous to see more of her. Caroline, though so much the object of jealousy, had not the slightest idea that she had made a conquest—she simply thought the count's conversation agreeable, and she was glad that she should see him again at breakfast the next morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. and Mrs. Percy accepted of lord Oldborough's invitation. They found apartments prepared for them at Clermont-park, and servants ready to attend, with the officious promptitude with which a great man's domestics usually wait upon those who are supposed to stand high in their master's favour.

During his illness lord Oldborough had always breakfasted in his own room; but his lordship appeared at the breakfast-table the morning after the

ball, ready to receive his guests. Nothing could be more gracious, more polite, more kind, than his reception of Mr. Percy and his family. From the moment he was introduced to the wife and daughters of his friend, he seemed to throw aside the reserve and coldness of his manner—to forget at once the statesman and the minister, the affairs of Europe and the intrigues of the cabinet—to live entirely for the present moment and the present company. The company consisted of the Percy family, count Altenberg, and Mr. Temple. It was a common practice with lord Oldborough to set conversation a-going, then to become silent, and retire to his own thoughts—he would just throw the ball, and leave others to run for it. But now he condescended at least to join in the pursuit, though apparently without ambition to obtain distinction in the race. After breakfast he showed the ladies into his library; and, as he was himself disabled, requested Mr. Temple to take down such books or prints as he thought most worthy of their attention. Literature had been neglected, perhaps undervalued, by lord Oldborough, since he had devoted himself to politics; but he could at will recall the classical stores of his youth; and on modern books his quick eye and ear, joined to his strong and rapid judgment, enabled him to decide better than many who make it the only business of their lives to read. Even Mr. Percy, who knew him best, was surprised; and still more surprised was Mr. Temple, who had seen him in varieties of company, some of the highest rank and fashion both in wit and literature, where his lordship had appeared either absent of mind or a

silent listener ; but he now exerted those powers of conversation which he usually suffered to lie dormant. Instead of waiting in proud expectation that those who were in his company should prove their claims to his attention, he now produced his own intellectual treasures ; evidently not for the vanity of display, but to encourage his guests to produce those talents which he seemed to take it for granted that they possessed. It appeared to be his sole object, his pride and pleasure, to pay attention to the wife and daughters of his friend ; and to show them and him to advantage to an illustrious foreigner.

“ Yes,” said he, apart to count Altenberg, “ I am proud to show you a specimen of a cultivated independent country gentleman and his family.”

With his usual penetration, lord Oldborough soon discerned the characteristics of each of the ladies of this family—the good sense and good breeding of Mrs. Percy, the wit and generous simplicity of Rosamond, the magnanimity and the superior understanding of Caroline. As instances of these different qualities appeared, his quick and brightening eye marked his approbation, sometimes by a glance at count Altenberg, by a nod to Mr. Temple, or by a congratulatory smile as he turned to Mr. Percy.

“ I now comprehend,” said his lordship, “ why Mr. Percy could never be induced to take a part in public business. Ladies, you have done a great injury to your country—you have made this gentleman too happy in domestic life.”

Lord Oldborough spoke this in a tone of raillery, and with a smile—but the smile was succeeded by a

deep sigh, and a dark gloom of countenance. At this moment one of his secretaries, Mr. Shaw, came in with papers to be signed. The minister reappeared. Lord Oldborough's mind turned instantly to business; he withdrew to a table apart, sat down, and began to look over the first paper that was laid before him. Mr. Percy rang the bell, and something was said about not intruding on his lordship's time—he looked up: “Mr. Temple, you are free. Mr. Shaw shall finish whatever letters it is necessary should be written this morning. You shall have the pleasure of being with your friends. It is a pleasure you deserve, sir, and can appreciate. Mrs. Percy expressed a wish to see the grounds—you will show them to these ladies. I am a prisoner still,” said his lordship, looking down at his gouty hand, “and always shall be a prisoner,” added he, turning his eye upon the papers which Mr. Shaw held.

The ladies, accompanied by Mr. Temple, and by count Altenberg, went out to walk. Mr. Percy staid one moment to express his sense of the extraordinary politeness and kindness with which lord Oldborough had honoured him and his family.

“You owe me no thanks, my dear sir. Kindness can be repaid only by kindness. It is a species of debt, which in the course of my life I have seldom been called upon to pay.”

This was said not in a voice either of sentiment or of compliment, but rather in an austere tone, and with a stern countenance of conquered emotion. Without looking at Mr. Percy, he received and answered the farewell shake of the hand; his lips

were instantly after strongly compressed; and taking up his pen, the man was again absorbed in the minister.

Mr. Percy joined the party who were going to walk in the park. Count Altenberg had been unusually silent in lord Oldborough's company: with the becoming deference of a young man, in the presence of one superior in age, and in high situation, he had listened eager to learn, instead of impatient to talk. Attention of course now turned upon him, as the stranger and the foreigner.

With the same perfect taste and good-breeding with which he knew how to pay honour due, he received it, and appeared as much at his ease whether he was in the shade or the light, whether he was unnoticed or the object of general attention. He had that air of self-possession, which characterizes a person secure of his own resources, and not afraid to produce his abilities.

The conversation turned at first upon the beauties of nature—Clermont-park was one of the really magnificent places in England which an Englishman may feel proud to show to a foreigner.

Count Altenberg politely and justly observed how different the country seats of our nobility are from the ruinous and comfortless *chateaux* of most of the French nobility.

Clermont-park, however, was not new to the count. Commissioner Falconer had the day after his arrival shown him every thing that was to be seen: his attention, therefore, as they pursued their walk, was not so much distracted by external objects as to pre-

rent him from wishing to converse. Finding that Mr. Percy had travelled, he spoke of Switzerland and Italy; and, without any of the jargon of a connoisseur, showed that he felt with sensibility and enthusiasm the beautiful and sublime. It soon appeared that he had seen various countries, not merely with the eye of a painter and a poet, but of a philosophical traveller, who can allow for the differences of national taste, and discern how its variations are influenced by climate, education, government, and local circumstances. In his rapid panorama of foreign countries, he showed variety of knowledge, and without illiberal prejudice against any nation, an amiable predilection for his native country. Next to his own country he preferred England, which, as he said, by the mother's side he might call his own. She had early instilled into him an admiration for our free constitution, and a love of our domestic habits; but he had never before visited this country, and he was particularly desirous to obtain an accurate knowledge of England, and of the manners and modes of life of its inhabitants. He seemed thus eager to obtain information, not merely to gratify a cursory or selfish curiosity, but with a view to the future, and with a hope of doing permanent good. It was clear that he was not only a philosophical but a benevolent traveller, to whom nothing that concerns his fellow-creatures is foreign or indifferent. His treasuring up all he had seen abroad, that could be useful at home, reminded Caroline of colonel Hungerford; but she observed that count Altenberg's views were more enlarged; he was unbiassed by professional habits; his

sphere of action was higher ; heir to extensive property, with all the foreign rights of territorial dominion hereditarily his ; and with a probability of obtaining the political power of ministerial station ; plans, which in other circumstances might have been romantic, with count Albert's prospects and abilities, were within the bounds of sound judgment and actual practicability. But whatever these intentions might be, they were only to be inferred from his conversation ; he scarcely spoke of himself, or of his own designs ; whatever he was led to say on such subjects, he seemed, immediately after he had said it, to feel as an impropriety, not justified by the slight interest which the acquaintance of a few hours could inspire.

He changed the conversation by asking some questions about a celebrated English writer. In return for the information Mr. Percy gave him, he spoke of some recent foreign publications—related several anecdotes of literary foreigners. His anecdotes were interesting, because, in each, there was something characteristic of the individual, or illustrative of some general principle of human nature. To gratify Mr. Percy, the count spoke of some public events of which he had had means of obtaining information. He had not neglected any of the opportunities he enjoyed, and whether he talked of civil or military affairs, he showed the same *efficient* knowledge, and the same superior ability.

Caroline, leaning on her father's arm, listened with a countenance full of intelligence, animation, and sympathy ; she looked alternately at the count and

at her father, whose satisfaction she saw and enjoyed. Feeling that he was appreciated by the father, inspired by the charms of the daughter, and excited by the idea he had formed of her character, count Altenberg had indeed been uncommonly agreeable, entertaining, and eloquent. During this walk, though Caroline said but little, yet that little, to a man of the count's discernment, was sufficient to show good judgment and great capacity. This increased the admiration and interest which her beauty and manners, and all he had heard of her conduct, created.

It is said to be one of the characteristics of genius, that it is able quickly to discover and elicit genius, wherever it exists. It is certain that with the celerity of intuition, of sympathy, or of practised penetration, count Albert perceived Caroline's intellectual superiority. He had been, at first, curious to discover whether her mental qualifications were equal to her extraordinary personal beauty; but he had soon forgotten his intention of trying her abilities, in anxiety to convince her of his own. The whole turn and style of his conversation now proved, more than any compliment could possibly have shown, the high opinion he had of her understanding, and of the elevation of her mind. A woman may always judge of the real estimation in which she is held, by the conversation which is addressed to her.

All this time, where were Rosamond, Mrs. Percy, and Mr. Temple? Mr. Temple had taken them to see a fine view; Mr. Percy proposed to sit down and quietly wait their return; Caroline and the count seemed to have no objection to oblige him, and they

placed themselves under a spreading beech. They had not been seated many minutes before they were interrupted by the appearance of commissioner Falconer, who came, by a cross path, from the house.

“ At last I have found you. What a prodigious walk you have taken ! ” cried the commissioner, wiping his forehead. “ But where’s Mrs. Percy and the rest of your party ? I have so walked to catch you—rode over on purpose to pay my compliments to the ladies before they return home—and I come chargé d’affaires from Mrs. Falconer to Mrs. Percy. I must see Mrs. Percy—Oh ! here she is, coming down the hill—ay, from the *point of view*—Mercy ! how you have walked : I am not equal to the *grand tour*—it kills me. But I am so sorry I was not here time enough to do the honours of Clermont-park, as lord Oldborough is confined. Who has Mrs. Percy for her cicerone ? Ha ! Mr. Temple—I thought he was always so busy—deputed by lord Oldborough—really !—Hum—I hope lord Oldborough did not conceive that there was any want of *empressement* on my part—I should have been here a full hour sooner, but that my ladies were so late at breakfast after sitting up—and I thought your ladies might have been fatigued too—but miss Caroline Percy, I see, fresh as a rose——”

The commissioner then, as if half in jest, half in earnest, paid Caroline a profusion of compliments upon her appearance the preceding night—numbered on his fingers the conquests she had made, and the hearts she had broken. Mrs. Percy, Rosamond, and Mr. Temple came up ; and, as soon as they had ex-

pressed their raptures on the beauty of this view, the commissioner presented his note from Mrs. Falconer to Mrs. Percy, to which, he said, he was most anxious to be the bearer of a favourable answer, as he knew that he should otherwise be ill-received at home, and the disappointment would be great. The note contained a pressing invitation to a play, which the young people at Falconer-court had it in contemplation to represent. Whether it was to be *Zara* or *Cato*, they had not yet positively decided—for *Cato* they were in terrible distress for a *Marcia*—could miss *Caroline Percy* be prevailed upon to try *Marcia*? She would look the part so well, and, no doubt, act it so well. Or if she preferred *Zara*, miss *Georgiana Falconer* would, with pleasure, take the part of the confidante. Dresses in great forwardness, Turkish or Roman, convertible, in a few hours' notice—should wait miss *Percy's* decision.

“Well, my dear *Caroline*, what say you?” cried *Mrs. Percy*.

Caroline was going to answer.

“No, no, don't answer yet,” interrupted the commissioner: “let me add, what I find *Mrs. Falconer* took it for granted I would say, that there can be no possible difficulty or inconvenience about the goings and comings, and horses and carriages, and beds, and all those sort of things—for our horses and carriages can have nothing to do whilst the ladies are rehearsing—shall attend you any day—any hour—and beds we can contrive: so, I beseech you, let none of these vulgar sublunary considerations deprive us of a *Zara* or a *Marcia*—But say, which shall it be?—Which

character, my charming cousin, will you do us the honour and pleasure to take?"

Count Altenberg advanced a step, full of eager expectation. When he heard Caroline pronounce, with great politeness, a refusal, for the first moment he looked disappointed, but the next seemed satisfied and pleased. It would have highly gratified and interested him to have seen Caroline act either the sublime or the tender heroine, but he preferred seeing her support her own character with modest dignity.

Commissioner Falconer pleaded and pressed in vain; Caroline was steady in her refusal, though the manner of it was so gentle, that every instant he thought he should vanquish her reluctance. At length he turned from the ladies to the gentlemen for assistance.

"Mr. Temple, I am sure you will join my entreaties—count Altenberg——"

Count Altenberg "would not presume to ask a favour, which had been refused to the commissioner and to Mrs. Falconer." Caroline understood, and gave him credit for his politeness.

"Then, if I must give up this point," said the commissioner, "at least do not let me return disappointed in every respect—let me hope that you will all favour us with your company at our play."

This invitation was accepted with many thanks.

"And, remember, you must not run away from us that night," added the commissioner. "Mrs. Falconer will have reason to be jealous of Clermont-park, if she finds that it draws our friends and relations away from Falconer-court."

The carriage, which had been ordered to the great gate of the park, was now waiting there, and the commissioner took leave of his relations, with many shakes of the hand and many expressions of regret. Count Altenberg continued talking to Caroline till the last moment; and after he had handed her into the carriage, as he took leave of Mr. Percy, he said that he had to thank him and his family for some of the most agreeable among the many agreeable hours he had passed since he came to England.

On their way home, this happy family-party eagerly talked over every thing and every body that had interested them—first and chiefly they spoke of count Altenberg. Caroline said how often, during their walk, she had regretted her mother's and sister's absence. She recollected and reminded her father of some of the striking circumstances they had heard, and Mr. Percy and she repeated so many curious and interesting anecdotes, so many just observations and noble sentiments, that Mrs. Percy and Rosamond were quite charmed with the count. Rosamond, however, was surprised by the openness and ease with which Caroline praised and talked of this gentleman.

“I will say nothing,” thought she; “for I am determined to be prudent this time. But certainly here is no danger that her love should unsought be won. Only this I may and must think, that Caroline cannot, without affectation, avoid seeing that she has made a conquest.”

Mistaken again, Rosamond—Caroline had neither seen nor suspected it. Count Altenberg's gratitude

for the hospitality shown to his countrymen at the time of the shipwreck, his recent acquaintance with her brother Alfred, and all he had heard of her father from the grateful tenants at Percy-hall, accounted, as Caroline justly thought, for the eagerness he had shown to be introduced to her family. His conversing so much with her, she thought, was natural, as he was a stranger to most of the company, and had some subjects of conversation in common with her and her family. Caroline was not apt to imagine admiration in every word or look; she was not expert in construing every compliment into a declaration or an inuendo of love.

His conversation, during their walk, had been perfectly free from all compliment. It had been on subjects so interesting, that she had been carried on without having had time to think of love. A good and great character had opened to her view, and she had been so absorbed in sympathy, that though she had thought of nothing but count Altenberg, she had never thought of him with any reference to herself.

The morning after their return home, count Altenberg came to the Hills, accompanied by Mr. Temple. They staid till it was late; for the count seemed to forget the hour of the day, till reminded of it by Mr. Temple. Caroline, in her own family, at her home, pleased count Altenberg particularly. The interest he felt about her increased, and he afterwards took or made frequent opportunities of calling at the Hills: his conversation was generally addressed to Mr. Percy, but he observed Caroline with peculiar

attention—and Rosamond was confirmed in her opinion. A few weeks passed in this manner, while the play was preparing at Falconer-court. But before we go to the play, let us take a peep behind the scenes, and inquire what is and has been doing by the Falconer family. Even they who are used to the ennui subsequent to dissipation, even they who have experienced the vicissitudes of coquetry, the mortifications of rivalry, and the despair of disappointed vanity, can scarcely conceive the complication of disagreeable ideas and emotions with which miss Georgiana Falconer awoke the morning after the magnificent ball.

The image of her beautiful rival disturbed her morning dreams, and stood before her fancy the moment she opened her eyes. Wakening, she endeavoured to recollect and compare all that had passed the preceding night; but there had been such tumult in her mind, that she had only a vague remembrance of the transactions: she had a confused idea that the count was in love, and that he was not in love with her: she had fears that, during the heat of competition, she had betrayed unbecoming emotion; but gradually habitual vanity predominated; her hopes brightened; she began to fancy that the impression made by her rival might be easily effaced, and that they should see no more of the fair phantom. That branch of the Percy family, she recollected, were to be considered only as decayed gentry; and she flattered herself that they would necessarily and immediately sink again into that obscurity from which her mother's ill-fated civility had raised them. Her

mother, she knew, had invited these Percys against her will, and would be particularly careful on account of sir Robert Percy (and Arabella) not to show them any farther attention. Thus things would, in a day or two, fall again into their proper train. "No doubt the count will call this morning, to know how we do after the ball."

So she rose, and resolved to dress herself with the most becoming negligence.

Very different was the result of her experienced mother's reflections. Mrs. Falconer saw that her daughter's chance of the count was now scarcely worth considering; that it must be given up at once, to avoid the danger of utter ruin to other speculations of a more promising kind. The mother knew the unmanageable violence of her daughter's temper: she had seen her Georgiana expose herself the preceding night at the ball to her particular friends, and Mrs. Falconer knew enough of the world to dread reports originating from particular friends; she dreaded, also, that on some future similar occasion, the young lady's want of command over her jealousy should produce some terribly ridiculous scene, confirm the report that she had an unhappy passion for Count Altenberg, stigmatize her as a forlorn maiden, and ruin her chance of any other establishment. In this instance she had been misled by her own and her daughter's vanity. It was mortifying, to be sure, to find that she had been wrong; and still more provoking to be obliged to acknowledge that Mr. Falconer was right; but in the existing circumstances it was absolutely necessary, and Mrs. Falconer, with a species of satis-

faction, returned to her former habits of thinking, and resumed certain old schemes, from which the arrival of the count had diverted her imagination. She expected the two Mr. Clays at Falconer-court the next day. Either of them, she thought, might be a good match for Georgiana. To be sure, it was said that French Clay had gaming debts to a large amount upon his hands—this was against him; but, in his favour, there was the chance of his elder brother's dying unmarried, and leaving him Clay-hall. Or, take it the other way, and suppose English Clay to be made the object—he was one of the men who professedly have a horror of being taken in to marry; yet no men are more likely “to run into the danger to avoid the apprehension.” Suppose the worst, and that neither of the Clays could be worked to any good purpose, Mrs. Falconer had still in reserve that *pis aller* Petcalf, whose father, the good general, was at Bath, with the gout in his stomach; and if he should die, young Petcalf would pop into possession of the general's lodge in *Asia Minor*:* not so fine a place, to be sure, nor an establishment so well appointed as Clay-hall; but still with a nabob's fortune a great deal might be done—and Georgiana might make Petcalf throw down the lodge and build. So at the worst she might settle very comfortably with young Petcalf, whom she could manage as she pleased, provided she never let him see her *penchant* for count Altenberg. Mrs. Falconer determined to turn the tables dexterously, and to make it appear that the count admired Georgiana, but saw she could

* A district in England so called.

not be induced to leave England. "We must," said she to herself, "persuade English Clay that I would not for any consideration give my daughter to a foreigner."

In consequence of these plans and reflections, Mrs. Falconer began her new system of operations, by writing that note full of superfluous civility to Mrs. Percy, with which commissioner Falconer had been charged: the pressing Caroline to play Zara or Marcia, the leaving to her the choice of dresses and characters, the assurance that miss Georgiana Falconer would take the confidante's part with pleasure, were all strokes of Mrs. Falconer's policy. By these means she thought she could most effectually do away all suspicion of her own or her daughter's jealousy of miss Caroline Percy. Mrs. Falconer foresaw that, in all probability, Caroline would decline acting; but if she had accepted, Mrs. Falconer would have been sincerely pleased, confident, as she was, that Caroline's inferiority to her Georgiana, who was an accomplished actress, would be conspicuously manifest.

As soon as Mrs. Percy's answer, and Caroline's refusal, arrived, Mrs. Falconer went to her daughter Georgiana's apartment, who was giving directions to her maid, Lydia Sharpe, about some part of Zara's dress.

"My dear," said Mrs. Falconer, looking carelessly at the dress, "you won't want a very expensive dress for Zara."

"Indeed, ma'am, I shall," cried Georgiana: "Zara will be nothing, unless she is well dressed."

“ Well, my dear, you must manage as well as you can with Lydia Sharpe. Your last court-dress surely she can make do vastly well, with a little alteration to give it a Turkish air.”

“ Oh ! dear me, ma’am—a little alteration !” cried Lydia : “ no alteration upon the face of Heaven’s earth, that I could devise from this till Christmas, would give it a Turkish air. You don’t consider, nor conceive, ma’am, how *skimping* these here court-trains are now—for say the length might answer, it’s length without any manner of breadth, you know, ma’am—look, ma’am, a mere strip!—only two breadths of three quarters bare each—which gives no folds in nature, nor drapery, nor majesty, which, for a Turkish queen, is indispensably requisite, I presume.”

“ Another breadth or two would make it full enough, and cotton velvet will do, and come cheap,” said Mrs. Falconer.

“ Cotton velvet !” cried miss Georgiana. “ I would not wear cotton velvet—like the odious, shabby miss Chattertons, who are infamous for it.”

“ But on the stage, what eye could detect it, child ?” said Mrs. Falconer.

“ Eye, ma’am ! no, to be sure, at that distance : but the first touch to any body that understands velvets would betray it—and them that is on the stage along with miss Georgiana, or behind the scenes, will detect it. And I understood the ladies was to sup in their dresses, and on such an occasion I presumed you would like miss Georgiana to have an entire *cap a pie* new dress, as the lady Arlingtons and every body has seen her appear in this, and has it by

heart, I may say—and the count too, who, of course, will expect to see Zara spick and span——But I leave it all to your own better judgment, ma'am—I am only just mentioning——”

“All I know is, that the play will be nothing unless it is well dressed,” cried miss Georgiana; “and I never will play Zara in old trumpery.”

“Well, my dear, there’s your amber satin, or your pink, or your green, or your white, or—I am sure you have dresses enough. Lydia, produce them, and let me see.”

Lydia covered the bed with various finery; but to every dress that was produced some insuperable objection was started by the young lady or by her maid.

“I remember you had a lavender satin, that I do not see here, Georgiana,” said Mrs. Falconer.

“The colour did not become me, ma’am, and I sold it to Lydia.”

Sold! gave, perhaps some innocent reader may suspect that the young lady meant to say.—No: this buying and selling of finery now goes on frequently between a certain class of fashionable maids and mistresses; and some young ladies are now not ashamed to become old clothes-women.

“Vastly well,” said Mrs. Falconer, smiling; “you have your own ways and means, and I am glad of it, for I can tell you there is no chance of my getting you any money from your father; I dare not speak to him on that subject—for he was extremely displeased with me about Mrs. Sparkes’ last bill: so if you want a new dress for Zara, you and Lydia Sharpe

must settle it as well you can between you. I will, in the mean time, go and write a note, while you make your bargain."

"Bargain! Me, ma'am!" cried Lydia Sharpe, as Mrs. Falconer left the room; "I am the worst creature extant at bargaining, especially with ladies. But any thing I can do certainly to accommodate, I shall, I'm sure, be happy."

"Well, then," said miss Georgiana, "if you take this white satin off my hands, Lydia, I am sure I shall be happy."

"I have no objection, ma'am—that is, I'm in duty bound to make no manner of objections," said Lydia, with a very sentimental air, hanging her head aside, and with one finger rubbing her under-lip slowly, as she contemplated the white satin, which her young mistress held up for sale. "I am really scrupulous—but you're sensible, miss Georgiana, that your white satin is so all frayed with the crape sleeves. Lady Trant recommended——"

"Only a very little frayed."

"But in the front breadth, ma'am; you know that makes a world of difference, because there's no hiding, and with satin no turning—and not a bit neither to new body."

"The body is perfectly good."

"I beg pardon for observing, but you know, ma'am, you noticed yourself how it was blacked and soiled by wearing under your black lace last time, and that you could not wear it again on that account."

"I!—but *you*——"

“To be sure, ma’am, there’s a great deal of difference between I and you: only when one comes to bargaining——”

She paused, seeing wrath gathering black and dire in her young lady’s countenance; before it burst, she changed her tone, and continued, “All I mean to say, ma’am, is, that white satin being a style of thing I could not pretend to think of wearing in any shape myself, I could only take it to part with again, and in the existing circumstances, I’m confident I should lose by it. But rather than disoblige, I’ll take it at whatever you please.”

“Nay, I don’t please about the matter, Lydia; but I am sure you had an excellent bargain of my lavender satin, which I had only worn but twice.”

“Dear heart!—La ma’am! if you knew what trouble I had with Mrs. Sparkes, the dress-maker, about it, because of the coffee-stain—And I vow to my stars I am ashamed to mention it; but Mrs. Scraggs, lady Trant’s woman, and both the lady Arlingtons’ maids, can vouch for the truth of it. I did not make a penny, but lost, ma’am, last year, by you and miss Bell; that is, not by you nor miss Bell, but by all I bought, and sold to disadvantage; which, I am morally certain, you would not have permitted, had you known of it, as I told Mrs. Scraggs, who was wondering and pitying of me: my young ladies, Mrs. Scraggs, says I——”

“No matter,” interrupted Georgiana; “no matter what you said to Mrs. Scraggs, or Mrs. Scraggs to you—but tell me, at once, Lydia, what you can afford to give me for these three gowns.”

“ I afford to give ! ” said Lydia Sharpe. “ Well, the times is past, to be sure, and greatly changed, since ladies used to give, but now it’s their maids must give—then, suppose—let’s see, ma’am—for the three, the old white satin, and the amber satin, and the black lace—why, ma’am, if you’d throw me the pink crape into the bargain, I don’t doubt but I could afford to give you nine guineas, ma’am,” said the maid.

“ Then, Lydia Sharpe, you will never have them, I promise you,” cried the mistress: “ Nine guineas ! how can you have the assurance to offer me such a sum ? As if I had never bought a gown in my life, and did not know the value or price of any thing ! Do you take me for a fool ? ”

“ Oh ! dear no, miss—I’m confident that you know the value and price to the uttermost penny—but only you forget that there’s a difference betwixt the buying and selling price for ladies ; but if you please, ma’am—I would do any thing to oblige and accommodate you—I will consult the lady Arlingtons’ women, miss Flora, and miss Pritchard, who is judges in this line—most honourable appraisers ; and if they ’praise the articles, on inspection, a shilling higher, I am sure I shall submit to their jurisdiction—if they say ten guineas, ma’am, you shall have it, for I love to be at a word and a blow—and to do every thing genteel : so I’ll step and consult my friends, ma’am, and give you my ultimatum in half an hour.”

So saying, whilst her young mistress stood flushed and swelling with pride and anger, which, however, the sense of her own convenience and interest con-

trolled, the maid swept up the many coloured robes in her arms, and carried them up the back stairs, to hold her consultation with her friends, the most honourable of appraisers.

“Well, my dear,” said Mrs. Falconer, returning as she heard the maid quit the room, “have you driven your bargain for the loan? Have you raised the supplies?”

“No, indeed, ma’am—for Lydia is grown a perfect Jew. She may well say she is related to Sharpe, the attorney—she is the keenest, most interested creature in the world—and grown very saucy too.”

“Like all those people, my dear; but one can’t do without them.”

“But one can change them.”

“But, to use their own language, one is not sure of bettering oneself—and then their wages are to be paid—and all one’s little family secrets are at their mercy.”

“It’s very provoking—it is very provoking!” repeated miss Georgiana, walking up and down the room. “Such an extortioner!—for my amber satin, and my white satin, and my black lace, and my pink crape, only nine guineas! What do you think of that, ma’am?”

“I think, my dear, you pay a prodigious premium for ready money; but nine guineas will dress Zara decently, I dare say, if that’s your object.”

“Nine guineas! ma’am,” cried miss Georgiana, “impossible! I can’t act at all—so there’s an end of the matter.”

“Not an end of the matter quite,” said Mrs. Fal-

coner, coolly; “for in that case I must look out for another Zara.”

“And where will you find one, ma’am?”

“The lady Arlingtons have both fine figures—and, I dare say, would either of them oblige me.”

“Not they. Lady Anne, with her indolence and her languor—a lady who looks as if she was saying, ‘Quasha, tell Quaco to tell Fibba to pick up this pin that lies at my foot;’ do you think she’d get a part by heart, ma’am, to oblige you—or that she could, if she would, act Zara?—No more than she could fly!”

“But her sister, lady Frances, would and could,” said Mrs. Falconer. “She is quick enough, and I know she longs to try Zara.”

“Longs!—Lord, ma’am, she longs for fifty things in a minute!—Quick!—Yes, but don’t depend on her, I advise you; for she does not know, for two seconds together, what she would have or what she would do.”

“Then I have resource in one who, I am persuaded, will not disappoint me or any body else,” said Mrs. Falconer.

“Who can you mean, ma’am?”

“Miss Caroline Percy. Count Altenberg put it into my head: he observed that she would look the character remarkably well—and I will write to her directly.”

Without power of articulating, miss Georgiana Falconer fixed her eyes upon her mother for some moments.

“You think I have lost my senses this morning—I thought, and I am afraid so did many other people, that you had lost yours last night. Another such

scene, your friends the lady Arlingtons for spectators, you are ridiculous, and, of course, undone for life in the fashionable world—establishment, and every thing else that is desirable, irrevocably out of the question. I am surprised that a girl of your understanding and really polished manners, Georgiana, should, the moment any thing crosses or vexes you, show no more command of temper, grace, or dignity, than the veriest country-girl. When things go wrong, do you see me lose all presence of mind; or rather, do you ever see me change a muscle of my countenance?”

“The muscles of some people’s countenance, ma’am, I suppose, are differently made from others—mine will change with my feelings, and there is no remedy, for my feelings unfortunately are uncommonly acute.”

“That is a misfortune, indeed, Georgiana; but not without remedy, I trust. If you will take my advice——”

“Were you ever in love, ma’am?”

“Properly—when every thing was settled for my marriage; but not improperly, or it might never have come to my wedding-day. Headstrong child! listen to me, or you will never see that day with count Altenberg.”

“Do you mean, ma’am, to ask miss Caroline Percy to play Zara?”

“I will answer no question, Georgiana, till you have heard me patiently.”

“I only hope, ma’am, you’ll put it in the play-bill—or, if you don’t, I will—Zara, miss Caroline Percy—by particular desire of count Altenberg.”

“Whatever I do, you may hope and be assured; Georgiana, shall be properly done,” cried Mrs. Falconer, rising with dignity; “and, since you are not disposed to listen to me, I shall leave you to your own inventions, and go and write my notes.”

“La, mamma! dear mamma! *dear’st* mamma!” cried the young lady, throwing her arms round her mother, and stopping her. “You that never change a muscle of your countenance, how hasty you are with your own Georgiana!—sit down, and I’ll listen patiently!”

Mrs. Falconer seated herself, and miss Georgiana prepared to listen patiently, armed with a piece of gold fringe, which she rolled and unrolled, and held in different lights and varied festoons whilst her mother spoke, or, as the young lady would say, lectured. Mrs. Falconer was too well aware of the impracticableness of her daughter’s temper to tell her upon this occasion the whole truth, even if her own habits would have permitted her to be sincere. She never mentioned to Georgiana that she had totally given up the scheme of marrying her to count Altenberg; and that she was thoroughly convinced there was no chance of her winning him; but, on the contrary, she represented to the young lady that the count had only a transient fancy for miss Caroline Percy, which would never come to any serious proposal, unless it was opposed; that in a short time they should go to town, and the count, of course, would return with lord Oldborough: then the game would be in her own hands, provided, in the mean time, Georgiana should conduct herself with prudence and temper,

and let no creature see or suspect any sort of anxiety; for that would give such an advantage against her, and such a triumph to Caroline and her friends, who, as Mrs. Falconer said, were, no doubt, all on the watch to “interpret,” or misinterpret, “motions, looks, and eyes.” “My dear,” concluded the mother, “your play is to show yourself always easy and happy, whatever occurs; occupied with other things, surrounded by other admirers, and encouraging them properly—properly of course to pique the jealousy of your count.”

“My count!” said Georgiana, with half a smile; “but miss——You say this fancy of his will pass away—but when? When?”

“You young people always say, ‘*but when?*’ you have no idea of looking forward: a few months, a year, more or less, what does it signify? Georgiana, are you in such imminent danger of growing old or ugly?”

Georgiana turned her eyes involuntarily towards the glass, and smiled.

“But, ma’am, you were not in earnest then about getting another Zara.”

“The offer I made—the compliments I paid in the note I wrote this morning, were all necessary to cover your mistakes of the night.”

“Made! Wrote!” cried the young lady, with terror in her voice and eyes: “Good Heavens! mother, what have you done?”

“I had no doubt at the time I wrote,” continued Mrs. Falconer, coolly, “I had no other idea, but that miss Caroline Percy would decline.”

“Oh! ma’am,” cried Georgiana, half crying, then

stamping with passion, "Oh! ma'am, how could you imagine, or affect to imagine, that that girl, that odious girl, who was born to be my plague, with all her affected humility, would decline?—Decline!—no, she will be transported to come sweeping in, in gorgeous tragedy—Zara! Marcia! If the whole family can beg or borrow a dress for her, we are undone—that's our only chance. Oh! mother, what possessed you to do this?"

"Gently, pretty Passionate, and trust to my judgment in future," putting into her daughter's hands Mrs. Percy's note.

"Miss Caroline Percy—sorry—out of her power!—Oh! charming!—a fine escape!" cried Georgiana, delighted. "You may be sure it was for want of the dress, though, mamma."

"No matter—but about yours, my dear?"

"Oh! yes, ma'am—my dress; that's the only difficulty now."

"I certainly wish you, my darling, to appear well, especially as all the world will be here: the two Clays—by the by, here's their letter—they come tomorrow—and in short the whole world; but, as to money, there's but one way of putting your father into good-humour enough with you to touch upon that string."

"One way—well, if there be one way—any way."

"Petcalf!"

"Oh! Petcalf is my abhorrence——"

"There is the thing! He was speaking to your father seriously about you, and your father sounded me: I said you would never agree, and he was quite

displeased—that and Mrs. Sparkes' bill completely overset him. Now, if you had your wish, Georgiana—what would be your taste, child?"

"My wish! My taste!—Oh! that would be for a delicate, delicate, soft, sentimental blue satin, with silver fringe, looped with pearl, for my first act; and in my last——"

"Two dresses! Oh! you extravagant! out of all possibility."

"I am only wishing, telling you my taste, dear mamma. You know there must be a change of dress, in the last act, for Zara's nuptials—now for my wedding dress, mamma, my taste would be

‘ Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely Zara,’

in bridal white and silver. You know, ma'am, I am only supposing."

"Well then, supposition for supposition," replied Mrs. Falconer: "supposing I let your father hope that you are not *so* decided to abhor poor Petcalf——"

"Oh! dear mamma, I am so persecuted about that Petcalf! and compared with count Altenberg, my father must be blind, or think me an idiot."

"Oh! between him and the count there is no comparison, to be sure; but I forgot to mention, that what your father builds upon is our poor old friend the general's death—Clay here, in a postscript, you see, mentions the gout in his stomach—so I am afraid he is as good as gone, as your father says, and then *The Lodge in Asia Minor* is certainly a pretty place to sit down upon, if one could do no better."

“ But, ma'am, the count's vast possessions and rank!”

“ I grant you all that, my dear; but our present object is the play—Zara's royal robes cannot be had for nothing; you know—you never listened to my infallible means of obtaining your wish: I think I can engage that the commissioner will not refuse us, if you will empower me to say to him, that by this time twelvemonth, if nothing better offers—mind my *if*—Petcalf shall be rewarded for his constancy.”

“ If—Oh! dear me! But before this time twelvemonth the count——”

“ Or one of the Clays might offer, and in that case, my *if* brings you off safe with your father.”

“ Well, then, mamma, upon condition that you will promise me, upon your word, you will lay a marked emphasis upon your *if*—I believe, for Zara's sake, I must——”

“ I knew you would behave at last like a sensible girl,” said Mrs. Falconer: “ I'll go and speak to your father directly.”

Mrs. Falconer thus fairly gained her point, by setting Georgiana's passion for dress against her passion for count Altenberg; and having, moreover, under false pretences, extorted from the young lady many promises to keep her temper prudently, and to be upon the best terms possible with her rival, the mother went away perfectly satisfied with her own address.

The father was brought to perform his part, not without difficulty—Carte blanche for Zara's sentimental blue and bridal white robes was obtained,

silver fringe and pearls inclusive: the triumphant Zara rang for the base confidante of her late distresses—Lydia Sharpe re-entered, with the four dresses upon sale; but she and her guineas, and the most honourable appraisers, all were treated with becoming scorn—and as Lydia obeyed her young lady's orders to replace her clothes in her wardrobe, and never to think of them more, they suddenly rose in value in her estimation, and she repented that she had been quite so much of an extortioner. She knew the difference of her mistress's tone when disappointed or successful, and guessed that supplies had been obtained by some means or other: "New dresses, I smell, are the order of the day," said Lydia Sharpe to herself; "but I'll engage she will want me presently to make them up: so I warrant I won't come down off my high horse till I see why—Miss Georgiana Falconer, ma'am, I beg pardon—you are the mistress—I meant only to oblige and accommodate when called upon—but if I'm not wanted, I'm not wanted—and I hope ladies will find them that will be more abler and willinger to serve them."

So saying, half flouncing, half pouting, she retired. Her young mistress, aware that Lydia's talents and expeditious performance, as a mantua-maker and a milliner, were essential to the appearance of Zara, suppressed her own resentment, submitted to her maid's insolence, and brought her into humour again that night, by a present of the famous white satin.

In due time, consequently, the Turkish dresses were in great forwardness. Lest we should never get to the play, we forbear to relate all the various fret-

tings, jealousies, clashing vanities, and petty quarrels, which occurred between the actresses and their friends, during the getting up of this piece and its rehearsals. We need mention only that the seeds of irreconcilable dislike were sown at this time between the miss Falconers and their dear friends, the lady Arlingtons: there was some difficulty made by lady Anne about lending her diamond crescent for Zara's turban—miss Georgiana could never forgive this; and lady Frances, on her part, was provoked, beyond measure, by an order from the duke, her uncle, forbidding her to appear on the stage. She had some reason to suspect that this order came in consequence of a treacherous hint in a letter of Georgiana's to lady Trant, which went round, through lady Jane Granville, to the duke, who, otherwise, as lady Frances observed, "in the midst of his politics, might never have heard a word of the matter."

Mrs. Falconer had need of all her power over the muscles of her face, and all her address, in these delicate and difficult circumstances. Her daughter Arabella, too, was sullen—the young lady was subject to her brother John's fits of obstinacy. For some time she could not be brought to undertake the part of Selima, and no other Selima was to be had. She did not see why she should condescend to play the confidante for Georgiana's Zara—why she was to be sacrificed to her sister; and sir Robert Percy, her admirer, not even to be invited, because the other Percys were to come.

Mrs. Falconer plied her well with flattery, through colonel Spandril; and at last Arabella was pacified

by a promise that the following week "Love in a Village," or "The Lord of the Manor," should be acted, in which she should choose her part, and in which her voice and musical talents would be brought forward—and sir Robert Percy and his friends should be the principal auditors.

Recovered, or partly recovered, from her fit of the sullens, she was prevailed upon to say she would try what she could do in Selima.

The parts were learnt by heart; the dresses, after innumerable alterations, finished to the satisfaction of the heroes and heroines of the drama.

Their quarrels, and the quarrels of their friends and of their servants, male and female, were at last hushed to temporary repose, and—the great, the important day arrived.

The preceding evening, Mrs. Falconer, as she sat quite exhausted in the green-room, was heard to declare, she was so tired, that she would not go through the same thing again, for one month, to be queen of England.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE theatre at Falconer-court was not very spacious, but it was elegantly fitted up, extremely well lighted, and had a good effect. There was a brilliant audience, an excellent band of music, and the whole had a gay and festive appearance.

The Percy family, as they came from a great distance, were late. The house was crowded. Mrs.

Falconer was obliged to seat Mrs. Percy and her daughters with the lady Arlingtons on a bench upon the stage: a conspicuous situation, which had been reserved for their ladyships.

Every eye instantly turned upon the beautiful Caroline. She bore the gaze of public admiration with a blushing dignity, which interested every body in her favour. Count Altenberg, who had anxiously expected the moment of her arrival, was, however, upon his guard. Knowing that he was watched by Mrs. Falconer's friends, he was determined that his secret thoughts should not be seen. One involuntary glance he gave, but immediately withdrew his eye, and continued his conversation with the gentleman next to him. After a few moments had elapsed, he could indulge himself in looking at Caroline unobserved, for the gaze of public admiration is as transient as it is eager. It is surprising how short a time any face, however beautiful, engages numbers who meet together to be seen.

The audience were now happily full of themselves, arranging their seats, and doing civilities to those of their friends who were worthy of notice.

“Lady Trant! won't your ladyship sit in the front row?”

“I'm vastly well, thank you.”

“Lady Kew, I am afraid you won't see over my head.”

“Oh! I assure you—perfectly—perfectly.”

“Colonel Spandrill, I'll trouble you—my shawl.”

“Clay, lend me your opera-glass.—How did you leave all at Bath?”

“ I’m so glad that general Petcalf’s gout in his stomach did not carry him off—for young Petcalf could not have acted, you know, to-night.—Mrs. Harcourt is trying to catch your eye, lady Kew.”

All those who were new to the theatre at Falconer-court, or who were not intimate with the family, were in great anxiety to inform themselves on one important point, before the prologue should begin. Stretching to those who were, or had the reputation of being, good authorities, they asked in whispers, “ Do you know if there is to be any clapping of hands?—Can you tell me whether it is allowable to say any thing?”

It seems that at some private theatres loud demonstrations of applause were forbidden. It was thought more genteel to approve and admire in silence,—thus to draw the line between professional actors and actresses, and gentlemen and lady performers. Upon trial, however, in some instances, it had been found that the difference was sufficiently obvious, without marking it by any invidious distinction. Young and old amateurs have acknowledged, that the silence, however genteel, was so dreadfully awful, that they preferred even the noise of vulgar acclamations.

The cup of flattery was found so sweet, that objections were no longer made to swallowing it in public.

The overture finished, the prologue, which was written by Mr. Seebright, was received with merited applause. And, after a buzz of requests and promises for copies, the house was silent—the curtain

drew up, and the first appearance of Zara, in the delicate sentimental blue satin, was hailed with plaudits, long and loud—plaudits which were reiterated at the end of her first speech, which was, indeed, extremely well recited. Count Altenberg learned forward, and seemed to listen with delight; then stood up, and several times renewed his plaudits; at first, with an appearance of timidity, afterwards, with decision and energy. Miss Georgiana Falconer really acted uncommonly well, so that he could without flattery applaud; and if he did exaggerate a little in the expression of his admiration, he deemed it allowable. He had another object: he was absolutely determined to see whether or not Caroline was capable of the mean passions which had disgusted him in her rival. He reflected that he had seen her only when she was triumphant; and he was anxious to know how she would appear in different circumstances. Of her high intellectual endowments he could not doubt; but temper is not always a blessing given to the fair, or even to the wise. It may seem strange that a gallant man should think of a beauty's temper; and, probably, if count Altenberg had considered Caroline only as a beauty, he would not have troubled himself to make, on this point, any severe and dangerous scrutiny.

The play went on—Zara sustaining the interest of the scene. She was but feebly supported by the sulky Selima, and the other parts were but ill performed. The faults common to unpractised actors occurred: one of Osman's arms never moved, and the other sawed the air perpetually, as if in pure despite

of Hamlet's prohibition. Then, in crossing over, Osman was continually entangled in Zara's robe; or, when standing still, she was obliged to twitch her train thrice before she could get it from beneath his leaden feet. When confident that he could repeat a speech fluently, he was apt to turn his back upon his mistress; or, when he felt himself called upon to listen to his mistress, he would regularly turn his back upon the audience. But all these are defects permitted by the licence of a private theatre, allowable by courtesy to gentlemen-actors; and things went on as well as could be expected. Osman had not his part by heart, but still Zara covered all deficiencies: and Osman did no worse than other Osmans had done before him, till he came to the long speech, beginning with,

“The sultans, my great ancestors, bequeath'd
Their empire to me, but their tastes they gave not.”

Powerful prompting got him through the first six lines decently enough, till he came to

—“wasting tenderness in wild profusion,
I might look down to my surrounded feet,
And bless contending beauties.”

At this he bungled sadly—his hearing suddenly failing as well as his memory, there was a dead stop. In vain the prompter, the scene-shifter, the candle-snuffer, as loud as they could, and much louder than they ought, reiterated the next sentence,

“I might speak,
Serenely slothful.”

It was plain that Osman could not speak, nor was he "serene." He had begun, as in dangers great he was wont, to kick his left ankle-bone rapidly with his right heel; and through the pomp of Osman's oriental robes and turban young Petcalf stood confessed. He threw back an angry look at the prompter—Zara, terrified, gave up all for lost—the two lady Arlingtons retreated behind the scenes to laugh—the polite audience struggled not to smile. Count Altenberg at this moment looked at Caroline, who, instead of joining in the laugh, showed by her countenance and manner the most good-natured sympathy.

Zara, recovering her presence of mind, swept across the stage in such a manner as to hide from view her kicking sultan; and as she passed, she whispered the line to him so distinctly, that he caught the sound, left off kicking, went on with his speech, and all was well again. Count Altenberg forgot to join in the cheering plaudits, he was so much charmed at that instant by Caroline's smile.

Fortunately for Zara, and for the audience, in the next scenes the part of Lusignan was performed by a gentleman who had been well used to acting—though he was not a man of any extraordinary capacity, yet, from his *habit of the boards*, and his being perfect in his part, he now seemed quite a superior person. It was found unaccountably easier to act with this son of labour than with any other of the gentlemen-performers, though they were all natural geniuses.

The moment Zara appeared with Lusignan, her

powers shone forth—nothing spoiled the illusion, the attention of the audience was fixed, their interest was sustained, their feelings touched. The exercise of the fan ceased in the front rows, glasses of lemonade were held untasted, and nobody consulted the play-bill. Excited by success, sympathy, and applause the most flattering, Zara went on with increasing eclat.

Meanwhile the Percy family, who were quite intent upon the play, began to find their situation disagreeable from some noise behind the scenes. A party of ladies, among whom was lady Frances Arlington, stood whispering so loud close to Caroline that their voices were heard by her more distinctly than those of the actors. Lady Frances stood half hid between the side scenes, holding a little white dog in her arms.

“Hush!” cried her ladyship, putting her fingers on her lips—her companions became silent instantly. The house was now in profound attention. Zara was in the midst of her favourite speech,

“Would you learn more, and open all my heart?
Know then that, spite of this renew'd injustice,
I do not—cannot—wish to love you less;
—That long before you look'd so low as Zara,
She gave her heart to Osman.”

At the name of *Osman*, the dog started and struggled—lady Frances appeared to restrain him, but he ran on the stage—leaped up on Zara—and at the repetition of the name of *Osman* sat down on his hind legs, begged with his fore-paws, and began to

whine in such a piteous manner that the whole audience were on the brink of laughter—Zara, and all her attendants and friends, lost their presence of mind.

Caroline sprang forward quite across the stage, caught the dog in her arms, and carried him off. Count Altenberg, no longer master of himself, clapped his hands, and the whole house resounded with applause.

Miss Georgiana Falconer misunderstood the cause of the plaudits, imagined that she was *encored*, cast down her eyes, and, as soon as there was silence, advanced and recommenced her speech, of which count Altenberg did not hear one word.

This malicious trick had been contrived by lady Frances Arlington, to revenge herself on miss Georgiana Falconer for having prevented her from taking a part in the play. Her ladyship had, in the course of the rehearsals, privately drilled her dog to answer to the name of Osman, when that name was pronounced in Zara's tragic tone. The dog had been kept out of the way till Zara was in the midst of that speech in which she calls repeatedly on the name of Osman. This trick had been so well contrived, that all but those who were in the secret imagined that the appearance of the dog at this unlucky moment had been accidental. The truth began indeed to be soon whispered in confidence.

But to return to count Altenberg. At the commencement of the play, when the idea of trying Caroline's temper had occurred to him, he had felt some anxiety lest all the high expectations he had

formed, all the bright enchantment, should vanish. In the first act, he had begun by joining timidly in the general applause of Zara, dreading lest Caroline should not be blessed with that temper which could bear the praises of a rival "with unwounded ear." But the count applauded with more confidence in the second act; during the third was quite at his ease; and in the fifth could not forgive himself for having supposed it possible that Caroline could be liable to any of the foibles of her sex.

In the mean time miss Georgiana Falconer, in high spirits, intoxicated with vanity, was persuaded that the count had returned to his senses; and so little did she know of his character, or of the human heart, as to expect that a declaration of love would soon follow this public profession of admiration. Such was the confusion of her ideas, that she was confident Zara was on the point of becoming countess of Altenberg.

After the play was over, and a thousand compliments had been paid and received, most of the company called for their carriages. The house emptied fast: there remained only a select party, who were to stay supper. They soon adjourned to the green-room to repeat their tribute of applause to the actors. High in the midst stood miss Georgiana Falconer, receiving incense from a crowd of adorers. As count Altenberg approached, she assumed a languishing air of softness and sensibility. The count said all that could reasonably be expected, but his compliments did not seem quite to satisfy the lady. She was in hopes that he was going to say something

more to her taste, when French Clay pressed forward, which he did with an air neither French nor English. He protested that he could not have conceived it possible for the powers of any actress upon earth to interest him for the English Zara; “but you, madam,” said he, “have done the impossible; and now I should die content, if I could see your genius do justice to Zaïre. How you would shine in the divine original when you could do such wonders for a miserable translation!”

Several gentlemen, and among others Mr. Percy, would not allow that the English translation deserved to be called miserable. “The wrong side of the tapestry we cannot expect should be quite equal to the right side,” said he: “Voltaire pointed out a few odd ends here and there, which disfigured the work, and required to be cut off; but upon the whole, if I recollect, he was satisfied with the piece, and complimented Mr. Hill upon having preserved the general design, spirit, and simplicity of the original.”

“Mere politeness in M. de Voltaire!” replied French Clay; “but, in effect, Zaïre is absolutely incapable of any thing more than being *done into* English. For example, will any body have the goodness to tell me,” said he, looking round, and fixing his look of appeal on miss Caroline Percy, “how would you translate the famous ‘Zaïre!—vous pleurez!’”

“Is not it translated,” said Caroline, “by ‘Zara! you weep?’”

“Ah! *pardonnez moi!*” cried French Clay, with a shrug meant to be French, but which English

shoulders could not cleverly execute—" *Ah! pardonnez!* to my ears now that says nothing."

"To our feelings it said a great deal just now," said Caroline, looking at Zara in a manner which was lost upon her feelings, but not upon count Altenberg's.

"Ah! indubitably I admit," cried Mr. Clay, "*la beauté est toujours dans son pays*, and tears fortunately need no translation; but when we come to words, you will allow me, ma'am, that the language of fine feeling is absolutely untranslatable, *untransfusible*."

Caroline seemed to wish to avoid being drawn forward to farther discussion, but Mr. Clay repeated, in a tone of soft condescension, "Your silence flatters me with the hope, ma'am, that we agree?"

Caroline could not submit to this interpretation of her silence, and blushing, but without being disconcerted, she answered, that she had always heard, and believed, it was the test of true feeling, as of true wit, that it can be easily understood, and that its language is universal.

"If I had ever doubted that truth," said count Altenberg, "I should have been convinced of it by what I have seen and heard this night."

Miss Georgiana Falconer bowed her head graciously to the count, and smiled, and sighed. Lady Frances Arlington and Rosamond smiled at the same moment, for they perceived by the universal language of the eye, that what count Altenberg said was not intended for the lady who took it so decidedly to herself. This was the second time this night that miss

Georgiana Falconer's vanity had appropriated to herself a compliment in which she had no share. Yet, even at this moment, which, as she conceived, was a moment of triumph, while she was encircled by adorers, while the voice of praise yet vibrated in her ears, she felt anguish at perceiving the serenity of her rival's countenance; and, however strange it may appear, actually envied Caroline for not being envious.

Mrs. Falconer, skilled in every turn of her daughter's temper, which she was now obliged to follow and humour, or dexterously to counteract, lest it should ruin all schemes for her establishment, saw the cloud gathering on Zara's brow, and immediately fixed the attention of the company upon the beauty of her dress and the fine folds of her velvet train. She commenced lamentations on the difference between English and French velvets. French Clay, as she had foreseen, took up the word, and talked of *velvets* till supper was announced.

When Mrs. Falconer attended lady Trant and lady Kew to their rooms, a nocturnal conference was held in lady Trant's apartment, where, of course, in the most confidential manner, their ladyships sat talking over the events of the day, and of some matters too interesting to be spoken of in general society. They began to congratulate Mrs. Falconer upon the impression which Zara had made on count Altenberg; but the wily mother repressed their premature felicitations. She protested she was positively certain that the person in question had *now* no thoughts of Georgiana, such as their ladyships'

partiality to her might lead them to suppose; and now, when the business was over, she might venture to declare that nothing could have persuaded her to let a daughter of her's marry a foreigner. She should have been sorry to give offence to such an amiable and well-informed young nobleman; and she really rejoiced that, if her sentiments had been, as no doubt by a person of his penetration they must have been, discovered, count Altenberg had taken the hint without being offended: indeed, she had felt it a point of conscience to let the truth be seen time enough, to prevent his coming to a downright proposal, and having the mortification of an absolute refusal. Other mothers, she knew, might feel differently about giving a daughter to a foreigner, and other young ladies might feel differently from her Georgiana. Where there was so great an establishment in prospect, and rank, and fashion, and figure, to say nothing of talents, it could hardly be expected that such temptations should be resisted in a *certain family*, where it was so very desirable, and indeed necessary, to get a daughter married without a portion. Mrs. Falconer declared that on every account she should rejoice, if things should happen to turn out so. The present object was every way worthy, and charming. She was a young lady for whom, even from the little she had seen of her, she confessed she felt uncommonly interested—putting relationship out of the question.

Thus having with able generalship secured a retreat for herself and for her daughter, Mrs. Falconer retired to rest.

Early the next morning one of lord Oldborough's grooms brought a note for Mr. Percy. Commissioner Falconer's confidential servant took the note immediately up to his master's bedchamber, to inquire whether it would be proper to waken Mr. Percy to give it to him, or to make the groom wait till Mr. Percy should come down to breakfast.

The commissioner sat up in his bed, rubbed his eyes, read the direction of the note, many times turned and returned it, and desired to see the man who brought it. The groom was shown in.

“How is my lord's gout?”

“Quite well, sir: my lord was out yesterday in the park—both a horseback and a foot.”

“I am very happy to hear it. And pray did any despatches come last night from town, can you tell, sir?”

“I really can't particularly say, sir—I was out with the horses.”

“But about this note?” said the commissioner.

The result of the cross-examination that followed gave reason to believe that the note contained an invitation to breakfast, because he had heard Mr. Rodney, my lord's own gentleman, tell the man whose business it was to attend at breakfast that my lord would breakfast in his own room, and expected a friend to breakfast with him.

“A friend—Hum! Was there no note to me?—no message?”

“None, sir—as I know.”

“Very extraordinary.” Mr. Falconer inclined to keep the man till breakfast-time, but he would not

be kept—he had orders to return with an answer immediately; and he had been on the fidgets all the time the commissioner had been detaining him; for lord Oldborough's messengers could not venture to delay. The note was consequently delivered to Mr. Percy immediately, and Mr. Percy went to breakfast at Clermont-park. The commissioner's breakfast was spoiled by the curiosity this invitation excited, and he was obliged to chew green tea for the heartburn with great diligence. Meantime the company were all talking the play over and over again, till at last, when even Zara appeared satiated with the subject, the conversation diverged a little to other topics. Unluckily French Clay usurped so large a portion of attention, that count Altenberg's voice was for some time scarcely heard—the contrast was striking between a really well-bred polished foreigner, and a man, who, having kept bad company abroad, and having formed himself on a few bad models, presented an exaggerated imitation of those who were ridiculous, detested, or unknown, in good society at Paris; and whom the nation would utterly disclaim as representatives of their morals or manners. At this period of their acquaintance with count Altenberg, every circumstance which drew out his character, tastes, and opinions, was interesting to the Percy family in general, and in particular to Caroline. The most commonplace and disagreeable characters often promoted this purpose, and thus afforded means of amusement, and materials for reflection. Towards the end of breakfast, the newspapers were brought in—the commissioner, who had

wondered frequently what could make them so late, seized upon the government-paper directly, which he pocketed and retired, after handing other newspapers to count Altenberg and to the Mr. Clays. English Clay, setting down his well-sugared cup of tea, leaving a happily-prepared morsel of ham and bread and butter on his plate, turned his back upon the ladies; and comfortably settling himself with his arm over his chair, and the light full upon London news, began to read to himself. Count Altenberg glanced at *Continental News*, as he unfolded his paper, but instantly turned to *Gazette Extraordinary*, which he laid before Mrs. Falconer. She requested him, if it was not too much trouble, to read it aloud. "I hope my foreign accent will not make it unintelligible," said he; and without farther preface, or considering how he was to appear himself, he obeyed. Though he had not a perfectly English accent, he showed that he had a thoroughly English heart, by the joy and pride he took in reading an account of a great victory.

English Clay turned round upon his chair, and setting his arms a-kimbo, with the newspaper still fast in his hand, and his elbow sticking out across lady Anne Arlington, sat facing the count, and listening to him with a look of surprise. "Why, d—m'me, but you're a good fellow, after all!" exclaimed he, "though you are not an Englishman!"

"By the mother's side I am, sir," replied count Altenberg. "I may boast that I am at least half an Englishman."

“ Half is better than the whole,” said French Clay, scornfully.

“ By the Lord, I could have sworn his mother, or some of his blood, was English!” cried English Clay. “ I beg your pardon, ma’am—’fraid I annoy your ladyship?” added he, perceiving that the lady Anne haughtily retreated from his offending elbow.

Then sensible of having committed himself by his sudden burst of feeling, he coloured all over, took up his tea, drank as if he wished to hide his face for ever in the cup, recovered his head with mighty effort, turned round again to his newspaper, and was cold and silent as before. His brother meanwhile was, or affected to be, more intent upon some *eau sucrée*, that he was preparing for himself, than upon the fate of the army and navy of Spain or England. Rising from the breakfast-table he went into the adjoining room, and threw himself at full length upon a sofa; lady Frances Arlington, who detested politics, immediately followed, and led the way to a work-table, round which the ladies gathered, and formed themselves in a few minutes into a committee of dress, all speaking at once; count Altenberg went with the ladies out of the breakfast-room, where English Clay would have been happy to have remained alone; but being interrupted by the entrance of the servants, he could not enjoy peaceable possession, and he was compelled also to follow:—getting as far as he could from the female committee, he took Petcalf into a window to talk of horses, and commenced a history of the colts of Regulus, and of the plates they had won.

French Clay, rising from the sofa, and adjusting

his cravat at a looking-glass, carelessly said, addressing himself to count Altenberg, "I think, M. le comte, I heard you say something about public feelings. Now, I do not comprehend precisely what is meant by public feelings; for my part, I am free to confess that I have none."

"I certainly must have expressed myself ill," replied count Altenberg; "I should have said, love of our country."

Mrs. Percy, Rosamond, and Caroline, escaped from the committee of dress, were now eagerly listening to this conversation.

"And if you had, M. le comte, I might, *en philosophe*, have been permitted to ask," replied French Clay, "what is love of our country, but a mere *prejudice*? and to a person of an *emancipated* mind, that word prejudice says volumes. Assuredly M. le comte will allow, and must *feel well*, that no prejudice ever was or can be useful to mankind."

The count fully admitted that utility is the best human test by which all sentiment, as well as every thing else, can be tried: but he observed that Mr. Clay had not yet proved love of our country to be a useless or pernicious principle of action: and by his own argument, if it can be proved to be useful, it should not be called, in the invidious sense of the word, a prejudice.

"True—but the labour of the proof fortunately rests with you, M. le comte."

Count Altenberg answered in French, speaking very rapidly. "It is a labour saved me fortunately, by the recorded experience of all history, by the testimony of the wisest and the best in all countries, ancient and

modern—all agree in proclaiming love of our country to be one of the most powerful, most permanent motives to good and great actions; the most expansive, elevating principle—elevating without danger—expansive without waste; the principle to which the legislator looks for the preservative against corruption in states—to which the moralist turns for the antidote against selfishness in individuals. Recollect, name any great character, ancient or modern—is not love of his country one of his virtues? Can you draw—can you conceive a great character—a great or a good character, or even a safe member of society, without it? A man hangs loose upon society, as your own Burke says——”

“ Ah! M. le comte!” cried Clay, shrinking with affected horror, “ I repent—I see what I have brought upon myself; after Burke will come Cicero; and after Cicero all Rome, Carthage, Athens, Lacedemon. Oh! spare me! since I was a schoolboy, I could never *suffer* those names. Ah! M. le comte, de grace!—I know I have put myself *in the case* to be buried alive under a load of quotations.”

The count, with that good-humour which disappoints ridicule, smiled, and checked his enthusiasm.

“ Is there not a kind of enthusiasm,” said Mrs. Percy, “ which is as necessary to virtue as to genius?”

French Clay shook his head. He was sorry to differ from a lady; as a gallant man, he knew he was wrong, but as a philosopher he could not patronise enthusiasm. It was the business he apprehended of philosophy to correct and extinguish it.

“ I have heard it said,” interposed Rosamond,

“that it is a favourite maxim of law, that the extreme of justice is the extreme of injustice—perhaps this maxim may be applied to philosophy as well as to law.”

“Why extinguish enthusiasm?” cried Caroline. “It is not surely the business of philosophy to extinguish, but to direct it. Does not enthusiasm, well directed, give life and energy to all that is good and great?”

There was so much life and energy in Caroline’s beautiful countenance, that French Clay was for a moment silenced by admiration.

“After all,” resumed he, “there is one slight circumstance, which persons of feeling should consider, that the evils and horrors of war are produced by this very principle, which some people think so useful to mankind, this famous love of our country.”

Count Altenberg asked, whether wars had not more frequently arisen from the unlawful fancies which princes and conquerors are apt to take for the territories of their neighbours, than from the legitimate love of their own country?

French Clay, hurried by a smile he saw on Rosamond’s lips, changed his ground again for the worse, and said he was not speaking of wars, of foreign conquests, but of defensive wars, where foolish people, from an absurd love of their own country, that is, of certain barren mountains, of *a few acres of snow*, or of collections of old houses and churches, called capital cities, will expose themselves to fire, flame, and famine, and will stand to be cut to pieces inchmeal, rather than to submit to a conqueror, who might, ten

to one, be a more civilized or cleverer sort of a person than their own rulers; and under whom they might enjoy all the luxuries of life—changing only the name of their country for some other equally well-sounding name; and perhaps adopting a few new laws, instead of what they might have been in the habit from their childhood of worshipping, as a wittenagemote, or a diet, or a constitution. “For my part,” concluded French Clay, “I have accustomed myself to go to the bottom of things. I have *approfondied*. I have not suffered my understanding to be paralysed—I have made my own analysis of happiness, and find that your legislators, and moralists, and patriots, would juggle me out of many solid physical comforts, by engaging me to fight for enthusiasms which do me no manner of good.”

Count Altenberg’s countenance had flushed with indignation, and cooled with contempt, several times during Mr. Clay’s speech. Beginning in a low composed voice, he first answered, whatever pretence to reason it contained, in the analysis of human happiness, he observed, Mr. Clay had bounded his to physical comforts—this was reducing civilized man below even the savage, and nearly to the state of brutes. Did Mr. Clay choose to leave out all intellectual pleasures—all the pleasures of self-complacency, self-approbation, and sympathy? But, supposing that he was content to bound his happiness, inelegant and low, to such narrow limits, count Altenberg observed, he did not provide for the security even of that poor portion. If he was ready to give up the liberty or the free constitution of the country in which he re-

sided, ready to live under tyrants and tyranny, how could he be secure for a year, a day, even an hour, of his epicurean paradise?

Mr. Clay acknowledged, that "in this point of view, it might be awkward to live in a conquered country; but if a man has talents to make himself agreeable to the powers that be, and money in his purse, that can never touch him, *chacun pour soi—et honi soi qui mal y pense.*"

"Is it in England!—Oh! can it be in England, and from an Englishman, that I hear such sentiments!" exclaimed count Altenberg. "Such I have heard on the continent—such we have heard the precursors of the ruin, disgrace, destruction of the princes and nations of Europe!"

Some painful reflections or recollections seemed to absorb the count for a few moments.

"*Foi d'honnête homme et de philosophe,*" French Clay declared, that, for his own part, he cared not who ruled or how, who was conqueror, or what was conquered, provided champagne and burgundy were left to him by the conqueror.

Rosamond thought it was a pity Mr. Clay was not married to the lady who said she did not care what revolutions happened, as long as she had her roast chicken, and her little game at cards.

"Happen what will," continued French Clay, "I have two hundred thousand pounds, well counted—as to the rest, it is quite indifferent to me, whether England be called England or France; for," concluded he, walking off to the committee of dress, "after all I have heard, I recur to my first question,

what is country—or, as people term it, *their native land* ?”

The following lines came full into Caroline’s recollection as French Clay spoke :

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself has said,
 This is my own, my native land ?
 Whose heart has ne’er within him burn’d,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn’d,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there be, go, mark him well ;
 High though his titles, proud his fame,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,
 Despite these titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour’d, and unsung.”

Caroline asked count Altenberg, who seemed well acquainted with English literature, if he had ever read Scott’s *Lay of the Last Minstrel* ?

The count smiled, and replied,

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself has said ’

any of those beautiful lines ?”

Caroline, surprised that the count knew so well what had passed in her mind, blushed.

At this moment Mrs. Falconer returned, and throwing a reconnoitring glance round the room to see how the company had disposed of themselves, was

well pleased to observe French Clay leaning on the back of Georgiana's chair, and giving her his opinion about some artificial flowers. The ladies had been consulting upon the manner in which the characters in "Love in a Village,"—or "The Lord of the Manor," should be dressed, and miss Arabella Falconer had not yet completely determined which piece or which dress she preferred. She was glad that the Percys had been kept from this committee, because, as they were not to be asked to the entertainment, it was a subject she could not discuss before them. Whenever they had approached the table, the young ladies had talked only of fashions in general; and now, as Mrs. Percy and Caroline, followed by count Altenberg, joined them, Mrs. Falconer put aside a volume of plays, containing "the Lord of the Manor," &c.; and, taking up another book, said something about the immortal bard to English Clay, who happened to be near her. He replied, "I have every edition of Shakspeare that ever was printed or published, and every thing that ever was written about him, good, bad, or indifferent, at Clay-hall. I made this a principle, and I think every Englishman should do the same. *Your Mr. Voltaire,*" added this polite Englishman, turning to count Altenberg, "made a fine example of himself by *dashing at our Shakspeare?*"

"Undoubtedly, Voltaire showed he did not understand Shakspeare, and therefore did not do him justice," replied count Altenberg. "Even Voltaire had some tinge of national prejudice, as well as other men. It was reserved for women to set us in this

instance, as in many others, an example at once of superior candour and superior talent."

English Clay pulled up his boots, and with a look of cool contempt, said, "I see you are a lady's man, monsieur."

Count Altenberg replied, that if a lady's man means an admirer of the fair sex, he was proud to feel that he deserved that compliment; and with much warmth he pronounced such a panegyric upon that sex, without whom "*le commencement de la vie est sans secours, le milieu sans plaisir, et la fin sans consolation,*" that even lady Anne Arlington raised her head from the hand on which it reclined, and every female eye turned upon him with approbation.

"Oh! what a lover he will make, if ever he is in love," cried lady Frances Arlington, who never scrupled saying any thing that came into her head. "I beg pardon, I believe I have said something very shocking. Georgiana, my dear, I protest I was not thinking of——But what a disturbance I have made amongst all your faces, ladies—and gentlemen," repeated her ladyship, looking archly at the count, whose face at this moment glowed manifestly; "and all because gentlemen and ladies don't mind their grammar and their tenses. Now don't you recollect—I call upon Mrs. Falconer, who really has some presence of—countenance—I call upon Mrs. Falconer to witness that I said if; and, pray comprehend me, M. le comte, else I must appear excessively rude, I did not mean to say any thing of the present or the past, but only of the future."

The count, recovering his presence of mind, and

presence of countenance, turned to a little Cupid on the mantel-piece; and, playfully doing homage before it, repeated,

“Qui que tu sois voici ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut—ou le doit être.”

“Oh! charming—oh! for a translation!” cried Mrs. Falconer, glad to turn the attention from Georgiana:—“Lady Frances—ladies some of you,—miss Percy, here’s my pencil.”

Here they were interrupted by Mr. Percy’s return from lord Oldborough’s.

The commissioner followed Mr. Percy into the room, and asked, and was answered, a variety of questions about despatches from town; trying, but in vain, to find out what had been going forward. At last he ended with a look of absence, and a declaration that he was quite happy to hear that lord Oldborough had *so* completely got rid of his gout.

“Completely,” said Mr. Percy; “and he desires me to tell you, that it will be necessary for him to return to town in a few days.”

“In a few days!” cried the commissioner.

“In a few days!” repeated several voices, in different tones.

“In a few days!—Gracious Heaven! and what will become of ‘the Lord of the Manor!’” cried miss Falconer.

“Gently, my Arabella! never raise your voice so high—you, who are a musician,” said Mrs. Falconer, “and so sweet a voice as you have—in general. Besides,” added she, drawing her apart, “you forget

that you should not speak of 'the Lord of the Manor' before the Percys, as they are not to be asked."

"To be sure. Pray keep your temper, Bell, if you can, for a minute," whispered miss Georgiana; "you see they have rung for the carriage."

Mrs. Falconer began to entreat Mrs. Percy would not be in a hurry to run away; but to her great joy the carriage came to the door.

At parting with count Altenberg, Mr. Percy said that he regretted that they were so soon to lose his company in this part of the world. "We, who live so much retired, shall feel the loss particularly."

The count, evidently agitated, only said, in a low voice, "We are not parting yet—we shall meet again—I hope—do you ever go to London?"

"Never."

"At all events, we *must* meet again," said the count.

The ladies had all collected at the open windows, to see the departure of the Percys; but miss Georgiana Falconer could learn nothing from the manner in which the count handed Caroline into the carriage. It did not appear even that he spoke to her.

On his return, the miss Falconers, and the lady Arlingtons, were of course talking of those who had just left the house. There was at first but one voice in praise of Caroline's beauty and talents, elegance, and simplicity of manner. Mrs. Falconer set the example; lady Frances Arlington and miss Georgiana Falconer extolled her in the highest terms—one to provoke, the other not to appear provoked.

"La!" said lady Frances, "how we may mistake

even the people we know best—Georgiana, can you conceive it? I never should have guessed, if you had not told me, that miss Caroline Percy was such a favourite of yours. Do you know now, so little penetration have I, I should have thought that you rather disliked her?”

“You are quite right, my dear lady Frances,” cried Mrs. Falconer; “I give you credit for your penetration: *entre nous*, miss Caroline Percy is no favourite of Georgiana.”

Georgiana actually opened her eyes with astonishment, and thought her mother did not know what she was saying, and that she certainly did not perceive that count Altenberg was in the room.

“Count Altenberg, is this the book you are looking for?” said the young lady, pronouncing count Altenberg’s name very distinctly, to put her mother on her guard.

Mrs. Falconer continued precisely in the same tone. “Georgiana does justice, I am sure, to miss Percy’s merit and charms; but the truth is, she does not like her, and Georgiana has too much frankness to conceal it; and now come here, and I will tell you the reason.” In a half whisper, but perfectly intelligible to every one in the room, Mrs. Falconer went on—“Georgiana’s favourite brother, Buckhurst—did you never hear it? In days of yore, there was an attachment—Buckhurst, you know, is very ardent in his attachments—desperately in love he was—and no wonder. But at that time he was nobody—he was unprovided for, and the young lady had a good fortune then—her father would have him go to the

bar—against the commissioner's wishes. You know a young man will do any thing if he is in love, and is encouraged—I don't know how the thing went on, or off, but Buckhurst found himself disappointed at last, and was so miserable about it! ready to break his heart! you would have pitied him! Georgiana was so sorry for him, that she never could forgive the young lady—though I really don't imagine, after all, she was to blame. But sisters will feel for their brothers."

Georgiana, charmed to find this amiable mode of accounting for her dislike to Caroline, instantly pursued her mother's hint, and frankly declared that she never could conceal either her likings or dislikings—that miss Caroline Percy might have all the merit upon earth, and she did not doubt but she had; yet she never could forgive her for jilting Buckhurst—no, never! never! It might be unjust, but she owned that it was a prepossession she could not conquer.

"Why, indeed, my dear young lady, I hardly know how to blame you," cried lady Trant; "for certainly a jilt is not a very amiable character."

"Oh! my dear lady Trant, don't use such a word—Georgiana!—Why will you be so warm, so very unguarded, where that darling brother is concerned? You really—Oh! my dear lady Trant, this must not go farther—and positively the word jilt must never be used again; for I'm confident it is quite inapplicable."

"I'd not swear for that," cried lady Trant; "for, now I recollect, at lady Angelica Headingham's,

what was it we heard, my dear lady Kew, about her coquetting with that Mr. Barclay, who is now going to be married to lady Mary Pembroke, you know?"

"Oh! yes, I did hear something, I recollect—but, at the time, I never minded, because I did not know, then, who that miss Caroline Percy was—true, true, I recollect it now. And all, you know, we heard about her and sir James Harcourt—was there not something there? By all accounts, it is plain she is not the simple country beauty she looks—practised!—practised! you see."

Miss Georgiana Falconer's only fear was, that count Altenberg might not hear lady Kew, who had lowered her voice to the note of mystery. Mrs. Falconer, who had accomplished her own judicious purpose, of accounting for Georgiana's dislike of miss Caroline Percy, was now afraid that her dear friends would overdo the business; she made many efforts to stop them, but once upon the scent of scandal, it was no easy matter to change the pursuit.

"You seem to have found something that has caught your attention delightfully, count Altenberg," said Mrs. Falconer: "how I envy any one who is completely *in* a book—what is it?"

"Johnson's preface to Shakspeare."

Miss Georgiana Falconer was vexed, for she recollected that miss Caroline Percy had just been speaking of it with admiration.

Mrs. Falconer wondered how it could have happened that she had never read it.

Lady Kew persevered in her story. "Sir James Harcourt, I know, who is the most polite creature in

the whole world, and who never speaks an ill word of any body, I assure you, said of miss Caroline Percy in my hearing—what I shall not repeat. Only this much I must tell you, Mrs. Falconer—Mrs. Falconer!—She won't listen because the young lady is a relation of her own—and we are very rude; but truth is truth, notwithstanding, you know. Well, well, she may talk of miss Percy's beauty and abilities—very clever she is, I don't dispute; but this I may say, that Mrs. Falconer must never praise her to me for simplicity of character."

"Why, no," said miss Georgiana; "one is apt to suppose that a person who has lived all her life in the country must, of course, have great simplicity. But there is a simplicity of character, and a simplicity of manner, and they don't always go together. Caroline Percy's manner is fascinating, because, you know, it is what one does not meet with every day in town—that was what struck my poor brother—that and her great talents, which can make her whatever she pleases to be: but I am greatly afraid she is not quite the *ingenuous* person she looks."

Connt Altenberg changed colour, and was putting down his book suddenly, when Mrs. Falconer caught it, and stopping him, asked how far he had read.

Whilst he was turning over the leaves, lady Trant went on, in her turn—"With all her *practice*, or her *simplicity*, whichever it may be—far be it from me to decide which—I fancy she has met with her match, and has been disappointed in her turn."

"Really!" cried Georgiana, eagerly: "How! What! When!—Are you certain?"

“ Last summer—Oh! I have it from those who know the gentleman well. Only an affair of the heart that did not end happily: but I am told she was very much in love. The family would not hear of it—the mother, especially, was averse: so the young gentleman ended by marrying—exceedingly well—and the young lady by wearing the willow, you know, a decent time.”

“ Oh! why did you never tell me this before?” said miss Georgiana.

“ I protest I never thought of it, till lady Kew brought it to my recollection, by talking of lady Angelica Headingham, and sir James Harcourt, and all that.”

“ But who was the gentleman?”

“ That’s a secret,” replied lady Trant.

“ A secret!—A secret!—What is it? What is it?” cried lady Frances Arlington, pressing into the midst of the party; for she was the most curious person imaginable.

Then heads joined, and lady Trant whispered, and lady Frances exclaimed aloud, “ Hungerford?—Colonel Hungerford!”

“ Fie! fie! lady Frances,” cried Georgiana—and “ Fie! fie! you are a pretty person to keep a secret,” cried lady Trant: “ I vow I’ll never trust your ladyship with a secret again—when you publish it in this way.”

“ I vow you will,” said lady Frances. “ Why, you all know, in your hearts, you wish to publish it—else why tell it—especially to me? But all this time I am not thinking in the least about the matter, nor

was I when I said *Hungerford*—I was and am thinking of my own affairs. What did I do with the letter I received this morning? I had it here—no, I had'nt it—yes, I had—Anne!—Anne!—lady Anne! the duchess's letter: I gave it to you; what did you do with it?"

"La! it is somewhere, I suppose," said lady Anne, raising her head, and giving a vague look round the room.

Lady Frances made every one search their work-boxes, writing-boxes, and reticules; then went from table to table, opening and shutting all the drawers.

"Frances!—If you would not fly about so! What can it signify?" expostulated lady Anne. But in vain; her sister went on, moving every thing and every body in the room, displacing all the cushions of all the chairs in her progress, and, at last, approached lady Anne's sofa, with intent to invade her repose.

"Ah! Frances!" cried lady Anne, in a deprecating tone, with a gesture of supplication and anguish in her eyes, "do let me rest!"

"Never, till I have the letter."

With the energy of anger and despair lady Anne made an effort to reach the bell-cord—but it missed—the cord swung—Petcalf ran to catch it, and stumbled over a stool—English Clay stood still and laughed—French Clay exclaimed, "*Ah! mon Dieu! Cupidon!*"

Count Altenberg saved Cupid from falling, and rang the bell.

“ Sir,” said lady Anne to the footman, “ I had a letter—some time this morning, in my hand.”

“ Yes, my lady.”

“ I want it.”

“ Yes, my lady.”

“ Pray, sir, tell somebody to tell Pritchard, to tell Flora, to go up stairs to my dressing-room, sir, to look every where for’t; and let it be brought to my sister, lady Frances, if you please, sir.”

“ No, no, sir, don’t do any thing about the matter, if you please—I will go myself,” said lady Frances.

Away the lady ran up stairs, and down again, with the letter in her hand.

“ Yes! exactly as I thought,” cried she; “ my aunt does say, that Mrs. Hungerford is to be down to-day—I thought so.”

“ Very likely,” said lady Anne; “ I never thought about it.”

“ But, Anne, you must think about it, for my aunt desires we should go and see her directly.”

“ I can’t go,” said lady Anne—“ I’ve a cold—your going will do.”

“ Mrs. Falconer, my dear Mrs. Falconer, will you go with me to-morrow to Hungerford Castle?” cried lady Frances, eagerly.

“ Impossible! my dear lady Frances, unfortunately quite impossible. The Hungerfords and we have no connexion—there was an old family quarrel——”

“ Oh! never mind family quarrels and connexions—you can go, and I am sure it will be taken very well—and you know you only go with me. Oh! positively you must—now there’s my good dear

Mrs. Falconer—yes, and order the carriage this minute for to-morrow early,” said lady Frances, in a coaxing yet impatient tone.

Mrs. Falconer adhered to its being absolutely impossible.

“Then, Anne, you must go.”

No—Anne was impenetrable.

“Then I’ll go by myself,” cried lady Frances, pettishly—“I’ll take Pritchard with me, in our own carriage, and I’ll speak about it directly—for go I must and will.”

“Now, Frances, what new fancy is this for Mrs. Hungerford? I am sure you used not to care about her,” said lady Anne.

“And I dare say I should not care about her now,” replied lady Frances, “but that I am dying to see an old pair of shoes she has.”

“An old pair of shoes!” repeated lady Anne, with a look of unutterable disdain.

“An old pair of shoes!” cried Mrs. Falconer, laughing.

“Yes, a pair of blue damask shoes as old as Edward the Fourth’s time—with chains from the toe to the knee, you know—or do you know, count Altenberg? Miss Percy was describing them—she saw colonel Hungerford put them on—Oh! he must put them on for me—I’ll make him put them on, chains and all, to-morrow.”

“Colonel Hungerford is on his way to India by this time,” said Georgiana Falconer, drily.

“May I ask,” said count Altenberg, taking advantage of the first pause in the conversation,—“may I

ask if I understood rightly, that Mrs. Hungerford, mother of colonel Hungerford, lives in this neighbourhood, and is coming into the country to-morrow?"

"Yes—just so," said lady Frances.

What concern can it be of his? thought miss Georgiana Falconer, fixing her eyes upon the count with alarmed curiosity.

"I knew colonel Hungerford abroad," continued the count, "and have a great regard for him."

Lady Kew, lady Trant, and miss Georgiana Falconer, exchanged looks.

"I am sorry that he is gone to India," said Mrs. Falconer, in a sentimental tone; "it would have been so pleasant to you to have renewed an acquaintance with him in England."

Count Altenberg regretted the absence of his friend, the colonel; but, turning to lady Frances, he congratulated himself upon having an opportunity of presenting his letters of introduction, and paying his respects to Mrs. Hungerford, of whom he had heard much from foreigners who had visited England, and who had been charmed with her, and with her daughter, Mrs. Mortimer—his letters of introduction had been addressed to her town residence, but she was not in London when he was there.

"No, she was at Pembroke," said lady Kew.

I'm sure I wish she was there still, thought miss Georgiana.

"But, after all, lady Frances, is the duchess sure that Mrs. Hungerford is actually come to the country?—May be, she is still in town."

“ I shall have the honour of letting your ladyship know ; for, if lord Oldborough will permit, I shall certainly go, very soon, to pay my respects at Hungerford Castle,” said count Altenberg.

The prescient jealousy of miss Georgiana Falconer boded ill of this visit to Hungerford Castle. A few days afterwards a note was received from count Altenberg, returning many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Falconer for the civilities he had received from them, paying all proper compliments to Zara, announcing his intention of accepting an invitation to stay some time at Mrs. Hungerford’s, and taking a polite leave of the Falconer family.

Here was a death-blow to all Georgiana’s hopes ! But we shall not stay to describe her disappointment, or the art of her mother in concealing it ; nor shall we accompany Mrs. Falconer to town, to see how her designs upon the Clays or Petcalf prospered. We must follow count Altenberg to Hungerford Castle.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“ Who would prize the tainted posies,
Which on ev’ry breast are worn ?
Who could pluck the spotless roses
From their never touched thorn ? ”

THE feeling expressed in these lines will be acknowledged by every man of sense and delicacy. “ No such man ever prized a heart much hackneyed in the ways of love.” It was with exquisite pain that count

Altenberg had heard all that had been said of Caroline—he did not give credit to half the insinuations—he despised those who made them: he knew that some of the ladies spoke from envy, others from the mere love of scandal; but still, altogether, an impression unfavourable to Caroline, or rather unfavourable to his passion for Caroline, was left on his mind. The idea that she had been suspected, the certainty that she had been talked of, that she had even been named as one who had coquetted with many admirers,—the notion that she had been in love—passionately in love—all this took from the freshness, the virgin modesty, the dignity, the charm, with which she had appeared to his imagination, and without which she could not have touched his heart—a heart not to be easily won.

In his own country, at the court where he resided, in the different parts of the continent which he had visited, Germany, Poland, Switzerland, France, he had seen women celebrated for beauty and for wit, many of the most polished manners, many of the highest accomplishments, some of exquisite sensibility, a few with genuine simplicity of character, but in all there had been something which had prevented his wishing to make any one of them the companion of his life. In some there was a want of good temper—in others of good sense; there was some false taste for admiration or for notoriety—some love of pleasure, or some love of sway, inconsistent with his idea of the perfection of the female character, incompatible with his plans of life, and with his notions of love and happiness.

In England, where education, institutions, opinion, manners, the habits of society, and of domestic life, happily combine to give the just proportion of all that is attractive, useful, ornamental, and amiable, to the female character—in England, count Altenberg had hopes of finding a woman who, to the noble simplicity of character that was once the charm of Switzerland, joined the polish, the elegance, that was once the pride of France; a woman possessing an enlarged, cultivated, embellished understanding, capable of comprehending all his views as a politician and a statesman; yet without any wish for power, or love of political intrigue. Graced with knowledge and taste for literature and science, capable of being extended to the highest point of excellence, yet free from all pedantry, or pretension—with wit, conversational talents, and love of good society, without that desire of exhibition, that devouring diseased appetite for admiration, which preys upon the mind insatiably, to its torture—to its destruction; without that undefinable, untranslatable French love of *succès de société*, which substitutes a precarious, factitious, intoxicated existence in public, for the safe self-approbation, the sober, the permanent happiness of domestic life. In England count Altenberg hoped to find a woman raised by “divine philosophy”* far above all illiberal prejudice, but preserving a just and becoming sense of religion; unobtrusive, mild, and yet firm. Every thing that he had seen of Caroline had confirmed his first hope, and exalted his future expectation; but, by what he had just heard, his

* Milton.

imagination was checked in full career, suddenly, and painfully. His heavenly dream was disturbed by earthly voices—voices of malignant spirits—mysterious—indistinct—yet alarming. He had not conceived it possible that the breath of blame could approach such a character as Caroline's—he was struck with surprise, and shocked, on hearing her name profaned by common scandal, and spoken of as the victim of a disappointed passion, the scorn of one of the most distinguished families in England. Such were the first painful thoughts and feelings of count Altenberg. At the time he heard the whispers which gave rise to them, he had been actually planning a letter to his father, declaring his attachment—he now resolved not to write. But he determined to satisfy himself as to the truth or falsehood of these reports. He was not a man to give ear lightly to calumny—he detested its baseness; he would not suffer himself for a moment to brood over suspicion, nor yet would he allow himself for present ease and pleasure to gloss over, without examination, that which might afterwards recur to his mind, and might create future unjust or unhappy jealousy. Either the object of his hopes was worthy of him, or not—if not worthy, better tear her from his heart for ever. This determined him to go immediately to Mrs. Hungerford's. Count Altenberg trusted to his own address and penetration for discovering all he wished to know, without betraying any peculiar interest in the subject.

The first sight of Mrs. Hungerford, the gracious dignity of her appearance and manners, the first five

minutes' conversation he had with her, decided him in the opinion, that common report had done her justice ; and raised in his mind extreme anxiety to know her opinion of Caroline. But, though he began the history of Zara, and of the play at Falconer-court, for the express purpose of introducing the Percys, in speaking of the company who had been present, yet, conscious of some unusual emotion when he was going to pronounce that name, and fancying some meaning in Mrs. Hungerford's great attention as he spoke, he mentioned almost every other guest, even the most insignificant, without speaking of Caroline, or of any of her family. He went back to his friend colonel Hungerford. Mrs. Hungerford opened a letter-case, and took from it the last letter she had received from her son since he left England, containing some interesting particulars.—Towards the conclusion of the letter, the writing changed to a small feminine hand, and all India vanished from the view of count Altenberg, for, as he turned the page, he saw the name of Caroline Percy : “I suppose I ought to stop here,” said he, offering the letter to Mrs. Hungerford. “No,” she replied, the whole letter was at his service—they were only a few lines from her daughter lady Elizabeth.

These few lines mentioned Caroline Percy among the dear and intimate friends whom she regretted most in Europe, and to whom she sent a message expressive of the warmest affection and esteem. A glow of joy instantly diffused itself over his whole frame. As far as related to colonel Hungerford, he was sure that all he had heard was false. There was

little probability that his wife should, if those circumstances were true, be Caroline's most intimate friend. Before these thoughts had well arranged themselves in his head, a pleasing, sprightly young lady came into the room, who he at first thought was Mrs. Hungerford's daughter; but she was too young to answer exactly the description of Mrs. Mortimer.

"Lady Mary Pembroke, my niece," said Mrs. Hungerford.

Her ladyship was followed by Mr. Barclay——count Altenberg seemed in a fair way to have all his doubts satisfied; but, in the hurry of his mind, he had almost forgotten to ask for Mrs. Mortimer.

"You will not see her to-day," said Mrs. Hungerford; "she is gone to see some friends, who live at a distance too great for a morning visit. But I hope," continued Mrs. Hungerford, turning to lady Mary, "that my daughter will make me amends for losing a day of her company, by bringing me our dear Caroline to-morrow."

"Is there a chance of Caroline's coming to us?" cried lady Mary, with affectionate eagerness.

"Is there any hope of our seeing miss Caroline Percy?" said Mr. Barclay, with an air of respectful regard, very different from what must have been the feelings of a man who had trifled with a woman, or who had thought that she had trifled with him.

Count Altenberg rejoiced that he had come without a moment's delay to Hungerford Castle.

"You are really a good creature, my dear," continued Mrs. Hungerford to lady Mary, "for being so anxious to have Caroline here—many a niece might

be jealous of my affection, for certainly I love her as well as if she were my own child. To-morrow, sir," said she, turning to count Altenberg, "I hope I shall have the pleasure to introduce you to this young friend of ours: I shall feel proud to show her to a foreigner, whom I wish to prepossess in favour of my countrywomen."

The count said that he had already had the honour of being presented to miss Caroline Percy—that he had seen her frequently at Falconer court, and at her own home—and that he was not surprised at the interest which she excited at Hungerford castle. Count Altenberg showed the interest she had excited in his own mind, whilst he pronounced, in the most sober manner in his power, those few words.

Mrs. Hungerford perceived it, nor had it escaped her observation, that he had forbore to mention the name of Percy when enumerating the persons he had met at Falconer-court. She was both too well bred in general, and too discreet on Caroline's account, to take any notice of this circumstance. She passed immediately and easily to a different subject of conversation.

The next day Mrs. Mortimer returned with Caroline. The count saw the affection with which she was embraced by Mrs. Hungerford. The family had crowded to the door of the antechamber to receive her, so that Caroline, encompassed with friends, could not immediately see the count, and he enjoyed these moments so exquisitely, that the idea which had previously engrossed all his soul, anxiety to see how she would look on meeting him thus unexpectedly, was

absolutely forgotten. When the crowd opened, and Mrs. Hungerford led her forward, a smile of frank surprise and pleasure appeared on her countenance upon seeing count Altenberg; but her colour had been previously so much raised, and so much pleasure had sparkled in her eyes, that there was no judging what share of emotion was to be attributed to this surprise. He was, and he had reason to be, satisfied with perceiving, that in the midst of the first pleasure of meeting intimate friends, and when she did not expect to meet any but friends, she was not chilled by the sight of one who was, to her, as yet but a new acquaintance.

After introducing count Altenberg to Mrs. Mortimer, Mrs. Hungerford said, "Till I had my daughter and all my friends in full force about me, I prudently did not make any attempt, count Altenberg, upon your liberty; but now that you see my resources, I trust you will surrender yourself, without difficulty, my prisoner, as long as we can possibly detain you in this castle."

Never was man less disposed to refuse an invitation than count Altenberg at this moment. He wrote to Mrs. Falconer immediately that farewell note which had shocked miss Georgiana so much.

As lord Oldborough was preparing to return to town, and likely to be engrossed by ministerial business, his lordship, with less reluctance, relinquished his company; and the count, with infinite satisfaction, found himself established at once upon a footing of intimacy at Hungerford Castle. The letter he had intended to write to his father was now written and

sent; but it was expressed in yet stronger terms than he had originally designed—he concluded by conjuring his father, as he valued the happiness of his son, not to take a step in any of the treaties of marriage that had been planned for him, and besought him to write as soon as it was possible, to relieve his mind from suspense, and to set him at liberty to declare his attachment, if, upon farther acquaintance with the English lady who had touched his heart, he should feel any hope of making such an impression on her affections as could induce her to make for him the great sacrifice of country, family, and friends. In the mean time, the hours and days passed on most happily at Hungerford Castle. Every succeeding day discovered to him some new excellence in the object of his affection. Mrs. Hungerford, with judicious, delicate kindness, forbore all attempts to display even those qualities and talents in Caroline which she most valued, certain that she might safely leave them to the discernment of her lover. That count Altenberg loved, Mrs. Hungerford had too much penetration to doubt; and it rejoiced her heart, and satisfied all her hopes, to see a prospect of her young friend being united to such a man. Mrs. Mortimer felt as much joy and as much delicacy upon the subject as her mother showed.

In that near examination in domestic life, so dangerous to many women of the highest pretensions, Caroline shone superior. His love, approved by the whole strength of his reason, and exalted by the natural enthusiasm of his temper, was now at the highest. His impatience was extreme for the arrival

of that answer to his letter, which he hoped would set him at liberty to declare his passion.

The letter at last arrived; very different were its contents from what he had hoped. A previous letter from his father to him, sent in a packet with government despatches by Mr. Cunningham Falconer, had not reached him. That letter, of which his father now sent him a copy, contained an account of the steps which had been taken, relative to a treaty of marriage between his son and the countess Christina, a lady of high birth, beauty, and talents, who had lately appeared for the first time at that court. Count Altenberg's father described the countess as one who, he was sure, must charm his son; and as the alliance was eagerly desired by the lady's friends, and in every respect honourable for his whole family, the old count was impatient to have the affair concluded. Receiving no answer to this letter, and pressed by circumstances, he had gone forward in his son's name with the treaty, and had pledged him so far, that there was now, he declared, no possibility of retracting with honour. He lamented that his son should, in the mean time, have taken a fancy to an English lady; but, as count Albert's letter gave the assurance to his family that he would not take any decisive step till he should receive an answer, nothing could have been done in England that would commit his honour—absence would soon efface a transient impression—the advantages of the alliance proposed in his own country would appear stronger the more they should be examined—the charms of the countess Christina, with her superior understanding, would have an

irresistible effect; “and,” concluded the old count, “I beseech you, my dear Albert, as your friend—I will say more—*I command you as your father*, return to your own country as soon as you can obtain passports after receiving this letter.”

Count Altenberg would have left Hungerford Castle immediately, but he had still a lingering hope that his last letter to his father would produce a change in his mind, and for an answer to this he determined to wait; but a sudden change appeared in his manner: he was grave and absent; instead of seeking Caroline’s company and conversation as usual, he studiously avoided her; and when he did speak to her, his behaviour was so cold and reserved—so unlike his natural or his former manner, that the difference struck not only Caroline herself, but Rosamond and Mrs. Percy, who were, at this time, at Hungerford Castle. It happened that, on the very day, and nearly at the very hour, when count Altenberg received this letter from his father, of which no one knew any thing but himself, there arrived at Hungerford Castle another of Mrs. Hungerford’s nieces, a young lady of uncommon beauty, and of the most attractive and elegant manners, lady Florence Pembroke. She was just returned from Italy with an uncle, who had resided there for some time. Count Altenberg, from the moment he was introduced to lady Florence, devoted to her his whole attention—he sat beside her—whenever he conversed, his conversation was addressed to her; and the evident absence of mind he occasionally betrayed, and all the change in his manner, seemed to have been caused by her

ladyship's appearance. Some sage philosophers know little more of cause and effect than that the one precedes the other; no wonder then that Rosamond, not famous for the accuracy of her reasoning, should, in this instance, be misled by appearances. To support her character for prudence, she determined not to seem to observe what passed, and not to mention her suspicions to her sister; who, as she remarked, was sensible of the count's altered manner; and who, as she rightly conjectured, did not perceive it with indifference. The accomplishments, good sense, and exalted sentiments of count Altenberg, and the marked attentions he had paid her, had made an unusual impression on the mind of Caroline. He had never declared his love, but involuntarily it had betrayed itself on several occasions. Insensibly Caroline was thus led to feel for him more than she dared to avow even to herself, when the sudden change in his manner awakened her from this delightful forgetfulness of every object that was unconnected with her new feelings, and suddenly arrested her steps as she seemed entering the paradise of love and hope.

At night, when they were retiring to rest, and Caroline and Rosamond were in their mother's room, Rosamond, unable longer to keep her prudent silence, gave vent to her indignation against count Altenberg in general reflections upon the fickleness of man. Even men of the best understanding were, she said, but children of a larger growth—pleased with change—preferring always the newest to the fairest, or the best. Caroline did not accede to these accusations.

Rosamond, astonished and provoked, exclaimed, "Is it possible that you are so blind as not to see that count Altenberg——" Rosamond stopped short, for she saw Caroline's colour change. She stood beside her mother motionless, and with her eyes fixed on the ground. Rosamond moved a chair towards her.

"Sit down, my dear love," said her mother, tenderly taking Caroline's hand—"sit down and compose yourself."

"My dear mother, you required one, and but one promise from me—I gave it you, firmly intending to keep it; and yet I fear that you will think I have broken it. I promised to tell you whenever I felt the first symptom of preference for any person. I did not know my own mind till this day. Indeed I thought I felt nothing but what every body else expressed, esteem and admiration."

"In common minds," replied Mrs. Percy, "esteem and admiration may be very safely distant from love; but in such a mind as yours, Caroline, the step from perfect esteem to love is dangerously near—scarcely perceptible."

"Why dangerously?" cried Rosamond: "why should not perfect love follow perfect esteem? that is the very thing I desire for Caroline. I am sure he is attached to her, and he is all we could wish for her, and——"

"Stop!" cried Caroline. "Oh! my dear sister! as you wish me to be good and happy, name him to me no more—for it cannot be."

"Why?" exclaimed Rosamond, with a look of

dismay: "Why cannot it be? It can, it must—it shall be."

Caroline sighed, and turning from her sister, as if she dreaded to listen to her, she repeated, "No;—I will not flatter myself—I see that it cannot be—I have observed the change in his manner. The pain it gave me first awakened me to the state of my own affections. I have given you some proof of sincerity by speaking thus immediately of the impression made on my mind. You will acknowledge the effort was difficult.—Mother, will you answer me one question—which I am afraid to ask—did you, or do you think that any body else perceived my sentiments by my manner?" Caroline paused, and her mother and sister set her heart at ease on that point.

"After all," said Rosamond, addressing herself to her mother, "I may be mistaken in what I hinted about count Altenberg. I own I thought the change in his manner arose from lady Florence Pembroke—I am sorry I said any thing of it—I dare say when he sees more of her—she is very pretty, very pleasing, very elegant, and amiable, no doubt; but surely, in comparison with Caroline—but I am not certain that there is any rivalry in the case."

"I am certain that there shall be none," said Caroline. "How extraordinary it is that the best, the noblest, the most delightful feelings of the heart, may lead to the meanest, the most odious! I have, within a few hours, felt enough to be aware of this. I will leave nothing to chance. A woman should never expose herself to any hazard. I will preserve my peace of mind, my own' esteem. I will preserve my dear

and excellent friends; and that I may preserve some of them, I am sensible that I must now quit them."

Mrs. Percy was going to speak, but Rosamond interposed.

"Oh! what have I done!" exclaimed she: "Imprudent creature that I was, why did I speak? why did I open your eyes, Caroline? I had resolved not to say a single word of the change I perceived in the count."

"And did you think I should not perceive it?" said Caroline. "Oh, you little know how quickly—the first look—the first tone of his voice——But of that I will think no more. Only let me assure you, that you, my dear Rosamond, did no harm—it was not what any body said that alarmed me: before you pointed it out, I had felt that change in his manner, for which I cannot account."

"You cannot account?—Can you doubt that lady Florence is the cause?" said Rosamond.

"Yes, I have great doubts," said Caroline.

"So have I," said Mrs. Percy.

"I cannot believe," said Caroline, "that a man of his sense and character would be so suddenly captivated: I do not mean to detract from lady Florence's merits, but before they could make the impression you suspect on count Altenberg there must have been time for them to be known and appreciated. Shall I go on, and tell you all that has passed in my mind? Yes, my mother and sister should see me as I am—perhaps under the delusion of vanity—or self-love—or——But if I am wrong, you will set me right—you will help me to set myself right: it has never

been declared in words, therefore perhaps I am vain and presumptuous to believe or to imagine—yet I do feel persuaded that I am preferred—that I am——”

“Loved! O yes!” said Rosamond, “a thousand times I have thought so, I have felt certain, that count Altenberg loved you; but now I am convinced, alas! of my mistake—convinced at least that his love is of that light, changeable sort, which is not worth having—not worth your having.”

“That last,” cried Caroline, “I can never believe.” She stopped, and blushed deeply. “What does my mother say?” added she, in a timid voice.

“My mother, I am sure, thought once that he loved Caroline—did not you, mother?” said Rosamond.

“Yes, my dear,” answered Mrs. Percy, “I have thought so, and I am not yet convinced that we were mistaken; but I entirely agree with Caroline that this is a subject upon which we ought not to let our thoughts dwell.”

“Oh! so I have thought, so I have said on former occasions, how often, how sincerely!” said Caroline. “But this is the first time I ever felt it difficult to practise what I know to be wise and right. Mother, I beg it as a favour that you will take me away from this place—this place, where but yesterday I thought myself so happy!”

“But why, Caroline—why, mother, should she do this?” expostulated Rosamond. “If she thinks, if you think that he loves her, if you do not believe that he has changed, if you do not believe that he is struck with a new face, why should Caroline go

For Heaven's sake do not take her away till you are sure that it is necessary."

"I will be guided by her opinion," said Mrs. Percy; "I can depend entirely on her own prudence."

"Indeed, I think it will be most prudent that I should not indulge myself in staying longer," said Caroline. "From what I have seen of count Altenberg, we have reason to think that he acts in general from wise and good motives. We should therefore believe that in the present instance his motives are good and adequate—I cannot suspect that he acts from caprice: what the nature of the obstacle may be, I can only guess; but I am inclined to think that some opposing duty——"

"His duty," said Rosamond, "I suppose he must have known before to-day. What new duty can he have discovered? No, no; men are not so very apt in love matters to think of opposing duties as women do: much more likely that he has heard something to your disadvantage, Caroline, from the Falconers. I can tell you that lady Frances Arlington gave me a hint that strange things had been said, and great pains taken to misrepresent you to the count."

"If injurious representations have been made of me to him," replied Caroline, "he will in time discover the falsehood of such report; or, if he believe them without examination, he is not what I imagine him to be. No; I am convinced he has too noble a mind, too just an understanding, to be misled by calumny."

Mrs. Percy declared she was decidedly of this opinion. "The obstacle, whatever it may be, my

dear mother," continued Caroline, with the earnest tone and expression of countenance of a person of strong mind, at once feeling and thinking deeply, "the difficulty, whatever it is, must be either such as time will obviate or increase; the obstacle must be either conquerable or unconquerable: if he love me, as I thought he did, if he have the energy of character I think he possesses, he will conquer it, if it can be conquered; if it be unconquerable, what misery, what madness, to suffer my affections to be irrevocably engaged! or what base vanity to wish, if it were in my power, to inspire him with an unhappy passion! Then, in every point of view, mother, surely it is best that I should leave this—dangerous place," said Caroline, smiling. "Yet you are both so happy here, I am sorry to be the cause."

"My love," said her mother, "to us all things are trifles, compared with what it is right and becoming that you should do. I entirely approve and applaud your prudence and resolution: what you desire shall be done as soon as possible. We will go home to-morrow morning."

"But, my dear ma'am! so suddenly! consider," cried Rosamond, "how very strange this will appear to Mrs. Hungerford, and to every body!"

"My dear Rosamond; these are some of the small difficulties, the false delicacies, which so often prevent people from doing what is right, or what is essentially necessary for the security of the peace and happiness of their whole lives," said Mrs. Percy.

"That is true," replied Rosamond; "and I do not object to doing the thing, but I only wish we had

some good, decent excuse for running away: you don't expect that Mrs. Hungerford will part with you without remonstrance, without struggle, without even inquiring, why you must run away? I am sure I hope she will not ask me, for I am not prepared with an answer, and my face would never do, and would give way at the first glance of her penetrating eye—what will you say to Mrs. Hungerford?"

"The truth," replied Caroline. "Mrs. Hungerford has ever treated me with so much kindness, has shown me so much affection and esteem, feels such a warm interest in all that concerns me, and is herself of so noble a character, that she commands my entire confidence—and she shall have it without reserve. Since my mother agrees with me in thinking that lady Florence has not been in any degree the cause of the change of manner we have observed, there can be no impropriety on that account in our speaking of the subject to Mrs. Hungerford. It may be painful, humiliating—but what is meant by confidence, by openness towards our friends?—We are all of us ready enough to confess our virtues," said she, smiling; "but our weaknesses, what humbles our pride to acknowledge, we are apt to find some delicate reason for keeping secret. Mother, if you do not disapprove of it, I wish you to tell Mrs. Hungerford the whole truth."

Mrs. Percy entirely approved of Caroline's placing confidence in this excellent friend. She observed, that this was very different from the girlish gossiping sort of *confidences*, which are made often from one young lady to another, merely from the want of

something to say, or the pleasure of prattling about love, or the hope of being encouraged by some weak young friend, to indulge some foolish passion.

The next morning, before Mrs. Hungerford had left her apartment, Mrs. Percy went to her, and explained the reasons which induced Caroline to refuse herself the pleasure of prolonging her visit at Hungerford Castle.

Mrs. Hungerford was touched by the confidence which Caroline placed in her. "Believe me," said she, "it is not misplaced—I feel all its value. And must I lose her? I never parted with her without regret, and that regret increases the more I see of her. I almost forget that she is not my own, till I am called upon to relinquish her: but much as I value her, much as I enjoy her society, I cannot be so selfish as to wish to detain her when her peace of mind is at stake. How few, how very few are there, of all the various young women I know, who would have the good sense and resolution, I will say it, the integrity of mind, to act as she does! There is usually some sentimental casuistry, some cowardly fear, or lingering hope, that prevents young people in these circumstances from doing the plain right thing—any thing but the plain right thing they are ready to do—and there is always some delicate reason for not telling the truth, especially to their friends; but *our* daughters, Mrs. Percy, are above these things." With respect to count Altenberg, Mrs. Hungerford said, that, from many observations she had made, she felt no doubt of his being strongly attached to Caroline. "Their characters, their understandings, are

suiting to each other; they have the same high views, the same magnanimity. With one exception—you must allow a mother's partiality to make an exception in favour of her own son—with one exception, Count Altenberg is the man of all others to whom I could wish to see Caroline united. I never till yesterday doubted that it would be; but I was as much struck with the change in his manner as you have been. I agree with Caroline, that some obstacle, probably of duty, has arisen, and I hope—but no, I will imitate her example, and as you tell me she forbids herself to hope, so will I—if possible. At all events she raises herself, high as she was in my esteem, still higher by her present conduct. Tell her so, my dear Mrs. Percy—you, her mother, may give this praise, without hurting her delicacy; and tell her, that, old as I am, I have not forgotten so completely the feelings of my youth, as not to be aware that suspense in some situations is the worst of evils. She may be assured that my attention shall be as much awake as even her mother's could be—and when any thing that I think important or decisive occurs, she shall hear from me immediately, or see me, unless I should lose the use of my limbs, or my faculties.”

A messenger came to summon Mrs. Hungerford to breakfast—soon afterwards a ride was proposed by Mrs. Mortimer. Count Altenberg was to be one of this party, and he looked for a moment surprised and disappointed, when he found that Caroline was not going with them; but he forbore to ask why she did not ride, and endeavoured to occupy himself solely in helping Mrs. Mortimer to mount her horse—Rosa-

mond was glad to perceive that he did not well know what he was doing.

Before they returned from their ride, the Percys were on their way to the Hills. Till this moment the sight of home, even after a short absence, had, on returning to it, always been delightful to Caroline; but now, for the first time in her life, every object seemed to have lost its brightness. In the stillness of retirement, which she used to love, she felt something sad and lifeless. The favourite glade, which formerly she thought the very spot so beautifully described by Dryden, as the scene of his "Flower and the Leaf," even this she found had lost its charm. New to love, Caroline was not till now aware, that it throws a radiance upon every object, which, when passed away, seems to leave all nature changed.

To banish recollections which she knew that she ought not to indulge, she employed herself unremittingly. But her mind did not turn with its wonted energy to her occupations, nor was it acted upon by those small motives of ordinary life by which it had formerly been excited. When reading, her thoughts would wander even from her favourite authors: every subject they discussed would remind her of some conversation that had passed at Hungerford Castle; some coincidence or difference of opinion would lead her to digress; some observation more just or more striking; some better expression, or some expression which pleased her better than the author's, would occur, and the book was laid down. These digressions of fancy were yet more frequent when she was endeavouring to fix her attention to drawing, needle-

work, or to any other sedentary employment. Exercise she found useful. She spent more time than usual in planting and in gardening—a simple remedy; but practical philosophy frequently finds those simple remedies the best which Providence has put within the reach of all.

One morning, soon after her return home, when she was alone and busy in her garden, she heard voices at a distance; as they approached nearer, she thought she distinguished Mrs. Hungerford's. She listened, and looked towards the path whence the voices had come. All was silent—but, a minute afterwards, she saw Mrs. Hungerford coming through the narrow path in the thicket: Caroline at first sprang forward to meet her, then stopped short, her heart beating violently—she thought that, perhaps, Mrs. Hungerford was accompanied by count Altenberg; but she was alone. Ashamed of the hope which had glanced across her mind, and of the sudden stop which had betrayed her thoughts, Caroline now went forward, blushing.

Mrs. Hungerford embraced her with tenderness, and then assuming a cheerful tone, “Your mother and sister wanted to persuade me,” said she, “that I should never find my way to you—but I insisted upon it that I could. Had I not the instinct of a true friend to guide me?—So now let me sit down and rest myself on this pretty seat—a very comfortable throne!—and that is saying much for a throne. So these are your territories?” continued she, looking round, and talking with an air of playfulness, to give Caroline time to recover herself.

“Why did you never invite me to your garden?—

Perhaps, you think me a mere fire-side, arm-chair old woman, dead to all the beauties of nature; but I can assure you that I have, all my life, from principle, cultivated this taste, which I think peculiarly suited to women, salutary not only to their health, but to their happiness and their virtues—their domestic virtues, increasing the interest they take in their homes, heightening those feelings of associated pleasure which extend from persons to places, and which are at once a proof of the strength of early attachments and a security for their continuance to the latest period of life. Our friend, count Altenberg, was observing to me the other day that we Englishwomen, among our other advantages, from our modes of life, from our spending so many months of the year in the country, have more opportunity of forming and indulging these tastes than is usual among foreign ladies in the same rank of life. Fortunately for us, we are not like Mr. Clay's French countess, or duchess, who declared that she hated innocent pleasures."

After mentioning French Clay, Mrs. Hungerford passed to a comparison between him and count Altenberg. She had met Mr. Clay in town, and disliked him. "He is an Englishman only by birth, and a Frenchman only by affectation; count Altenberg, on the contrary, a foreigner by birth, has all the tastes and principles that make him worthy to be an Englishman. I am convinced that, if he had liberty of choice, he would prefer residing in England to living in any country in the world. Indeed, he expressed that sentiment at parting from us yesterday."

“ He is gone then,” said Caroline.

“ He is, my love.”

Caroline wished to ask where? and whether he was gone for ever? Yet she continued silent—and became extremely pale.

Mrs. Hungerford, without appearing to take any notice of her emotion, continued, and answered all the questions which she wished to ask.

“ He is gone back to Germany to his own court—recalled, as he told me, by some imperious duty.”

Caroline revived.

“ So far you see, my dear, we were right, as those usually are who judge from general principles. It was not, indeed, to be credited,” continued Mrs. Hungerford, “ that a man of his character and understanding should act merely from caprice. What the nature of the duty may be, whether relating to his duty as a public or a private man, he did not explain—the latter, I fear: I apprehend some engagement, that will prevent his return to England. In this case he has done most honourably, at whatever risk or pain to himself, to avoid any attempt to engage your affections, my dear; and you have, in these trying circumstances, acted as becomes your sex and yourself.”

“ I hope so,” said Caroline, timidly: “ my mother and Rosamond endeavoured to re-assure me on one point—you have seen more since, and must therefore be better able to judge—count Altenberg has none of that presumption of manner which puts a woman upon her guard against his *inferences*. But, in secret, do you think he ever suspected——”

“ I cannot, my love, tell what passes in the secret recesses of man’s heart—much more difficult to penetrate than woman’s,” replied Mrs. Hungerford, smiling. “ But let this satisfy you—by no word, hint, or look, could I ever guess that he had formed such a hope. Of your whole family he spoke in terms of the highest regard. Of you he dared not trust himself to say much; but the little he did venture to say was expressive of the highest respect and esteem: more he did not, and ought not, I am convinced, to have allowed himself.”

“ I am satisfied—quite satisfied,” said Caroline, relieving her heart by a deep sigh; “ and I thank you, my kind Mrs. Hungerford. You have put this subject at rest for ever in my mind. If count Altenberg *can* love me with honour, he will; if he cannot, Heaven forbid I should wish it!”

From this time forward Caroline never spoke more upon the subject, never mentioned the name of count Altenberg. She exerted all the strong command she possessed over herself to conquer the languor and indolence to which she had found herself disposed.

It is a difficult task to restore what may be called the tone of the mind, to recover the power of being acted upon by common and every day motives, after sensibility has been unusually excited. Where the affections have been deeply and long engaged, this is a task which the most severe philosophy cannot accomplish without the aid of time—and of that superior power which it would be irreverent here to name.

By using no concealment with her friends, by per-

mitting no self-delusion, by having the courage to confess the first symptom of partiality of which she was conscious, Caroline put it out of her own power to nourish a preference into a passion which must ultimately have made herself and her friends unhappy. Beside the advantages which she derived from her literary tastes, and her habits of varying her occupations, she at this time found great resources in her warm and affectionate attachment to her own family.

She had never yet arrived at that state of *egoism*, which marks the height of passion, when all interests and affections sink and vanish before one exclusive and tyrant sentiment.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN count Altenberg went to London to obtain his passports, he went to pay his parting respects to lord Oldborough, whose talents and uncommon character had made an indelible impression on his mind.

When he asked whether his lordship had any commands that he could execute at his own court, he was surprised by receiving at once a commission of a difficult and delicate nature. Lord Oldborough, whose penetration had seen into count Altenberg's character, and who knew how and when to trust, though he was supposed to be the most reserved of men, confided to

the count his dissatisfaction with the proceedings of Cunningham Falconer; his suspicions that the envoy was playing double, and endeavouring to ingratiate himself abroad and at home with a party inimical to his lordship's interests.

“Diplomatists are all, more or less, insincere,” said lord Oldborough. “But to have chosen an envoy who joins ingratitude to duplicity would reflect no credit upon the minister by whom he was appointed. Were I speaking to a common person, I should not admit the possibility of my having committed such an error. But count Altenberg will judge by the whole, and not by a part. He knows that every man *in power* is sometimes the slave of circumstances. This Cunningham Falconer—all these Falconers were forced upon me—how, it is of little consequence to you to hear. It is sufficient for me to assure you, count, that it was not my judgment that erred. Now the necessity has ceased. By other means my purpose has been accomplished. The Falconers are useless to me. But I will not abandon those whom I have undertaken to protect, till I have proof of their perfidy.”

Lord Oldborough then explained the points on which he desired to inform himself before he should decide with regard to Cunningham. Count Altenberg undertook to procure for his lordship the means of ascertaining the fidelity of his envoy; and lord Oldborough then turned the conversation on general politics. He soon perceived that the count was not as much interested in these subjects as formerly. At

parting, lord Oldborough smiled, and said, " You have been, since I saw you last, count Altenberg, too much in the company of a philosopher, who prefers the happiness of a country gentleman's life to the glory of a statesman's career. But height will soon recall high thoughts. Ambition is not dead, only dormant within you. It will, I hope and trust, make you in time the minister and pride of your country. In this hope I bid you farewell."

Commissioner Falconer having been told by one of the people in the antechamber that count Altenberg had arrived, and was now with the minister, waited anxiously to see him, caught him in his way out, and eagerly pressed an invitation from Mrs. Falconer to dine or spend the evening with them—but the count had now his passports, and pleaded the absolute necessity for his immediately setting out on his return to his own country. The commissioner, from a word or two that he hazarded upon the subject, had the vexation to perceive that his hopes of engaging count Altenberg to assist the views of his son Cunningham were vain, and he regretted that he had wasted so much civility upon a foreigner who would make him no return.

Miss Georgiana Falconer's mortification at the count's leaving England was much alleviated by finding that he had not been detained by the charms of miss Caroline Percy, and she was almost consoled for losing the prize herself, by seeing that it had not been won by her rival. Mrs. Falconer, too, though she had long abandoned all hopes of the count as a son-in-law,

yet rejoiced to be spared the humiliation of writing to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Percy upon the marriage and splendid establishment of their daughter.

“After all, how ill they have managed,” said Mrs. Falconer; “the game was in their own hands. Certainly Mrs. Percy must be the worst mother in the world, and the daughter, with all her sense, a perfect simpleton, or they might have made up the match when they had the count to themselves at Hungerford Castle.”

“I told you long ago, but you would never believe, Mrs. Falconer,” cried the commissioner, “that count Altenberg’s ruling passion was ambition, and that he was not the least likely to fall in love, as you ladies call it. The old prince of —— is going fast, and count Altenberg’s father has sent for him, that he may be on the spot to secure his favour with the hereditary prince—I am sure I hope count Altenberg will not be minister; for, from the few words he said to me just now when I met him, he will not enter into my views with regard to Cunningham.”

“No, those political visions of yours, commissioner, seldom end in any thing but disappointment,” said Mrs. Falconer. “I always said it would be so.”

Then followed a scene of recrimination, such as was the usual consequence of the failure of any of the plans of this intriguing pair.

“And, Mrs. Falconer,” concluded the commissioner, “I augur as ill of your present scheme for Georgiana as I did of the last. You will find that all your dinners and concerts will be just as much thrown away upon the two Clays as your balls and plays were

upon count Altenberg. And this is the way, ma'am, you go on, plunging me deeper and deeper in debt," said the commissioner, walking about the room much disturbed. "If any thing was to go wrong with lord Oldborough, what would become of us!"

"My dear, that is a very unseasonable apprehension; for lord Oldborough, as I hear on all sides, is firmer in power now than he ever was—of that, you know, you were but yesterday giving me assurance and proof. His favour, you know, is so high, that all who were leagued against him in that combination he detected were, in consequence of his lordship's letter, instantly dismissed from office: his colleagues are now of his choosing—the cabinet, I understand, completely his own friends. What more security can you desire?"

"You don't understand me, Mrs. Falconer: I am not thinking of the security of lord Oldborough's power—of that, after all I have seen, I can have no doubt; but I am not so sure of——"

"*The continuance of my own favour,*" he was going to say, but it was painful to him to utter the words, and he had a superstitious dread, common to courtiers, of speaking of their decline of favour. Besides, he knew that reproaches for want of address in managing lord Oldborough's humour would immediately follow from Mrs. Falconer, if he gave any hint of this kind; and on his address the commissioner piqued himself, not without reason. Abruptly changing his tone, and taking that air of authority which every now and then he thought fit to assume, he said, "Mrs. Falconer, there's one thing I won't

allow—I won't allow Georgiana and you to make a fool of young Petcalf."

"By no means, my love; but if he makes a fool of himself, you know?"

"Mrs. Falconer, you recollect the transaction about the draught."

"For Zara's dress?"

"Yes, ma'am. The condition you made then in my name with Georgiana I hold her to, and I expect that she be prepared to be Mrs. Petcalf within the year."

"I told her so, my dear, and she acquiesces—she submits—she is ready to obey—if nothing better offers."

"If—Ay, there it is!—All the time I know you are looking to the Clays; and if they fail, somebody else will start up, whom you will think a better match than Petcalf, and all these people are to be *fêted*, and so you will go on wasting my money and your own time. Petcalf will run restive at last, you will lose him, and I shall have Georgiana left upon my hands after all."

"No danger, my dear. My principle is the most satisfactory and secure imaginable. To have a number of tickets in the wheel—then, if one comes up a blank, still you have a chance of a prize in the next. Only have patience, Mr. Falconer."

"Patience! my dear: how can a man have patience, when he has seen the same thing going on for years? And I have said the same thing to you over and over a hundred times, Mrs. Falconer."

"A hundred times at least, I grant, and that, per-

haps, is enough to try my patience you'll allow, and yet, you see, how reasonable I am. I have only to repeat what is incontrovertible, that when a girl has been brought up, and has lived in a certain line, you must push her in that line, for she will not do in any other. You must be sensible that no mere country gentleman would ever think of Georgiana—we must push her in the line for which she is fit—the fashionable line."

"Push! Bless my soul, ma'am! you have been pushing one or other of those girls ever since they were in their teens, but your pushing signifies nothing. The men, don't you see, back as fast as the women advance?"

"Coarse!—Too coarse an observation for you, commissioner!" said Mrs. Falconer, with admirable temper; "but when men are angry, they will say more than they think."

"Ma'am, I don't say half as much as I think—ever."

"Indeed!—That is a candid confession, for which I owe you credit, at all events."

"It's a foolish game—it's a foolish game—it's a losing game," continued the commissioner; "and you will play it till we are ruined."

"Not a losing game if it be played with temper and spirit. Many throw up the game like cowards, when, if they had but had courage to double the bet, they would have made their fortune."

"Pshaw! Pshaw!" said the commissioner: "Can you double your girls' beauty? can you double their fortune?"

“Fashion stands in the place both of beauty and fortune, Mr. Falconer; and fashion, my girls, I hope you will allow, enjoy.”

“Enjoy! What signifies that? Fashion, you told me, was to win count Altenberg—has it won him? Are we one bit the better for the expence we were at in all those entertainments?”

“All that, or most of it—at least the popularity-ball—must be set down to lord Oldborough’s account; and that is your affair, commissioner.”

“And the play, and the play-house, and the dresses! Was Zara’s dress my affair? Did I not tell you, you were wasting your time upon that man?”

“No waste, nothing has been wasted, my dear commissioner; believe me, even in point of economy we could not have laid out money better; for at a trifling expence we have obtained for Georgiana the credit of having refused count Altenberg. Lady Kew and lady Trant have spread the report. You know it is not my business to speak—and now the count is gone who can contradict it with any propriety?—The thing is universally believed. Every body is talking of it, and the consequence is, Georgiana is more in fashion now than ever she was. There’s a proposal I had for her this morning,” said Mrs. Falconer, throwing a letter carelessly before the commissioner.

“A proposal! That is something worth attending to,” said the commissioner, putting on his spectacles.

“No, nothing worth our attention,” said Mrs.

Falconer, "only eighteen hundred a year, which, you know, Georgiana could not possibly live upon."

"Better than nothing, surely," said the commissioner; "let me see."

"Not better than Petcalf, not within a thousand a year so good, putting Asia Minor out of the question. So, you know, I could not hesitate an instant."

"But I hope your answer was very civil. People are not aware what dangerous enemies they make on these occasions," said Mr. Falconer: "I hope your answer was very polite."

"Oh! the pink of courtesy," said Mrs. Falconer. "I lamented that my daughter's fortune was so small as to put it out of her power, &c., and I added a great deal about *merit*, and the *honour done our family*, and so on. But I wonder the man had the assurance to propose for Georgiana, when he had nothing better to say for himself."

"Petcalf, to be sure, if the general dies, is a thousand a year better. I believe you are right there," said Mr. Falconer; and with an air of calculating consideration, he took up a pen.

"But what are you about, commissioner? going to write on that letter, as if it was waste paper?" said Mrs. Falconer, starting up, and taking it hastily from him: "I must have it for lady Trant, lady Kew, and some more of our intimate friends, that they may be able to say they have seen the proposal; for mothers and daughters too, in these days, are so apt to boast, that it is quite necessary to have some written document to produce, and there's no going beyond *that*."

“Certainly—quite necessary. And what written document,” said the commissioner, smiling, “have you to produce in the case of count Altenberg?”

“Oh! that is another affair,” said Mrs. Falconer, smiling in her turn. “One must not in all cases have recourse to the same expedients. Besides, if we produce our proofs on one occasion, we shall depend upon having our word taken on trust another time; and it would be too much to make a practice of showing gentlemen’s letters: it is not what I should always do—certainly not with regard to a man of count Altenberg’s rank and pretensions, who merits to be treated with somewhat more consideration, surely, than a man who hazards such a proposal as this. I merely produced it to show you that Georgiana is in no absolute distress for admirers. And now, my dear, I must trouble you—those public singers are terribly expensive; yet at a concert we must have them, and one cannot have them without coming up to their price—I must trouble you to sign this draught, for our concert last week,”

“Now, Mrs. Falconer, I have signed it,” cried the commissioner, “and it is the last, for a similar purpose, I ever will sign—upon my honour.”

“I have invited every body to a concert here next week,” said Mrs. Falconer: “What can I do?”

“Do as others do,” said the commissioner; “let these musical professors give a concert at your house: then, instead of paying them, you share their profits, and you have the best company at your house into the bargain.”

“Such things are done, I know,” said Mrs. Fal-

coner, "and by people of rank; but lady Jane Granville would not do it, when she was more distressed for money than we are, and I know many say it is what they would not do."

"It must be done by you, Mrs. Falconer, or you must give up having concerts altogether," said the commissioner, leaving the room.

To give up concerts was quite impossible, especially as French Clay was, or pretended to be, passionately fond of music, and it was at her musical parties that he never failed to attend assiduously. The next concert was given by a celebrated performer at Mrs. Falconer's house, and she and the singers shared the profit. To such meanness can the slaves of fashion condescend!

At this concert it happened that there was a new and remarkably handsome, graceful, female Italian singer, who was much admired by all the gentlemen present, and particularly by French Clay, who had set up, with little ear, and less taste, for a great judge of music. He was ambitious of appearing as the patron of this young performer. He went about every where talking of her in raptures, and making interest for her with all the great people of his acquaintance. Her own voice and her own charms needed not the protection of Mr. Clay; from the night she was first produced at Mrs. Falconer's, she became at once the height of the fashion. Every body was eager to have her at their parties, especially as she had never yet been upon the stage. Admirers crowded round her, and among them were many of rank and fortune: an old earl and a young baronet were of the number.

The ardour of competition so much increased the zeal of French Clay, that what was at first only affectation became real enthusiasm. He was resolved to win the lady from all his rivals. He had frequent opportunities of seeing her at Mrs. Falconer's, where he appeared always in glory as her patron.

Seraphina, the fair Italian, considering Mrs. Falconer as her first patroness, made it a point of gratitude to hold her concerts frequently at her house. Mrs. Falconer was proud of the distinction. Fresh eclat was thrown upon her and upon her daughters.

French Clay was always near miss Georgiana Falconer, or near Seraphina; and he applauded each by turns with all the raptures of an amateur. Mrs. Falconer saw that rivalry with the old earl and the young baronet had worked Mr. Clay into a passion for Seraphina; but she thought she knew how a passion for a singer must end, and as this did not interfere with her matrimonial designs, it gave her little inquietude. Bets ran high in the fashionable world upon the three candidates. Mrs. Falconer had no doubt that the old earl would carry off the prize, as he was extremely rich, and was ready to make any settlement and any establishment. Her prophecy would, probably, have been accomplished, but that French Clay, strongly urged by the immediate danger of losing the lady, and flattered by Seraphina's mother, who, in another style of life, was equal to Mrs. Falconer in address and knowledge of the world, was drawn in to offer what alone could balance the charms of the baronet's youth and of the earl's wealth—a week after the offer was made, Seraphina became

Mrs. French Clay. Upon this marriage commissioner Falconer hastened immediately to reproach his wife.

“There! Mrs. Falconer, I told you it would never do—There is another son-in-law who has escaped you!”

Never did Mrs. Falconer’s genius appear so great as in circumstances which would have confounded one of inferior resource. It is true, she had been thrown into surprise and consternation by the first news of this marriage; but by an able stroke she had turned defeat to victory. With a calm air of triumph she replied to her husband, “I beg your pardon, Mr. Falconer,—French Clay was only my ostensible object: I should have been very sorry to have had him for my son-in-law; for, though it is a secret, I know that he is overwhelmed with debt. The son-in-law I really wished for has not escaped me, sir—the elder brother, English Clay—Clay, of Clay-hall, I apprehend, you will allow, is rather a better match for your daughter; and his proposal for Georgiana, his relation, lady Trant, was last night authorized to make to me in form. And now, commissioner, there is an end of your fears that your daughter should be left, at last, upon your hands; and now, I flatter myself, you will acknowledge that I always knew what I was about—mistress of Clay-hall, and of seven thousand a year—I think that is doing pretty well for a girl who has nothing.”

The commissioner was so much delighted, that he willingly permitted his lady to enjoy her triumph over him.

“Now only consider, commissioner,” she pursued, “if I had huddled up that match with Petcalf!—Petcalf, I’ll answer for it, in case of necessity, that is, in case of any difficulty on the part of sir Robert Percy, I can turn over to Bell. Poor Petcalf!” added she, with a smile: “I really have a regard for that everlasting partner, and wish to leave him a chance of being partner for life to one of my daughters. I am sure he has reason to be excessively obliged to me for thinking of him at this moment—I must go to Georgiana and talk about wedding-clothes, laces, jewels, equipages—Mr. Clay, of Clay-hall, piques himself upon having every thing the best of its kind, and in the highest style—Happy—happy girl!”

“Happy—happy father, who has got her off his hands!” cried the commissioner.

“’Twas my doing—’twas all my doing!” said Mrs. Falconer.

“It was, my dear; and how was it brought about?” said Mr. Falconer: “stay one minute from the wedding-clothes, and tell me.”

Mrs. Falconer returned, and in the pride of successful intrigue explained all—that is, all she chose that her husband should know.

Lady Trant was Mr. Clay’s near relation, and Mrs. Falconer’s intimate friend—how she had engaged her ladyship so zealously in her cause was the point which Mrs. Falconer did not choose to explain, and into which the commissioner never thought of inquiring. There are moments, in which the most selfish may be betrayed into a belief that others act from generous motives; and the very principles, which

they hold infallible applied to all other cases, they think admit in their own of an exception: so commissioner Falconer, notwithstanding his knowledge of the world, and his knowledge of himself, took it for granted, that, in this instance, lady Trant acted from the impulse of disinterested friendship. This point happily admitted without question, all the rest Mrs. Falconer could satisfactorily explain. Lady Trant being a friend she could trust entirely, Mrs. Falconer had opened her mind to her ladyship, and, by her suggestion, lady Trant had seized the happy moment when English Clay was enraged against his brother for his strange marriage, and had deplored that Clay-hall, and the fine estate belonging to it, should go to the children of an Italian singer: English Clay took fresh fire at this idea, and swore that, much as he hated the notion of a wife and children, he had a great mind to marry on purpose to punish his brother, and to cut him off, as he deserved, for ever from Clay-hall. Lady Trant commended his spirit, and urged him to put his resolution into execution—English Clay, however, balked a little at this: women nowadays, he said, were so cursed expensive, that scarce any fortune could suffice for a wife, and horses, and all in style; and as to taking a wife, who would not be of a piece with the rest of his establishment, that was what he was not the man to do. Lady Trant answered, that of course he would wish to have a fashionable wife; that was the only thing that was wanting to make Clay-hall complete.

“But then an establishment that was quite correct,

and in the first style for a bachelor, would be quite incorrect for a married man, and every thing to do over again."

"True; but then to grow into an old bachelor, and to hear every body saying, or to know that every body is saying behind your back, 'He will never marry, you know; and all his estate will go to his brother, or the children of Seraphina, the singer.'"

There are some men who might feel tired of having the same idea repeated, and the self-same words reiterated; but English Clay was not of the number: on the contrary, repetition was necessary, in the first place, to give his mind time to take in an idea; and afterwards, reiteration was agreeable, as it impressed him with a sense of conviction without the trouble of thought. After Lady Trant had reiterated a sufficient time, he assented, and declared what her ladyship observed was d——d true; but after a silence of several minutes, he added, "There's such a cursed deal of danger of being *taken in* by a woman, especially by one of those fashionable girls, who are all in the catch-match line." Lady Trant, who had been well tutored and prepared with replies by Mrs. Falconer, answered that as Mr. Clay, of Clay-hall, had a fortune that entitled him to ask any woman, so he was, for the same reason, at full liberty to please himself; and though family connexion and fashion would of course be indispensable to him, yet money could be no object to a man of his fortune—he was not like many needy young men, obliged to sell themselves for a wife's fortune, to pay old debts: no, lady Trant said, she was sure her relation and friend, Mr. Clay,

of Clay-hall, would never bargain for a wife, and of course, where there was no bargaining there could be no fear of being taken in.

English Clay had never considered the matter in this view before; but now it was pointed out, he confessed it struck him as *very fair*—*very fair*: and his pride, of which he had a comfortable portion, being now touched, he asserted both his disinterestedness and his right to judge and choose in this business entirely for himself. Who had a right to blame him? his fortune was his own, and he would marry a girl without sixpence, if she struck his fancy. Lady Trant supported him in his humour, and he began to name some of the young ladies of his acquaintance: one would look well in a curricule; another would do the honours of his house handsomely; another danced charmingly, and would be a credit to him in a ball-room; another would make a sweet-tempered nurse when he should have the gout: but lady Trant found some objection to every one he mentioned, till, at last, when he had named all he could think of in remainder to his heart, lady Trant proposed miss Georgiana.

But she was intended for his brother.

“ Oh! no.” Lady Trant had very particular reasons for being positive that neither Mrs. nor miss Falconer had ever such an idea, however they might have let it go abroad, perhaps, to conceal their real wishes—miss Georgiana Falconer had refused so many gentlemen—count Altenberg, report said, among others; and it was plain to lady Trant that the young lady could not be easily pleased—that her affections

were not to be engaged very readily: yet she had a notion, she owned, that if——But she was not at liberty to say more. She was only convinced that no girl was more admired than miss Georgiana Falconer, and no woman would do greater credit to the taste of a man of fashion: she had all the requisites Mr. Clay had named: she would look well in a curricule; she would do the honours of his house charmingly; she sung and danced divinely: and lady Trant summed up all by reiterating, that miss Georgiana Falconer never would have married his brother.

This persuasive flattery, combining with English Clay's anger against his brother, had such effect, that he protested, if it was not for the trouble of the thing, he did not care if he married next week. But the making the proposal, and all that, was an awkward, troublesome business, to which he could not bring himself. Lady Trant kindly offered to take all trouble of this sort off his hands—undertook to speak to Mrs. Falconer, if she had his authority for so doing, and engaged that he should be married without any kind of awkwardness or difficulty. In consequence of this assurance, lady Trant was empowered by Mr. Clay to make the proposal, which was received with so much joy and triumph by Mrs. Falconer and by her Georgiana.

But their joy and triumph were not of long duration. In this family, where none of the members of it acted in concert, or well knew what the others were doing,—where each had some separate interest, vanity, or vice, to be pursued or indulged, it often happened that one individual counteracted the other,

and none were willing to abandon their selfish purpose, whether of interest or pleasure. On the present occasion, by a curious concatenation of circumstances, it happened that Buckhurst Falconer, who had formerly been the spoiled darling of his mother, was the person whose interest immediately crossed hers; and if he pursued his object, it must be at the risk of breaking off his sister Georgiana's marriage with English Clay. It is necessary to go back a few steps to trace the progress of Buckhurst Falconer's history. It is a painful task to recapitulate and follow the gradual deterioration of a disposition such as his; to mark the ruin and degradation of a character which, notwithstanding its faults, had a degree of generosity and openness, with a sense of honour and quick feeling, which early in life promised well; and which, but for parental weakness and mistaken system, might have been matured into every thing good and great. After his mother had, by introducing him early to fashionable company, and to a life of idleness and dissipation, disgusted him with the profession of the law, in which, with talents such as his, he might, with application and perseverance, have risen to wealth and eminence—after his father had, by duplicity and tyranny, forced him into that sacred profession for which the young man felt himself unfit, and which his conscience long refused to consider merely as the means of worldly provision—the next step was to send him with a profligate patron, as chaplain to a regiment, notorious for gambling. The first sacrifice of principle made, his sense of honour, duty, and virtue, once abandoned, his natural sensi-

bility only hastened his perversion. He had a high idea of the clerical character; but his past habits and his present duties were in direct opposition. Indeed, in the situation in which he was placed, and with the society into which he was thrown, it would have required more than a common share of civil courage, and all the steadiness of a veteran in virtue, to have withstood the temptations by which he was surrounded. Even if he had possessed sufficient resolution to change his former habits, and to become a good clergyman, his companions and his patron, instead of respecting, would have shunned him as a censor. Unwilling to give up the pleasures of conviviality, and incapable of sustaining the martyrdom of ridicule, Buckhurst Falconer soon abjured all the principles to which he could not adhere—he soon gloried in the open defiance of every thing that he had once held right. Upon all occasions afraid of being supposed to be subject to any restraint as a clergyman, or to be influenced by any of the prejudices of his profession, he strove continually to show his liberality and spirit by daring, both in words and actions, beyond what others dared. He might have been checked and stopped in his career of extravagance by the actual want of money and of credit, had he not unluckily obtained, at this early period, a living, as a reward for saving bishop Clay from being choked: this preferment, obtained in circumstances so ludicrous, afforded him matter of much temporary amusement and triumph; and confirmed him in the idea his father had long laboured to inculcate, that merit was unnecessary to rising in the world or in the church. But however he might endeavour

to blind himself to the truth, and however general opinion was shut out from him for a time by those profligate persons with whom he lived, yet he could not help now and then seeing and feeling that he had lost respectability; and in the midst of noisy merriment he was often to himself an object of secret and sad contempt. Soon after he was separated for a time from colonel Hauton and his companions, by going to take possession of his living, he made an effort to regain his self-complacency—he endeavoured to distinguish himself as an eloquent preacher.—Ashamed of avowing to his associates better motives, by which he was partly actuated, he protested that he preached only for fame and a deanery. His talents were such as soon accomplished half his wish, and ensured him celebrity—he obtained opportunities of preaching in a fashionable chapel in London—he was prodigiously followed—his theatrical manner, perhaps, increased the effect of his eloquence upon a certain class of his auditors; but the more sober and nice-judging part of his congregation objected to this dramatic art and declamatory style, as tending to draw the attention from the doctrine to the preacher, and to obtain admiration from man more than to do honour to God. This, however, might have passed as a matter of speculative opinion or difference of taste; provided the preacher is believed to be in earnest, the style of his preaching is of little comparative consequence. But the moment he is suspected of being insincere, the moment it is found that he does not practise what he preaches, his power over the rational mind ceases; and to moral feeling such

a clergyman becomes an object, not only of contempt but of disgust and abhorrence. Murmurs were soon heard against the private conduct of the celebrated preacher—perhaps envy for his talents and success mingled her voice with the honest expressions of virtuous indignation. The murmurs grew louder and louder; and Buckhurst Falconer, to avoid having inquiries made and irregularities brought to light, was obliged to yield to a rival preacher of far inferior talents, but of more correct conduct.

Commissioner Falconer was glad that his son was disappointed in this manner, as he thought it would make him more attentive than he had been of late to colonel Hauton; and the living of Chipping-Friars was better worth looking after than the fleeting fame of a popular preacher. Buckhurst, however, still held fame in higher estimation than it had ever been held by his father, who never valued it but as subordinate to interest. But the love of fame, however superior to mercenary habits, affords no security for the stability of conduct; on the contrary, without good sense and resolution, it infallibly accelerates the degeneracy of character. Buckhurst's hopes of obtaining literary celebrity being lost, he sunk another step, and now contented himself with the kind of notoriety which can be gained by a man of talents, who condescends to be the wit of private circles and of public dinners. Still he met with many competitors in this line. In the metropolis, the mendicants for fame, like the professional beggars, portion out the town among them, and whoever ventures to ply beyond his allotted *walk* is immediately jostled and

abused ; and the false pretensions of the wit, and all the tricks to obtain admiration, are as sure to be exposed by some rivals of the trade, as the false legs, arms, and various impostures of the beggar are denounced by the brother-beggar, on whose monopoly he has infringed. Our wit was soon compelled to confine himself to his own *set*, and gradually he degenerated from being the wit to being the good storyteller of the company. A man who lives by pleasing must become whatever the society in which he lives desire. Colonel Hauton and his associates had but little taste for pure wit—low humour and facetious stories were more suited to their capacities—*slang* and buffoonery were their delight. Buckhurst had early become a proficient in all these : the respect due to the clerical character had not restrained him from the exercise of arts for his own amusement, which now he found indispensably requisite for the entertainment of others, and to preserve favour with his patron. Contrary to all calculation, and, as the commissioner said, to all reasonable expectation, the old paralytic incumbent had continued to exist, and so many years had passed since the promise had been made to Buckhurst of this living, the transaction in consequence of which it was promised was now so completely forgotten, that the commissioner feared that colonel Hauton, no longer under the influence of shame, might consider the promise as merely gratuitous, not binding : therefore the cautious father was solicitous that his son should incessantly stick close to the colonel, who, as it was observed, never recollected his absent friends. Buckhurst, though

he knew him to be selfish and silly, yet had no suspicion of his breaking his promise, because he piqued himself on being a man of honour; and little as he cared, in general, for any one but himself, colonel Hauton had often declared that he could not live without Buckhurst Falconer. He was always driving with the colonel, riding, betting with him, or relieving him from the sense of his own inability by making a jest of some person. Buckhurst's talents for mimicry were an infallible resource. In particular he could mimic the two Clays to perfection, could take off the affected tone, foreign airs, and quick talkative vanity of French Clay; and represent the slow, surly reserve, supercilious silence, and solemn self-importance of English Clay. He used to imitate not only their manners, gesture, and voice, but could hold conversations in their characters, fall naturally into their train of thinking and their modes of expression. Once a week, at least, the two Clays were introduced for the amusement of their friend colonel Hauton, who, at the hundredth representation, was as well pleased as at the first, and never failed to "witness his wonder with an idiot laugh," quite unconscious that, the moment afterwards, when he had left the room, this laugh was mimicked for the entertainment of the remainder of the band of friends. It happened one night that Buckhurst Falconer, immediately after colonel Hauton had quitted the party, began to set the table in a roar, by mimicking his laugh, snuffing voice, and silly observations; when, to his utter confusion, his patron, who he thought had left the room, returned

from behind a screen, and resumed his place opposite to Buckhurst. Not Banquo's ghost could have struck more terror into the heart of the guilty. Buckhurst grew pale as death, and sudden silence ensued. Recovering his presence of mind, he thought that it was possible the colonel might be such a fool as not to have recognized himself; so by a wink to one of the company, and a kick under the table to another, he endeavoured to make them join in his attempt to pass off the whole as mimicry of a colonel *Hallerton*. His companions supported him as he continued the farce, and the laughter recommenced. Colonel Hauton filled his glass, and said nothing; by degrees, however, he joined or pretended to join in the laugh, and left the company without Buckhurst's being able exactly to determine whether he had duped him or not. After the colonel was fairly gone,—for this time Buckhurst took care not only to look behind the screen, but even to shut the doors of the antechamber, and to wait till he heard the parting wheels,—they held a conference upon the question—duped or not duped? All agreed in flattering Buckhurst that he had completely succeeded in giving *the colonel the change*, and he was particularly complimented on his address by a Mr. Sloak, chaplain to a nobleman, who was one of the company. There was something of a hypocritical tone in Sloak's voice—something of a doubtful cast in his eyes, which, for a moment, raised in Buckhurst's mind a suspicion of him. But, the next day, colonel Hauton appeared as usual; Buckhurst rode, drove, and jested with him as before; and the whole transaction was, on his part,

forgotten. A month afterwards the rector of Chipping-Friars actually died—commissioner Falconer despatched an express to Buckhurst, who stood beside his bed, with the news, the instant he opened his eyes in the morning. Buckhurst sent the messenger on to colonel Hauton's at the barracks, and before Buckhurst was dressed the colonel's groom brought him an invitation to meet a large party at dinner: "the colonel would be unavoidably engaged, by regimental business, all morning."

Buckhurst's friends and acquaintance now flocked to congratulate him, and, by dinner-time, he had, in imagination, disposed of the second year's tithes, and looked out for a curate to do the duty of Chipping-Friars. The company assembled at dinner, and the colonel seemed in uncommonly good spirits, Buckhurst jovial and triumphant—nothing was said of the living, but every thing was taken for granted. In the middle of dinner the colonel cried "Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses, and drink with me to the health of the new rector of Chipping-Friars." The glasses were filled instantly, all but Buckhurst Falconer's, who, of course, thought he should not drink his own health.

"Mr. Sloak, I have the pleasure to drink your health; Mr. Sloak, rector of Chipping-Friars," cried the patron, raising his voice. "Buckhurst," added he, with a malicious smile, "you do not fill your glass."

Buckhurst sat aghast. "Colonel, is this a jest?"

"A jest?—by G—! no," said the colonel; "I have had enough of jests and jesters."

“ What can this mean ? ”

“ It means,” said the colonel, coolly, “ that idiot as you take me, or make me to be, I’m not fool enough to patronise a mimick to mimick myself ; and, moreover, I have the good of the church too much at heart, to make a *rector* of one who has no rectitude—I can have my pun, too.”

The laugh was instantly turned against Buckhurst. Starting from table, he looked alternately at colonel Hauton and at Mr. Sloak, and could scarcely find words to express his rage. “ Hypocrisy ! Treachery ! Ingratitude ! Cowardice ! If my cloth did not protect you, you would not dare——Oh ! that I was not a clergyman ! ” cried Buckhurst.

“ It’s a good time to wish it, faith ! ” said the colonel ; “ but you should have thought better before you put on the cloth.”

Cursing himself, his patron, and his father, Buckhurst struck his forehead, and rushed out of the room : an insulting laugh followed from colonel Hauton, in which Mr. Sloak and all the company joined—Buckhurst heard it with feelings of powerless desperation. He walked as fast as possible—he almost ran through the barrack-yard and through the streets of the town, to get as far as he could from this scene—from these people. He found himself in the open fields, and leaning against a tree—his heart almost bursting—for still he had a heart : “ Oh ! Mr. Percy ! ” he exclaimed aloud, “ once I had a friend—a good, generous friend—and I left him for such a wretch as this ! Oh ! if I had followed his advice ! He knew me—knew my better self ! And if he could see me at

this moment, he would pity me. Oh! Caroline! you would pity—no, you would despise me, as I despise myself—I a clergyman!—Oh! father! father! what have you to answer for!”

To this sudden pang of conscience and feeling succeeded the idea of the reproaches which his father would pour upon him—the recollection of his debts, and the impossibility of paying them—his destitute, hopeless condition—anger against the new rector of Chipping-Friars, and against his cold, malicious patron, returned with increased force upon his mind. The remainder of that day, and the whole of the night, were passed in these fluctuations of passion. Whenever he closed his eyes and began to doze, he heard the voice of colonel Hauton drinking the health of Mr. Sloak; and twice he started from his sleep, after having collared both the rector and his patron. The day brought him no relief: the moment his creditors heard the facts, he knew he should be in immediate danger of arrest. He hurried to town to his father—his father must know his situation sooner or later, and something must be done.

We spare the reader a shocking scene of filial and parental reproaches.

They were both, at last, compelled to return to the question, What is to be done? The father declared his utter inability to pay his son's debts, and told him, that now there remained but one way of extricating himself from his difficulties—to turn to a better patron.

“ Oh! sir, I have done with patrons,” cried Buckhurst.

“What, then, will you do, sir? Live in a jail the remainder of your life?”

Buckhurst gave a deep sigh, and, after a pause, said, “Well, sir—go on—Who is to be my new patron?”

“Your old friend, bishop Clay.”

“I have no claim upon him. He has done much for me already.”

“Therefore he will do more.”

“Not pay my debts—and that is the pressing difficulty. He cannot extricate me, unless he could give me a good living immediately, and he has none better than the one I have already, except Dr. Leicester’s—his deanery, you know, is in the gift of the crown. Besides, the good dean is likely to live as long as I shall.”

“Stay; you do not yet, quick sir, see my scheme—a scheme which would pay your debts and put you at ease at once—miss Tammy Clay, the bishop’s sister.”

“An old, ugly, cross, avaricious devil!” cried Buckhurst.

“Rich! passing rich! and well inclined toward you, Buckhurst, as you know.”

Buckhurst said that she was his abhorrence—that the idea of a man’s selling himself in marriage was so repugnant to his feelings, that he would rather die in a jail.

His father let him exhaust himself in declamation, certain that he would be brought to think of it at last, by the necessity to which he was reduced. The result was, what the commissioner saw it must be—Creditors pressed—a jail in immediate view—no

resource but miss Tammy Clay. He went down to the country to the bishop's, to get out of the way of his creditors, and—to consider about it. He found no difficulty likely to arise on the part of the lady. The bishop old, and almost doting, governed by his sister Tammy, who was an admirable housekeeper, and kept his table exquisitely, was brought, though very reluctantly, to consent to their marriage.

Not so acquiescent, however, were miss Tammy's two nephews, French and English Clay. They had looked upon her wealth as their indefeasible right and property. The possibility of her marrying had for years been, as they thought, out of the question; and of all the young men of their acquaintance, Buckhurst Falconer was the very last whom they would have suspected to have any design upon aunt Tammy—she had long and often been the subject of his ridicule. French Clay, though he had just made an imprudent match with a singer, was the more loud and violent against the aunt; and English Clay, though he was not in want of her money, was roused by the idea of being duped by the Falconers. This was just at the time he had commissioned lady Trant to propose for miss Georgiana. Aunt Tammy had promised to give him six thousand pounds whenever he should marry: he did not value her money a single sixpence, but he would not be tricked out of his rights by any man or woman breathing. Aunt Tammy, resenting certain words that had escaped him derogatory to her youth and beauty, and being naturally unwilling to give—any thing but herself—refused to part with the six thousand pounds. In these hard

times, and when she was going to marry an expensive husband, she laughing said, that all she had would be little enough for her own establishment. Buckhurst would willingly have given up the sum in question, but English Clay would not receive it as a consequence of his intercession. His pride offended Buckhurst: they came to high words, and high silence. English Clay went to his relation, lady Trant, and first reproaching her with having been too precipitate in executing his first commission, gave her a second, in which he begged she would make no delay: he requested her ladyship would inform Mrs. Falconer that a double alliance with her family was more than he had looked for—and in one word, that either her son Buckhurst's marriage with his aunt Tammy, or his own marriage with miss Georgiana, must be given up. He would not have his aunt at her age make herself ridiculous, and he would not connect himself with a family who could uphold a young man in duping an old woman: lady Trant might shape his message as she pleased, but this was to be its substance.

In consequence of lady Trant's intimation, which of course was made with all possible delicacy, Georgiana and Mrs. Falconer wrote to Buckhurst in the strongest terms, urging him to give up his intended marriage. There were, as they forcibly represented, so many other old women with large fortunes who could in the course of a short time be found, who would be quite as good matches for him, that it would argue a total insensibility to the interests and entreaties of his beloved mother and sister, if he

persisted in his present preposterous design. Buckhurst answered,

“ MY DEAR MOTHER AND GEORGY,

“ I was married yesterday, and am as sorry for it to-day as you can be.

“ Yours truly,

“ B. F.

“ P. S.—There are other young men, with as good fortunes as English Clay, in the world.”

The letter and the postscript disappointed and enraged Mrs. Falconer and Georgiana beyond description.

English Clay left his D. I. O. at Mrs. Falconer's door, and *banged* down to Clay-hall.

Georgiana, violent in the expression of her disappointment, would have exposed herself to lady Trant, and to half her acquaintance; but Mrs. Falconer, in the midst of her mortification, retained command of temper sufficient to take thought for the future. She warned lady Trant to be silent, and took precautions to prevent the affair from being known; providently determining, that, as soon as her daughter should recover from the disappointment of losing Clay-hall, she would marry her to Petcalf, and settle her at once at the lodge in Asia Minor.”

“ Till Georgiana is married,” said she to herself, “ the commissioner will never let me have peace: if English Clay's breaking off the match gets wind, we are undone; for who will think of a rejected girl, beautiful or fashionable though she be? So the best

thing that can be done is to marry her immediately to Petcalf. I will have it so—and the wedding-clothes will not have been bought in vain.”

The bringing down the young lady’s imagination, however, from Clay-hall to a lodge was a task of much difficulty ; and Mrs. Falconer often in the bitterness of her heart exclaimed, that she had the most ungrateful children in the world. It seems that it is a tacit compact between mothers and daughters of a certain class, that if the young ladies are dressed, amused, advertised, and exhibited at every fashionable public place and private party, their hearts, or hands at least, are to be absolutely at the disposal of their parents.

It was just when Mrs. Falconer was exasperated by Georgiana’s ingratitude that her son Buckhurst was obliged to come to London after his marriage, to settle with his creditors. His bride insisted upon accompanying him, and chose this unpropitious time for being introduced to his family. And such a bride! Mrs. Buckhurst Falconer! Such an introduction! Such a reception! His mother cold and civil, merely from policy to prevent their family-quarrels from becoming public ; his sisters——

But enough. Here let us turn from the painful scene, and leave this house divided against itself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LETTER FROM ALFRED TO HIS FATHER.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ I SEND you two pamphlets on the causes of the late changes in the ministry, one by a friend, the other by an enemy, of lord Oldborough. Temple I should have thought the author of the first, but that I know he has not time to write, and that there does not appear any of that *behind the scene knowledge* which his situation affords. All the pamphleteers and newspaper politicians write as if they knew the whole—some confident that the ministry split on one question—some on another; long declamations and abuse follow as usual on each side, but WISE people, and of course myself among that number, suspect ‘that all that we know is, that we know nothing.’ That there was some private intrigue in the cabinet, which has not yet transpired, I opine from Temple’s reserve whenever I have mentioned the subject. This morning, when I asked him to frank these pamphlets, he laughed, and said that I was sending coals to Newcastle: what this meant he refused to explain, or rather he attempted to explain it away by observing that people of good understanding often could judge better at a distance of what was passing in the political world than those who were close to the scene of action, and subject to hear the contradictory reports of the day; therefore, he conceived

that I might be sending materials for thinking to one who could judge better than I can. I tormented Temple for a quarter of an hour with a cross-examination so able, that it was really a pity to waste it out of the courts; but I could get nothing more from him. Is it possible, my dear father, that you are at the bottom of all this?

“ Lord Oldborough certainly told me the other day, and in a very significant manner, and, as I now recollect, fixing his inquiring eye upon me, as he said the words, that he not only felt esteem and regard for Mr. Percy, but *gratitude*—gratitude for tried friendship. I took it at the time as a general expression of kindness; now I recollect the look, and the pause after the word *gratitude*, I put this with Temple’s coals to Newcastle. But, if it is a secret, I must not inquire, and if it is not, you will tell it to me. So I shall go on to my own affairs.

“ The other day I was surprised by a visit at my chambers from an East-India director. Lord Oldborough, I find, recommended it to him to employ me in a very important cause, long pending, for a vast sum of money: the whole, with all its accumulated and accumulating interest, depending on a point of law. Heaven send me special sense, or special nonsense, sufficient to avoid a nonsuit, of which there have been already no less than three in this cause.

“ What do you think of lord Oldborough’s kindness? This is only one of many instances in which I have traced his desire to serve me. It is not common with politicians thus to recollect those who have no means of serving them, and who have never

reminded them even of their existence by paying court in any way actively or passively.

“The Falconers are all discontented with his lordship at this moment, because he has disposed of a sinecure place on which the commissioner had long had his eye. His lordship has given it to an old disabled sea-captain, whom he knew only by reputation.

“The accounts you have heard of Buckhurst’s marriage, are alas! too true; and what you have been told of the lady’s age and ugliness is not exaggerated. As to her temper and her avarice, I am afraid that what you have heard of them is also true; for a brother lawyer of mine, who was employed to draw the settlements, says she has taken care to keep every penny she could in her own power; and that in the whole course of his practice he never saw so hard a battle between love and parsimony. Poor Buckhurst! who could have foreseen that this would be his fate! I met him in the street yesterday with his bride, and he looked as if he would rather be hanged than receive my congratulations; I passed without seeming to have seen them.

“I have just received Mr. Barclay’s letter, and am going to work upon his settlements. So Caroline’s wishes for lady Mary Pembroke will be accomplished. I asked Temple whether lord Oldborough had heard any thing of count Altenberg since his return to his own country. Yes—one *private* letter to lord Oldborough, from which nothing had transpired but one line of general thanks for civilities received in England. Temple, who seems to have formed the same notion and the same wishes that we

had, told me yesterday, without my questioning him, that lord Oldborough had written with his own hand an answer to the count, which none of the secretaries have seen. Temple, in sealing up the packet, ventured to ask whether there was any chance of seeing count Altenberg again in England. ‘None that he knew,’ lord Oldborough answered. Temple, who of all men is least like commissioner Falconer in circumlocutory address, at once blurted out, ‘Is count Altenberg going to be married?’ Lord Oldborough turned and looked upon him with surprise—whether surprise at his curiosity, or at the improbability of the count’s making his lordship the confidant of his love-affairs, Temple declares he was in too much confusion to be able to decide. Lord Oldborough made no reply, but took up an answer to a memorial, which he had ordered Temple to draw, pointed out some unlucky mistakes in it, and finished by saying to him, ‘Mr. Temple, your thoughts are not in your business. *Sir, I do believe you are in love;*’ which sentence Temple declares his lordship pronounced with a look and accent that would have suited, *Sir, I do believe you have the plague.* ‘And if so, do me the justice to let me employ Mr. Shaw to do your business, till you are married.’

“Temple says that lord Oldborough is proud of showing himself a foe to love, which he considers as the bane of ambition, and as one of the weaknesses of human nature, to which a great man ought to be superior.

“Whether the secretary be right or wrong in this opinion of his lordship, I have not seen enough to be

able to determine ; and I suspect that Temple is not at present a perfectly calm observer. Ever since his visit to the country he seems not to be entirely master of himself : his heart is still hovering round about some absent object—what object, I do not know ; for though he does not deny my charge, he will not tell me the name of his fair one. I suspect lady Frances Arlington of having stolen his heart. I am very sorry for it—for I am clear she is only coquetting with him. Temple says that he is too poor to marry. He is so amiable, that I am sure he will make any woman he marries happy, if it be not her own fault, and if they have but enough to live upon. It grieves me to hear his unavailing daily regrets for having quitted the bar. Had he continued in his original profession, he might, and in all probability would have been, at this moment (as his competitor, a man much his inferior in talent, actually is), in the receipt of four thousand good pounds per annum, independent of all men ; and might have married any woman in any rank. Besides, even with such a patron as lord Oldborough, Temple feels dependence grievous to his spirit. He is of a very good family, and was not early used to a subservient situation. His health too will be hurt by his close confinement to the business of office—and he has no time for indulging his literary tastes—no play for his genius : that was his original grievance at the bar, but his present occupations are less congenial to his taste than law ever was. His brother-secretary, Mr. Shaw, is a mere matter-of-fact man, who is particularly unsuited to him—an objector to every thing new, a cur-

tailer and contemner of all eloquence : poor Temple is uneasy and discontented ; he would give up his situation to-morrow but that he cannot quit lord Oldborough. He says that he has a hundred times resolved to resign—that he has had his letter written, and the words on his lips ; but he never could, when it came to the point, present the letter, or pronounce the farewell to lord Oldborough. Wonderful the ascendancy this man has over the mind!—Extraordinary his power of attaching, with manners so little conciliatory! Adieu, my dear father ; I have indulged myself too long in writing to you. I have to read over the late Mr. Panton's will, and to give our friend Mr. Gresham an opinion upon it—notwithstanding Rosamond's cruelty to him, he is as much our friend, and her friend, as ever. Panton's will is on ten skins of parchment : and then I have a plea in rejoinder to draw for lady Jane Granville ; and, worse than all, to read and answer four of her ladyship's notes now on my table. By the by, I would rather carry on a suit for any four men than for one such woman of business as poor lady Jane. She is never at rest one moment ; never can believe that either lawyer or solicitor knows what he is about—always thinks her letters and notes can do more than bills in chancery, or than the lord chancellor himself. She frets incessantly. I must request Erasmus to medicine her to repose ; she has absolutely a *law fever*. Erasmus is at Richmond—sent for by some *grandee*: he is in high practice. He told me he began last week to write to Rosamond, from the bedside of some sleeping patient, a full and true answer

to all her questions about miss Panton ; but the sleeper awakened, and the doctor had never time to finish his story.

“ Adieu a second time. Love to all. . . .”

“ Dear father, yours affectionately,

“ ALFRED PERCY.

“ Just as I began the second skin of Panton’s will, a note was brought to me from——whom do you think ? lord Oldborough, requesting to see me at four o’clock. What can his lordship want with me ? —I must send this frank before I can satisfy my own curiosity on this point—or yours, Rosamond.”

After finishing the perusal of Mr. Panton’s long-winded will, writing an opinion upon it for Mr. Gresham, and penning a quieting note for poor lady Jane Granville, Alfred, eager to be punctual to the appointed hour, went to the minister. He need not have looked at his watch so often, or have walked so fast, for when he arrived it wanted five minutes of the time appointed, and his lordship had not returned from a visit to the duke of Greenwich. He was told, however, that orders had been given for his admittance ; and he was shown into an apartment, where he had leisure, during a full quarter of an hour, to admire his own punctuality. At last he heard a noise of loud huzzas in the street, and looking out of the window, he saw a crowd at the farthest end of the street ; and as it moved nearer, perceived that the populace had taken the horses from lord Oldborough’s carriage, and were drawing him to his own door, with loud acclamations. His lordship bowed to the

multitude as he got out of his carriage rather proudly and coldly, yet still the crowd threw up their hats and huzzaed. He apologized to Alfred, as he entered the room, for having been later than his appointment. Commissioner Falconer and Mr. Temple were with him, and the commissioner immediately began to tell how they had been delayed by the zeal of the people. Lord Oldborough took a paper from his pocket, and walked to the window to read it, without seeming to hear one word that the commissioner was saying, and without paying any attention to the acclamations of the multitude below, which were again repeated on their seeing him at the window. When his lordship had finished looking over the paper, he called upon Alfred to witness it, and then presenting it to Mr. Falconer, he said, in his haughtiest manner, "An equivalent, sir, for that sinecure place which you asked for, and which it was out of my power to obtain for you. *That* was given as the just reward of merit, and of public services. My private *debts*——" [Alfred Percy observed that his lordship did not use the word *obligation*.] "My private debts to your family, Mr. Falconer, could not be paid from the public fund with which I am intrusted, but you will not, I hope, find me the less desirous that they should be properly acknowledged. The annuity," continued he, putting his finger on the amount, which the commissioner longed to see, but at which he had not dared yet to look, "the annuity is to the full amount of that place which, I think you assured me, would satisfy your and Mrs. Falconer's expectations."

"Oh! my lord, more than satisfy: but from your

lordship's private fortune—from your lordship's own emoluments of office, I cannot possibly think—Mrs. Falconer would, I am sure, be excessively distressed——”

“Do me the favour, sir, to let no more be said upon this subject,” interrupted lord Oldborough. “As you return home, will you speak to those poor people whom I still hear in the street, and advise them now to return peaceably to their homes. My man Rodney, I am afraid, has thought it for my honour to be too liberal to these good people—but you will speak to them, commissioner.”

The commissioner, who never completely felt lord Oldborough's character, imagined that at this moment his lordship secretly enjoyed the clamour of popular applause, and that this cold indifference was affected; Mr. Falconer therefore protested, with a smile, that he would do his best to calm the enthusiasm of the people, but that it was a hard, if not impossible task, to stem the tide of lord Oldborough's popularity. “Enjoy it, my lord!” concluded Mr. Falconer; “Enjoy it!—No minister in my memory ever was so popular!”

As soon as the commissioner, after saying these words, had left the room, lord Oldborough, in a tone of sovereign contempt, repeated the word, “Popularity! There goes a man, now, who thinks me fit to be a fool to fame!”

“Popularity,” said Mr. Temple, “is a bad master, but a good servant. A great man will,” as Burke says, “disdain to veer like the weathercock on the temple of fashion with every breath of wind. But

may he not, my lord—say, for you know—may he not wisely take advantage of the gale, and direct this great *power*, so as to work the state-machinery to good purpose?”

“A dangerous power,” replied lord Oldborough, turning from his secretary to Alfred, as if he was impatient to speak of business. Temple, who had more of the habits of a man of letters than of a man of business or of a courtier, was apt unseasonably to pursue a discussion, and to pique himself upon showing sincerity by declaring a difference of opinion from his patron. Utterly repugnant as this was to the minister’s habits and temper, yet in admiration of the boldness of the man, and in consideration for his true attachment, lord Oldborough bore it with magnanimous patience—when he had time—and when he had not, would cut it short at once.

“In a mixed government, popularity, philosophically speaking, if I may differ from your lordship——” Temple began.

“Permit me, sir, first,” interrupted lord Oldborough, “to settle my business with Mr. Alfred Percy, who, being a professional man, and in high practice, probably sets a just value upon his time.”

Mr. Temple, who was a man of quick feelings, felt a word or glance of reproof from lord Oldborough with keen sensibility. Alfred could not fix his own attention upon what his lordship was now beginning to say. Lord Oldborough saw reflected in Alfred’s countenance the disturbance in his friend’s: and immediately returning, and putting a key into Mr. Temple’s hand—“You will do me a service, sir,”

said he, "by looking over my father's papers marked *private* in red letters. They may be necessary in this business—they are papers which I could trust only to one who has my interests at heart."

Mr. Temple's face brightened instantly, and bowing much lower than usual, he received the key with great respect, and hurried away to search for the papers.

"For a similar reason, Mr. Alfred Percy," said lord Oldborough, "they shall, if you please, be put into your hands." His lordship moved a chair towards Alfred, and seated himself. "My law-agent has not satisfied me of late. A suit, into which I have been plunged by those who had the direction of my business, has not been carried on with ability or vigour. I had not leisure to look into any affairs that merely concerned myself. Circumstances have just wakened me to the subject, and to the perception that my private fortune has suffered, and will suffer yet more materially, unless I am fortunate enough to find united in the same person a lawyer and a friend. I have looked round, and see many older barristers than Mr. Alfred Percy, but none so likely to be interested in my affairs as the son of my earliest friend, and few more capable of conducting them with diligence and ability. May I hope, sir, for hereditary kindness from you, as well as for professional services?"

No one knew better than lord Oldborough how to seem receiving whilst he conferred a favour; and if ever he appeared harsh, it was only where he knew that the people to whom he spoke had not feelings

worthy of his consideration. His lordship was as much pleased by the manner in which this trust was accepted as our young lawyer could be by the manner in which it was offered.

“My papers then shall be sent to you directly,” said lord Oldborough. “Look over them, and if you are of opinion that my case is a bad one, I will stop where I am. If, on the contrary, you find that justice and law are on my side, proceed, persist. I shall trust the whole to you, sir, without a farther question.”

Lord Oldborough next spoke of a steward of his at Clermont-park, who, as he had reason to suspect, was leagued with a certain attorney Sharpe in fraudulent designs: his lordship hoped that Mr. Alfred Percy, during his vacations, when spent in that neighbourhood, might, consistently with his professional duties, find time to see into these affairs; and, in his lordship's absence, might supply the want of the master's eye.

Alfred assured his lordship that no effort or care should be wanting on his part to justify the high confidence with which he was honoured.

“Since you are going to take charge of my business, sir,” pursued lord Oldborough, “it is fit you should know my views relative to my affairs. In my present situation, with the favour I enjoy, and the opportunities I command, it would be easy to make my fortune whatever I pleased. Avarice is not my passion. It is my pride not to increase the burdens of my country. Mine is a generous country, ever ready to reward her public servants, living or dying.

But, whilst I live, never will I speculate upon her generosity, and, when I die, never shall my heirs appeal to her compassion. My power at its zenith, and my character being known, I can afford to lay aside much of that adventitious splendour which adds nothing to true dignity. Economy and dignity are compatible—essential to each other. To preserve independence, and, consequently, integrity, economy is necessary in all stations. Therefore, sir, I determine—for I am not stringing sentences together that are to end in nothing—I determine, at this moment, to begin to make retrenchments in my expenditure. The establishment at Clermont-park, whither I have no thoughts of returning, may be reduced. I commit that, sir, to your discretion.”

Mr. Temple returned with the papers, on which lord Oldborough put his seal, and said his solicitor should deliver them, with all others that were necessary, the next morning to Mr. Percy. Alfred, careful never to intrude a moment on the time of the minister, rose, and, without repeating his thanks, made his bow.

“I consider this lawsuit as a fortunate circumstance,” said lord Oldborough, “since it affords me means at last of engaging Mr. Alfred Percy in my service, in a mode which cannot,” added his lordship, smiling, “interfere with his family horror of ministerial patronage.”

Alfred said something respectfully expressive of his sense of the professional advantage he must derive from being employed by lord Oldborough—a species of patronage, by which he felt himself most

highly honoured, and for which he was sure his whole family would feel properly grateful.

“Sir,” said lord Oldborough, following him to the door, “if I had ever doubted it, you would convince me that perfect propriety of manner is consistent with independence of mind. As to the rest, we all know the difference between a client and a patron.”

The management of lord Oldborough’s business necessarily led to an increase of intercourse between his lordship and Alfred, which was peculiarly agreeable to our young barrister, not only as it gave him opportunities of seeing more of the character of this minister, but as it put it into his power to be of service occasionally to his friend Mr. Temple. Chained to a desk, his genius confined to the forms of office, and with a master too high, and an associate too low, to afford him any of the pleasures of society, he had languished for want of a companion. Alfred encouraged him by example to submit to the drudgery of business, showed him that a man of letters may become a man of business, and that the habits of both may be rendered compatible. Temple now performed the duties of his office with all that regularity which is supposed to be peculiar to dulness. About this time he had been brought into parliament by lord Oldborough, and in the intervals of business, in that leisure which order afforded him, he employed and concentrated his powers on a political question of considerable importance; and when he was completely master of the subject, he rose in the House of Commons, and made a speech, which, from all parties obtained deserved applause. The speech was pub-

lished. A few days afterwards, Mr. Temple happened to enter lord Oldborough's cabinet earlier than usual: he found his lordship reading; and reading with so much attention, that he did not observe him—he heard his lordship's quick and decided pencil mark page after page. At length, rising and turning to throw the book on the table, lord Oldborough saw his secretary copying a letter.

“An excellent speech—to the purpose, sir,” said lord Oldborough. “It had its effect on the house, I understand; and I thank your friend, Mr. Alfred Percy, for putting it into my hands when I had leisure to peruse it with attention.”

Lord Oldborough thought for some moments, then looked over some official papers which he had ordered Mr. Temple to draw up.

“Very well, sir—very well. A man of genius, I see, can become a man of business.”

His lordship signed the papers, and, when that was finished, turned again to Mr. Temple.

“Sir, some time ago a place was vacant, which, I know, you had reason to expect. It was given to Mr. Shaw, because it was better suited to him than to you. The manner in which you took your disappointment showed a confidence in my justice. Have you any objection, Mr. Temple, to the diplomatic line?”

“I fear—or I should say, I hope—my lord, that I have not the habits of dissimulation, which, as I have always understood, are necessary to success in the diplomatic line.”

“You have understood wrongly, sir,” replied lord

Oldborough. "I, who have seen something of courts, and know something of diplomacy, am of opinion that a man of sense, who knows what he is about, who says the thing that is, who will tell at once what he can do, and what he cannot, would succeed better as a negotiator in the present state of Europe, than could any diplomatist with all the simulation and dissimulation of Chesterfield, or with the tact of Mazarin."

"Indeed, my lord!" said Mr. Temple, looking up with an air of surprise that almost expressed, then why did you choose Cunningham Falconer for an envoy?

"Pray," said lord Oldborough, taking a long inspiration with a pinch of snuff, "pray with that despatch this morning from Mr. Cunningham Falconer were there any private letters?"

"One for commissioner Falconer, my lord."

"None from count Altenberg to me?"

"None, my lord."

The minister took a walk up and down the room, and then returning to Mr. Temple, said, "His majesty thinks proper, sir, to appoint you envoy in the place of Mr. Cunningham Falconer, who is recalled."

"I thank you, my lord—his majesty does me great honour," cried Mr. Temple, with sudden gratitude: then, his countenance and tone instantly changing from joy to sorrow, he added, "His majesty does me great honour, my lord, but——"

"But not great pleasure, it seems, sir," said lord Oldborough. "I thought, Mr. Temple, you had trusted to me the advancement of your fortune."

“ My fortune ! My lord, I am struck with surprise and gratitude by your lordship’s goodness in taking thought for the advancement of my fortune. But I have other feelings.”

“ And may I ask what is the nature of your other feelings, sir ? ”

“ My lord—excuse me—I cannot tell them to you.”

“ One word more, sir. Do you hesitate, from any motives of delicacy, with respect to the present envoy ? ”

“ No, my lord, you look too high for my motive ; and the higher I am sensible that I stand in your lordship’s opinion, the greater is my fear of falling. I beg you will excuse me : the offer that your lordship has had the goodness to make would be the height of my ambition ; but when opposing motives draw the will in contrary directions——”

“ Sir, if you are going into the bottomless pit of metaphysics, excuse me,” said lord Oldborough—“ there I must leave you. I protest, sir, you are past my comprehension.”

“ And past my own,” cried Mr. Temple, “ for,” with effort he uttered the words, “ unfortunately I have formed an—I have become attached to——”

“ In short, sir, you are *in love*, I think,” said lord Oldborough, coolly. “ I think I told you so, sir, more than a month ago.”

“ I have said it ! and said it to lord Oldborough ! ” exclaimed Mr. Temple, looking as one uncertain whether he were dreaming or awake.

“ It is undoubtedly uncommon to select a minister

of state for the confidant of a love-affair," said lord Oldborough, with an air of some repressed humour.

"I knew I should expose myself to your lordship's derision," exclaimed Mr. Temple.

He was too much engrossed by his own feelings, as he pronounced these words, to observe in his lordship's countenance an extraordinary emotion. It was visible but for one instant.

With a look more placid, and a tone somewhat below his usual voice, lord Oldborough said, "You have misjudged me much, Mr. Temple, if you have conceived that your feelings, that such feelings would be matter of derision to me. But since you have touched upon this subject, let me give you one hint—Ambition *wears* better than Love."

Lord Oldborough sat down to write, and added, "for one fortnight I can spare you, Mr. Temple—Mr. Shaw will undertake your part of the business of office. At the end of the ensuing fortnight, I trust you will let me have your answer."

Full of gratitude, Mr. Temple could express it only by a bow—and retired. The antechamber was now filling fast for the levee. One person after another stopped him; all had some pressing business, or some business which they thought of consequence, either to the nation or themselves.

"Mr. Temple, I must trouble you to look over these heads of a bill."

"Mr. Temple!—My memorial—just give me your advice."

"Sir—I wrote a letter, three weeks ago, to lord

Oldborough, on the herring-fishery, to which I have not had the honour of an answer."

"Mr. Temple—the address from Nottingham—Where's the reply?"

"Mr. Temple, may I know whether his lordship means to see us gentlemen from the city about the loan?"

"Sir—Pray, sir!—My new invention for rifling cannon—Ordnance department!—Sir, I did apply—War-office, too, sir!—It's very hard I can't get an answer—bandied about!—Sir, I can't think myself well used—Government shall hear more."

"One word, Mr. Temple, if you please, about tithes. I've an idea——"

"Temple, don't forget the Littleford turnpike bill."

"Mr. Temple, who is to second the motion on Indian affairs?"

"Temple, my good friend, did you speak to lord Oldborough about my little affair for Tom?"

"Mr. Temple, a word in your ear—the member for the borough, *you know*, is dead; letters must be written directly to the corporation."

"Temple, my dear friend, before you go, give me a frank."

At last Mr. Temple got away from memorialists, petitioners, grievances, men of business, idle men, newsmen, and dear friends, then hastened to Alfred to unburden his mind—and to rest his exhausted spirits.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE moment that Mr. Temple reached his friend's chambers, he threw himself into a chair.

"What repose—what leisure—what retirement is here!" cried he. "A man can think and feel a moment for himself."

"Not well, I fear, in the midst of the crackling of these parchments," said Albert, folding up the deeds at which he had been at work. "However, I have now done my business for this day, and I am your man for what you please—if you are not engaged by some of your great people, we cannot do better than dine together."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Temple.

"And where shall we dine?" said Alfred.

"Any where you please. But I have a great deal to say to you, Alfred—don't think of dining yet."

"At the old work!" cried Alfred.

"'You think of convincing, while I think of dining.'"

But, as he spoke, Alfred observed his friend's agitated countenance, and immediately becoming serious, he drew a chair beside Mr. Temple, and said, "I believe, Temple, you have something to say that you are anxious about. You know that if there is any thing I can do, head, hand, and heart are at your service."

"Of that I am quite sure, else I should not come here to open my heart to you," replied Mr. Temple. then he related all that had just passed between lord

Oldborough and himself, and ended by asking Alfred, whether he thought there was any chance of success for his love?

“You have not told me who the lady is,” said Alfred.

“Have not I?—but, surely, you can guess.”

“I have guessed—but I wish to be mistaken—lady Frances Arlington?”

“Quite mistaken. Guess again—and nearer home.”

“Nearer home!—One of my sisters?—Not Caroline, I hope?”

“No.”

“Then it must be as I once hoped. But why did you never mention it to me before?”

Mr. Temple declared that he had thought there was so little chance of his ever being in circumstances in which he could marry, especially a woman who had not some fortune of her own, that he had scarcely ventured to avow, even to himself, his attachment.

“I thought my love would wear itself out,” added he. “Indeed I did not know how serious a business it was, till this sudden proposal was made to me of leaving England: then I felt that I should drag, at every step, a lengthening chain. In plain prose, I cannot leave England without knowing my fate. But don’t let me make a fool of myself, Alfred. No man of sense will do more than hazard a refusal: that every man ought to do, or he sacrifices the dignity of the woman he loves to his own false pride. I know that in these days gentlemen-suitors are usually expert in *sounding* the relations of the lady they wish to

address. To inquire whether the lady is engaged or not is, I think, prudent and honourable: but beyond this, I consider it to be treacherous and base to endeavour, by any indirect means, to engage relations to say what a lover should learn only from the lady herself. Therefore, my dear friend, all I ask is whether you have reason to believe that your sister Rosamond's heart is pre-engaged; or if you think that there is such a certainty of my being rejected, as ought in common prudence, to prevent my hazarding the mortification of a refusal?"

Alfred assured his friend, that, to the best of his belief, Rosamond's heart was disengaged. "And," continued he, "as a witness is or ought to be prepared to tell his cause of belief, I will give you mine. Some time since I was commissioned by a gentleman, who wished to address her, to make the previous inquiry, and the answer was, quite disengaged. Now as she did not accept of this gentleman, there is reason to conclude that he did not engage her affections——"

"Was he rich or poor, may I ask?" interrupted Mr. Temple.

"That is a leading question," said Alfred.

"I do not want you to tell me who the gentleman was—I know that would not be a fair question, and I trust I should be as far from asking, as you from answering it. But there are so many rich as well as so many poor men in the world, that in answering to the inquiry rich or poor, what city or court man do you name, I want only to draw a general inference as to your sister's taste for wealth."

"Her taste is assuredly not exclusively for wealth;

for her last admirer was a gentleman of very large fortune."

"I am happy, at least, in that respect, in not resembling him," said Mr. Temple. "Now for my other question—what chance for myself?"

"Of that, my good friend, you must judge for yourself. By your own rule all you have a right to hear is, that I, Rosamond's brother, have no reason for believing that she has such a repugnance to you as would make a refusal certain. And that you may not too much admire my discretion, I must add, that if I had a mind to tell you more, I could not. All I know is that Rosamond, as well as the rest of my family, in their letters spoke of you with general approbation, but I do not believe the idea of considering you as her lover ever entered into her head or theirs."

"But now the sooner it enters the better," cried Mr. Temple. "Will you—can you—Have not you business to do for lord Oldborough at Clermont-park?"

"Yes—and I am glad of it, as it gives me an opportunity of indulging myself in going with you, my dear Temple. I am ready to set out at any moment."

"God bless you! The sooner the better, then. This night in the mail, if you please. I'll run and take our places," said he, snatching up his hat.

"Better send," cried Alfred, stopping him: "my man can run and take places in a coach as well as you. Do you stay with me. We will go to the coffee-house, dine, and be ready to set off."

Mr. Temple acceded.

“In the mean time,” said Alfred, “you have relations and connexions of your own who should be consulted.”

Mr. Temple said he was sure that all his relations and connexions would highly approve of an alliance with the Percy family. “But in fact,” added he, “that is all they will care about the matter. My relations, though high and mighty people, have never been of any service to me: they are too grand, and too happy, to mind whether a younger son of a younger son sinks or swims; whether I live in single wretchedness or double blessedness. Not one relation has nature given who cares for me half as much as the friend I have made for myself.”

Sincerely as Alfred was interested for his success, yet he did not let this friendship interfere with the justice due to his sister, of leaving *her* sole arbitress of a question which most concerned her happiness.

During the last stage of their journey they were lucky enough to have the coach to themselves, and Mr. Temple made himself amends for the restraint under which he had laboured during the preceding part of the journey, whilst he had been oppressed by the presence of men whose talk was of the lower concerns of life. After he had descanted for some time on the perfections of his mistress, he ended with expressing his surprise that his friend, who had often of late rallied him upon his being in love, had not guessed sooner who was the object of his passion.

Alfred said that the idea of Rosamond had occurred to him, because his friend's absence of mind

might be dated from the time of his last visit to Clermont-park ; “ but,” said Alfred, “ as lady Frances Arlington was there, and as I had formerly fancied that her ladyship’s wish to captivate or dazzle you had not been quite without effect, I was still in doubt, and thought even your praises of Rosamond’s disposition and temper, compared with her ladyship’s, might only be *ruse de guerre*, or *ruse d’amour*.”

“ There was no *ruse* in the case,” said Mr. Temple ; “ I confess that when I first emerged from my obscurity into all the light and life of the world of fashion, my eyes were dazzled, and before I recovered the use of them sufficiently to compare the splendid objects by which I found myself surrounded, I was wonderfully struck with the appearance of lady Frances Arlington, and did not measure, as I ought, the immense difference between lord Oldborough’s secretary, and the niece of the duke of Greenwich. Lady Frances, from mere *gaieté de cœur*, likes to break hearts ; and she continually wishes to add one, however insignificant, to the number of her conquests. I, a simple man of literature, unskilled in the wicked ways of the fair, was charmed by her ladyship’s innocent naïveté and frank gaiety, and all that was

‘ Strangely wild, or madly gay,
I call’d it only pretty Fanny’s way.’

Fortunately, just as I was in imminent danger of exchanging true sighs for false smiles, I became acquainted with your sister Rosamond. In the country, and under circumstance more favourable for the de-

velopment of character than any which might occur for months or years in a town-life, where all the men and women are merely actors, I had leisure to see and mark the difference and the resemblance between lady Frances Arlington's character and that of your sister. They resembled each other in natural quickness of intellect and of feeling; in wit, sprightliness, and enthusiasm, they were also to a certain degree alike. I was amused by lady Frances Arlington's lively nonsense, till I heard your sister's lively sense. Her ladyship hazards saying every thing that occurs to her, and often makes happy hits; but your sister's style of wit is far superior, and far more agreeable, because it has the grace, elegance, and, above all, the infinite variety, which literary allusion supplies. I found myself pleased, not only with what she said, but with the trains of ideas, that, by a single word, she often suggested. Conversing with her, my mind was kept always active, without ever being over-exerted or fatigued. I can look back, and trace the whole progress of my attachment. I began in this way, by finding her conversation most delightful—but soon discovered that she was not only more entertaining and more cultivated, but far more amiable than my idol, lady Frances, because she had never been an idol, and did not expect to be adored. Then she was more interesting, because more capable of being interested. Lady Frances requires much sympathy, but gives little; and for that enthusiasm of temper which had, at first, charmed me in her ladyship, I began to lose my taste, when I observed that it was always excited by trifles, and by trifles

that concerned herself more than any one else. I used to think her—what every body calls her, a perfectly natural character ; and so, perhaps, she is: but not the better for that—since she is what, I am afraid, we all are naturally—selfish. Her ladyship, if I may use the expression, is enthusiastically selfish. Your sister—enthusiastically generous. Lady Frances's manners are caressing, yet I doubt whether she feels affection for any one living, except just at the moment when they are ministering to her fancies. It was miss Percy's warm affection for her sister Caroline which first touched my heart. I saw each in her own family. The contrast was striking—in short, by the joint effect of contrast and resemblance, my love for one lady decreased as fast as it increased for the other ; and I had just wit and judgment enough to escape from snares that could not have held me long, to chains that have power to hold me for ever."

To this history of the birth and progress of his love, Mr. Temple added many expressions of his hopes, fears, and regrets, that he had not five thousand a year, instead of five hundred, to offer his mistress; he at length became absolutely silent. They were within view of the Hills, and too many feelings crowded upon his mind to be expressed in words.

And now we might reasonably contrive to fill

“ Twelve vast French romances neatly gilt,”

with the history of the following eventful fortnight, including the first surprise at the arrival of the travellers—the declaration of Mr. Temple's love—the asto-

nishment of Rosamond on discovering that she was the object of this passion—of a passion so generous and ardent—the consequent and rapid discovery of a hundred perfections in the gentleman which had before escaped her penetration—the strong peculiar temptation to marry him, because he had not enough to live upon—the re-action of generosity on the other side of the question, which forbade to ruin her lover's fortune—the fluctuations of sentiment and imagination, the delicacies of generosity, gratitude, love, and finally the decision of common sense.

It was fortunate for Rosamond, not only that she had prudent friends, but that they had not made her in the least afraid of their superior wisdom, so that she had, from the time she was a child, told them every idea, as it rose in her vivid imagination, and every feeling of her susceptible heart; imprudent as she might appear in her confidential conversation, this never passed from words to actions. And now, when she was called upon in an important event of life to decide for herself, she acted with consummate discretion.

Mr. Temple's character and manners peculiarly pleased her, and his being a man of birth and family certainly operated much in his favour. Her parents now, as in Mr. Gresham's case, did not suffer their own tastes or prepossessions to interfere with her happiness.

Caroline, grateful for the sympathy which Rosamond had always shown her, took the warmest interest in this affair. Caroline was the most excellent, indulgent, yet safe confidante; and as a hearer, she

was absolutely indefatigable. Rosamond never found her too busy, too lazy, or too sleepy to listen to her: late at night, early in the morning, or in the most hurried moment of the day, it was all the same—Caroline seemed to have nothing to do but to hear, think, and feel for Rosamond.

The fortnight allowed by lord Oldborough having now nearly elapsed, it was absolutely necessary Rosamond should come to some decision. Mr. Temple's understanding, temper, disposition, and manners, she allowed to be excellent—his conversation was particularly agreeable. In short, after searching in vain for an objection, she was obliged to confess that she liked him. Indeed, before she had allowed this in words her mother and sister had made the discovery, and had seen the struggle in her mind between love and prudence. Mr. Temple's fortune was not sufficient for them to live upon, and she knew that a wife in his present circumstances must be a burden to him; therefore, notwithstanding all that his passion and all that her own partiality could urge, she decidedly refused his proposal of an immediate union, nor would she enter into any engagement, or suffer him to bind himself by any promise for the future; but he obtained permission to correspond with her during his absence from England, and with the hope that she was not quite indifferent to him, he took leave of her—returned to town—waited upon lord Oldborough—accepted of the embassy, and prepared for his departure to the continent.

Now that there was an approaching possibility and probability of hearing of count Altenberg, Caroline

felt it extremely difficult to adhere to her resolution of never thinking of him, especially as her mind, which had been actively occupied and deeply interested in her sister's concerns, was now left to return upon itself in all the leisure of retirement. Fortunately for her, about this time she was again called upon for that sympathy which she was ever ready to give to her friends. She received the following letter from Mrs. Hungerford.

LETTER FROM MRS. HUNGERFORD TO MISS
CAROLINE PERCY.

“Come, my beloved Caroline, my dear young friend, friend of my family, and of all who are most near and dear to me—come, and enjoy with me and them that happiness, which your judicious kindness long since foresaw, and your prudence promoted.

“My niece, lady Mary Pembroke, is at last persuaded that she has it in her power to make Mr. Barclay permanently happy. He has been obliged to take a considerable length of time to convince her of the steadiness of his attachment. Indeed, her objection—that he had been charmed by such a coquette as the lady by whom we first saw him captivated, appeared to me strong; and I thought my niece right for adhering to it, more especially as I believed that at the time her affections pleaded against her reason in his favour, and that, if she had been convinced long ago, it would not have been against her will.

“Mr. Barclay has behaved like a man of sense

and honour. Without disguise he told her of his former attachment to you. She instantly made an answer, which raised her high in my estimation. She replied, that Mr. Barclay's being detached from lady Angelica Headingham by your superior merit was to her the strongest argument in his favour. She must, she said, have felt insecure in the possession of a heart, which had been transferred directly from lady Angelica to herself, because she was conscious that her own disposition was so different from her ladyship's; but in succeeding to the affection which he had felt for a woman of your character, she should feel perfect security, or at least reasonable hope, that by similar, though certainly inferior qualities, she might ensure his happiness and her own. They are to be married next week. Lady Mary particularly wishes that you should be one of her bride-maids—come then, my love, and bring all my *Percys*. I shall not perfectly enjoy my own and my niece's happiness till you share it with me. My daughter Mortimer insists upon signing this as well as myself.

“MARY-ELIZABETH HUNGERFORD.

“KATE MORTIMER.”

Caroline and *all Mrs. Hungerford's Percys* obeyed her summons with alacrity. Lady Mary Pembroke's marriage with Mr. Barclay was solemnized under the happiest auspices, and in the midst of approving and sympathizing friends. As soon as the ceremony was over, and she had embraced and congratulated her niece, Mrs. Hungerford turned to Mrs. Percy, and in a low voice said, “If it were not too much for one so

happy as I am, so rich in blessings, to ask one blessing more, I should ask to be permitted to live to see the day when our dear Caroline——” Mrs. Hungerford pressed Mrs. Percy’s hand, but could say no more; the tears rolled down her cheeks as she looked up to heaven. Some minutes afterwards, following Caroline with her eyes, “Look at her, Mrs. Percy!” said Mrs. Hungerford. “Did ever selfish coquette, in the height of triumph over lover or rival, enjoy such pleasure as you see sparkling at this moment in that dear girl’s countenance?”

The bride and bridegroom set off immediately for Mr. Barclay’s seat in Berkshire. Lady Florence accompanied her sister; and Mrs. Hungerford, after parting from both her nieces, entreated that Caroline might be left with her. “It is a selfish request, I know, my dear; but at my age I cannot afford to be generous of the society of those I love. Allow me to plead my age, and my——Well, I will not say more, since I see it gives you pain, and since I see you will grant the prayer of my petition, rather than hear my claims to your compassion.”

Caroline liked particularly to stay with Mrs. Hungerford at this time, when there was not any company at the castle, no one but Mrs. Hungerford and her daughter, so that she had the full and quiet enjoyment of their society. At this time of her life, and in the state of her mind at this period, no society could have been more agreeable, soothing, and useful to Caroline, than that of such a friend. One, who had not forgotten the passions of youth; who could give at once sympathy and counsel; who was willing

to allow to love its full and exquisite power to exalt the happiness of human life, yet appeared herself, in advanced and serene old age, a constant example of the falsehood of the notion, that the enthusiasm of passion is essential to felicity. An elegant and just distinction has been made by a philosophical writer between *delicacy of passion* and *delicacy of taste*. One leading to that ill-governed susceptibility, which transports the soul to ecstasy, or reduces it to despair, on every adverse or prosperous change of fortune; the other enlarging our sphere of happiness, by directing and increasing our sensibility to objects of which we may command the enjoyment, instead of wasting it upon those over which we have no control. Mrs. Hungerford was a striking example of the advantage of cultivating *delicacy of taste*.

At an advanced age, she showed exquisite perception of pleasure in every work of genius; in conversation, no stroke of wit or humour escaped her quick intelligence, no shade of sentiment or politeness was lost upon her; and on hearing of any trait of generosity or greatness of soul, her whole countenance beamed with delight; yet with all this quickness of feeling she was quite free from fastidiousness, and from that irritability about trifles, into which those who indulge *the delicacy of passion* in youth are apt to degenerate in age. Caroline felt, every day, increasing affection as well as admiration for Mrs. Hungerford, and found time pass delightfully in her company. Beside that general and well-chosen acquaintance with literature which supplied her with perpetual resources, she had that knowledge

of life and of the world which mixes so well, in conversation, with the knowledge of books. She had known, intimately, most of the celebrated people of the last century, and had store of curious and interesting anecdotes, which she produced with so much taste and judgment, and told so well, as never to fatigue attention. Caroline found that her mind was never passive or dormant in Mrs. Hungerford's company; she was always excited to follow some train of thought, to discuss some interesting question, or to reflect upon some new idea. There was, besides, in the whole tenor of her conversation and remarks such an indulgence for human nature, with all its faults and follies, as left the most pleasing and encouraging impression on the mind, and inspired hope and confidence. Her anecdotes and her philosophy all tended to prove that there is more virtue than vice, more happiness than misery, in life; and, above all, that there is a greater probability that the world should improve than that it should degenerate. Caroline felt pleased continually to find her own favourite opinions and hopes supported and confirmed by the experience and judgment of such a woman; and there was something gratifying to her, in being thus distinguished and preferred by one who had read so much and thought so deeply.

As Mrs. Hungerford had heard nothing more of count Altenberg, she wisely forbore to touch upon the subject, or even to mention his name to Caroline; and she saw, with satisfaction, the care with which her young friend turned her mind from every dangerous recollection. Sometimes, however, the remem-

brance of the count was unavoidably recalled ; once, in particular, in turning over the life of sir Philip Sidney, there was a passage copied in his hand, on a slip of paper, which had accidentally been left in the book.

“ Algernon Sidney, in a letter to his son, says, that in the whole of his life he never knew one man, of what condition soever, arrive at any degree of reputation in the world, who made choice of, or delighted in the company or conversation of those, who in their qualities were inferior, or in their parts not much superior to himself.”

“ What have you there, my love ? Something that pleases and interests you particularly, I see,” said Mrs. Hungerford, not knowing what it was that Caroline was reading : “ show it me, my dear—I am sure I shall like it.”

Caroline, deeply blushing, gave her the paper. She recollected the hand-writing, and folding up the paper, put it in her pocket-book.

“ It is an observation,” said she, “ that I wish I could write in letters of gold, for the advantage of all the young men in the world in whom I take any interest.”

The energetic warmth with which Mrs. Hungerford spoke relieved Caroline, as it seemed to justify the delight she had involuntarily expressed—the sentiments for the individual seemed now enveloped in general approbation and benevolence. She never loved Mrs. Hungerford better than at this instant.

Mrs. Hungerford observed that none of the common sentimental passages, either in poetry or novels, ever seemed to affect Caroline; and to the romantic descriptions of love she was so indifferent, that it might have appeared to a common observer as if she was, and ever would be, a stranger to the passion. By the help of the active and plastic powers of the imagination, any and every hero of a novel could be made, at pleasure, to appear the exact resemblance of each lady's different lover. Some, indeed, professed a peculiar and absolute exclusive attachment, founded on unintelligible or indescribable merits or graces; but these ladies, of all others, she had found were most liable to change, and on farther acquaintance with the world to discover, on generalizing their notions, similar or superior attractions in new models of perfection. In Caroline, Mrs. Hungerford saw none of these capricious fancies, and that it was not her imagination but her reason which gave count Altenberg the exalted place he held in her esteem. It was therefore with pleasure that this kind lady perceived that her young friend's residence with her soothed her mind, and restored it to its former tone.

But Caroline was soon obliged to leave Hungerford Castle. A letter from Erasmus informed her that poor lady Jane Granville was ill of a nervous fever, that she had no companion, no one to attend her but a maid-servant, and that she was much in want of some judicious friend who could raise her spirits and tranquillize her mind, which was in a state of continual agitation about her lawsuit. Ca-

roline, remembering lady Jane's former kindness, thought this a fit opportunity to show her gratitude; and, happy as she was with her friends at Hungerford Castle, she hesitated not a moment to sacrifice her own pleasure.—Her father and mother approved of her determination, and her brother Alfred carried her to London.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN these days, people travel with so much safety, ease, and celerity, that heroines have little chance of adventures on the road; and a journey is now so common a thing, that, as Rosamond observed, the most brilliant imagination has no hope of having wonders to relate. To Rosamond's mortification, Caroline and her brother reached London without any event having occurred better worth recording than the loss of an umbrella. They drove into town when it was nearly dark, just before the lamps were lighted; Caroline, therefore, had little satisfaction from the first view of the metropolis. She found lady Jane Granville in a small lodging in Clarges-street—the room dark—a smell of smoke—the tea-equipage prepared—lady Jane lying on a shabby-looking sofa—drops and a smelling-bottle on a little table beside her. She raised herself as Caroline entered, looked half pleased, half ashamed to see her; and, stretching out her hand, said, in a complaining voice, “Ah! my dear Caroline, are you really come? This is too

good! Sadly changed, you find—and every thing about me—Sit down, my dear—Keppel, do let us have tea as soon as you can,” said lady Jane.

“As soon as ever Eustace comes in, my lady,” answered Keppel, peevishly.

“In the mean time, for Heaven’s sake, allow us a little more light—I cannot live without light. Come nearer to me, my dear Caroline, and tell me how did you leave all our friends at the Hills?”

Whilst Caroline was answering her ladyship, more candles were brought, and lady Jane moved them on the table till she threw the light full on Caroline’s face.

“Handsome than ever! And altogether so *formed*. One would not think, Alfred, she had been buried all this time in the country. Ah! perverse child; why would not you come when I could have been of some use to you—when, at least, I could have received you as I ought? This is not a fit place, you see; nor am I now in circumstances, or in a style of life—Heigho!”

“Dr. Percy is not come yet,” resumed she. “This is his usual hour—and I wrote a note to tell him that he would meet his sister Caroline to-night.”

In all her ladyship said, in every look and motion, there was the same nervous hurry and inquietude. Dr. Percy arrived, and for a moment lady Jane forgot herself in sympathy with the pleasure the brother and sister showed at meeting. Soon, however, she would have relapsed into melancholy comparisons, but that Dr. Percy checked the course of her thoughts; and with the happy art, by which a phy-

sician of conversational powers can amuse a nervous patient, he, without the aid of poppy or mandragora, medicined her to rest, though not to sleep.

When Erasmus was alone with his sister, he observed that no permanent amendment could be expected in lady Jane's health till her mind should be at ease about her lawsuit. While this was undecided, her imagination vacillated between the horror of neglected poverty, and the hopes of recovering her former splendour and consideration. The lawsuit was not to be decided for some weeks, and Caroline saw that all that could be done in the mean time was as much as possible to soothe and amuse her patient: however tiresome and difficult the task, she went through it with the utmost cheerfulness and sweetness of temper. Day after day she passed alone with lady Jane, hearing her complaints, bodily and mental, and listening to the eternally repeated history of her lawsuit. But Caroline's patience was ensured by a sense of gratitude, which, in her, was not a sentimental phrase, but a motive for long endurance, still more difficult than active exertion.

One half hour in the day, however, she was sure of being happy—the half hour when her brother Erasmus paid his visit. Of Alfred she saw little, for he was so much engaged with business, that a few minutes now and then were all he could possibly spare from his professional duties. Mr. Temple called. She was surprised to see him, for she thought he had been on his way to the continent; but he told her that difficulties had occurred, chiefly through the manœuvres of Cunningham Falconer, and that he did

not know when there would be an end of these—that lord Oldborough was glad of the delay at present, because he wanted Mr. Temple's assistance, as the other secretary had been taken ill, and his lordship had not yet fixed upon a confidential person to supply his place. Of course, in these circumstances, Mr. Temple was so much occupied, that Caroline saw very little of him; and she experienced what thousands have observed, that, however people may wish to meet in great towns, it is frequently impracticable, from small difficulties as to time, distance, and connexions. Of Mr. Gresham, Caroline had hoped that she should see a great deal—her brother Erasmus had long since introduced him to lady Jane Granville; and, notwithstanding his being a merchant, her ladyship liked him. He was as much disposed as ever to be friendly to the whole Percy family; and the moment he heard of Caroline's being in town, he hastened to see her, and showed all his former affectionate regard in his countenance and manner. But his time and his thoughts were now engrossed by an affair very near his heart, which he was impatient to bring to a termination. As soon as this should be accomplished he was to set out for Amsterdam, where the concerns of his late partner, old Mr. Panton, as his correspondents wrote, imperiously demanded his presence.

This affair, which was so near Mr. Gresham's heart, related to his dear Constance. Alfred had alluded to it in one of his letters, and Erasmus had begun to write the particulars to Rosamond; but he had not at the time leisure to finish the letter, and

afterwards burnt it, being uncertain how the romance, as Alfred called it, might end. He therefore thought it prudent to say nothing about it. The whole story was now told to Caroline, and, briefly, was this.

After old Panton's rage against Dr. Percy, in consequence of the suspicion that his daughter was in love with him; after the strange wig-scene, and the high words that followed, had driven Erasmus from the house, Constance went to her father, and intent upon doing justice to Erasmus, at whatever hazard to herself, protested that he had not been the cause of her refusal of lord Roadster. To convince her father of this, she confessed that her heart was not entirely disengaged—no threats, no persuasion, could, however, draw from her the name of the person whom she preferred: she knew that to name him would be only to ruin his fortune—that her father never would consent to her marrying him; nor had the object of her preference ever given her reason to think that he felt any thing more for her than regard and respect. Old Panton, the last man in the world to understand any delicacies, thought her whole confession "*nonsense*:" the agitation and hesitation with which it was made, and her eagerness to clear Dr. Percy's credit, and to reinstate him in her father's favour, conspired to convince the old man that his "own first original opinion was right." Of this, indeed, he seldom needed any additional circumstances to complete the conviction on any occasion. During the remainder of his life he continued obstinate in his error: "If she likes any body else, why can't the girl name him? Nonsense—that cursed Dr. Percy

is the man, and he never shall be the man." In this belief old Panton died, and, what is of much more consequence, in this belief he made his will. On purpose to exclude Dr. Percy, and in the hope of accomplishing his favourite purpose of ennobling his descendants, he, in due legal form, inserted a clause in his will, stating, "that he bequeathed his whole fortune (save his wife's dower) to his beloved daughter, upon condition, that within the twelve calendar months next ensuing, after his decease, she, the said Constance, should marry a man not below the rank of the son of a baron. But in case she, the said Constance, should not marry within the said twelve calendar months, or should marry any man below the rank of a baron, then and after the expiration of said twelve calendar months, the said fortune to go to his beloved wife, except an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, to be paid thereout to his daughter Constance." Mr. Gresham was appointed sole executor to his will. As soon as it was decently possible, after old Panton's decease, lord Roadster renewed his suit to Constance, and was civilly but very steadily refused. Many other suitors, coming within the description of persons favoured by the will, presented themselves, but without success. Some making their application to Constance herself, some endeavouring to win her favour through the intercession of her guardian, Mr. Gresham—all in vain. Month after month had passed away, and Mr. Gresham began to be much in dread, and Mrs. Panton, the stepmother, somewhat in hopes, that the twelve calendar months would elapse without the young lady's having fulfilled the terms prescribed by the will. Mr. Gresham, one

morning, took his fair ward apart, and began to talk to her seriously upon the subject. He told her that he thought it impossible she should act from mere perverseness or caprice, especially as, from her childhood upwards, he had never seen in her any symptoms of an obstinate or capricious disposition; therefore he was well convinced that she had some good reason for refusing so many offers seemingly unexceptionable: he was grieved to find that he had not sufficiently won or deserved her confidence, to be trusted with the secret of her heart. Constance, who revered and loved him with the most grateful tenderness, knelt before him; and, clasping his hand in hers, while tears rolled over her blushing cheeks, endeavoured to speak, but could not for some moments. At last, she assured him that delicacy, and the uncertainty in which she was whether she was beloved, were the only causes which had hitherto prevented her from speaking on this subject, even to him, who now stood in the place of her father, and who had ever treated her with more than a father's kindness.

Mr. Gresham named Erasmus Percy.

“No.”

“Mr. Henry!”

“How was it possible that Mr. Gresham had never thought of him?”

Mr. Gresham had thought of him—had suspected that Mr. Henry's love for Constance had been the cause of his quitting England—had admired the young man's honourable silence and resolution—had recalled him from Amsterdam, and he was now in London.

But young Henry, who knew nothing of Mr. Gre-

sham's favourable disposition towards him, who had only commercial correspondence with him, and knew little of his character, considered him merely as the executor of Mr. Panton, and, with this idea, obeyed his summons home to settle accounts. When they met, he was much surprised by Mr. Gresham's speaking, not of accounts, but of Constance. When Mr. Gresham told him the terms of Mr. Panton's will, far from appearing disappointed or dejected, Mr. Henry's face flushed with hope and joy. He instantly confessed to her guardian that he loved Constance passionately; and that now, when it could not be supposed he had mercenary views; now, when no duty, no honour forbade him, he would try his fate. He spoke with a spirit given by strong passion long-repressed, and with a decision of character which his modesty and reserve of manner had, till now, prevented from appearing.

"Did he consider," Mr. Gresham asked, "what he expected miss Panton to sacrifice for him?"

"Yes, fortune, not duty—duty he could never have asked her to sacrifice; he could not have esteemed her if she *had* sacrificed duty. As to the rest," added he, proudly, "miss Panton is now to decide between love and fortune."

"This from the modest Mr. Henry! from whom, till this moment, I never heard a syllable that savoured of presumption!" said Mr. Gresham.

Mr. Henry was silent—and stood with an air of proud determination. Regardless of the surprise and attention with which Mr. Gresham considered him during this silence, he thought for a few moments, and asked, "Sir, when may I see miss Panton?"

“ And would you,” said Mr. Gresham, “ if it were in your power, sir, reduce the woman you love from opulence to poverty—to distress?”

“ I have four hundred a year, miss Panton has two—six hundred a year is not poverty, sir. Distress—the woman I marry shall never know whilst I have life and health. No, sir, this is not romance. Of my perseverance in whatever I undertake, even when least congenial to my habits, you have had proofs. Mr. Gresham, if miss Panton approves me, and if love can make her happy, I fear not to assert to you, her guardian, that I will make her happy. If she love me not, or,” added he, his whole countenance changing from the expression of ardent love to that of cold disdain, “ or, if love be not in her mind superior to fortune, then I have little to regret. Wealth and honours wait her command. But,” resumed he, “ the trial I will make—the hazard I will run. If I am mistaken—if I am presumptuous—the humiliation be mine—the agony all my own: my heart will bear it—or—break!”

“ Heroics!” said Mr. Gresham. “ Now let me ask——”

“ Let me ask, sir—pardon me,” interrupted Mr. Henry—“ Let me beg to see miss Panton.”

“ Stay, listen to me, young man——”

“ Young gentleman, sir, if you please.”

“ Young gentleman, sir, if you please,” repeated Mr. Gresham, mildly; “ I can make allowance for all this—you were bred a soldier, jealous of honour—but listen to me: there is one thing I must tell you before you see miss Panton—though I apprehend it

may somewhat mortify you, as it will interfere with your boast of disinterestedness and your vow of poverty—miss Panton I have from her cradle been in the habit of considering partly as my own—my own child—and, as such, I have left her in my will ten thousand pounds. As she will want this money before my death, if she marries you, I must convert my legacy into a marriage-portion, and you shall not, sir, have love without fortune, whatever your heroics may think of it. Now go to your mistress, and keep my secret.”

Young Henry was evidently more touched by this generosity than by this bounty, and with a gentleness and humility the most feeling, he said, “How shall I thank you, sir, for bearing with me as you did?”

“Oh!” said Mr. Gresham, “old as I am, I know what it is to be in love, and can conceive too what it is to fear that a guardian might be cross, and that the executor and the partner of Mr. Panton might act like Mr. Panton himself. Say no more—I understand it all, you see—Go to your Constance.”

Even in the haughtiness and spirit this young man had shown, Mr. Gresham saw the sincerity, strength, and disinterestedness of his affection; and in Mr. Gresham’s estimation these were no trifling merits. We pass over—shall we be forgiven?—the love-scenes between Mr. Henry and Constance. In these cases it is well when there is some sober friend to look to the common sense of the thing, and in the midst of the exaltation to do the necessary business of life. Mr. Gresham laid Mr. Panton’s will before counsel learned in the law, took opinions from two

different counsel ; from Alfred Percy, whose friendship was likely to quicken his attention, and from another barrister of long standing, who, being totally unconnected with the parties, might probably give a perfectly unbiassed and dispassionate advice. Both agreed that there was no avoiding the clause in the will ; that miss Panton, if she married a man below the rank of a baron's son, must give up her fortune to her stepmother at the end of twelve calendar months from the time of her father's decease ; but both barristers gave it as their opinion, that the income during those twelve months belonged to Constance : this was a considerable sum, which, by Mr. Gresham's advice, was to be vested with the rest of Mr. Henry's capital in the firm of the house of Panton and Co. In consequence of Mr. Gresham's earnest recommendation, and of his own excellent conduct and ability, Mr. Henry was from this time joined in the firm, and as one of the partners had a secure income proportioned to his part of the capital, besides a share in the very advantageous speculations in which the house was engaged. Mr. Gresham undertook to supply Mr. Henry's place at Amsterdam, whither he was under the necessity of going. His house he would leave to Constance during his absence. She had best begin by taking possession of it, and establish herself there, he observed, that she might not have the inconvenience and mortification of being turned out of her own at the end of the year. " And if," said he, " I should be able, when I return, to make Mr. Henry's resi-

dence with me agreeable to him, I shall hope he will not, while I live, take my Coustance quite away from me—I look to her as my chief happiness in life.”

If Rosamond had heard the sigh which closed this speech, and if she had seen the simplicity and delicacy of Mr. Gresham's generosity on this occasion, she would have reproached herself for refusing him, and would almost have reasoned herself into the belief that she had done very wrong not to marry him; but this belief would only, *could* only, have lasted till she should see Mr. Temple again: so that, upon the whole, it was best for poor Mr. Gresham that she knew nothing of the matter.

All things being arranged thus in the kindest and most convenient manner by this excellent man, and the day being fixed for the marriage of Constance and Mr. Henry, Caroline was asked to be bride's-maid, and the honour of lady Jane Granville's company was requested. It is inconceivable how much importance lady Jane attached to the idea of her accepting or refusing this request, and the quantity she talked about it was wonderful! Notwithstanding the habitual theme of her being of no consequence now to any one, of her being utterly forgotten and out of the world, yet she had still a secret, very secret belief, that all she did would be known and commented upon; and she worked herself up to think, also, that the honour to be conferred, or the offence that would be taken in consequence of her decision, would be immortal. Every five minutes

for two hours after the first reading of Mr. Gresham's note, she took it up, laid it down, and argued the matter pro and con to Caroline.

A long and loud knocking at the door came to Caroline's relief: it was repeated with imperious impatience. "Who is it, my dear? look out of the window, but don't let yourself be seen."

Caroline did not know any of the fashionable equipages, which to lady Jane appeared a great defect in her education: upon this occasion, however, she thought she recollected the livery to be Mrs. Falconer's.

"Oh! no, my dear, quite impossible—the Falconers have not been near me this age. I will tell you whose livery it is—there is a resemblance, but it is astonishing to me a girl of your sense cannot learn the difference—it is old lady Brangle's livery."

"It might very possibly be so," Caroline allowed.

The servant however brought in cards and a note from Mrs. Falconer—the note was to announce to lady Jane Granville the approaching marriage of Miss Falconer with sir Robert Percy—the day was named, and the honour of lady Jane Granville's company was requested at the wedding. Lady Jane knew that this communication was made, not in the least in the kindness, but in the pride of Mrs. Falconer's heart; and precisely in the same spirit in which it was written lady Jane thought it incumbent upon her to receive and answer it. Her ladyship was really warm and honest in her friendships, and very grateful to *her branch* of the Percy family, for the kindness they had shown her in adversity.

“I think it extremely ill-judged and ill-bred of Mrs. Falconer to invite me to this wedding. Does she think I have no feeling? My own near relations and best friends deprived of their birthright by this sir Robert Percy—does she conceive it possible that I *could* go to such a wedding?—No; nor did she wish or expect it; she only wrote from vanity, and I shall answer her with pride, which, at least, is somewhat superior to that mean passion; and I shall go, I am now determined, to Mr. Gresham’s—I do nothing by halves.”

Her ladyship immediately wrote answers to both the invitations. Nothing for months had done her so much good as the exertion, interest, and imaginary self-importance these two notes created. At Mr. Gresham’s on the day of the wedding her ladyship appeared with great dignity, and was satisfied that she had conferred honour and serious obligation. Could she have seen into the minds of all the company, she would have been astonished to find how little she occupied their thoughts. It would be difficult to determine whether it is more for the happiness or misery of man and womankind that politeness should cherish, or truth destroy, these little delusions of self-love.

Presently there appeared in the newspapers a splendid account of the marriage at St. George’s church, Hanover-square, of sir Robert Percy, of Percy-hall, with Arabella, the eldest daughter of J. Falconer, esquire: present at the ceremony was a long list of *fashionable friends*, who, as lady Jane Granville observed, “would not have cared if the

bride had been hanged the next minute." The happy pair, after partaking of an elegant collation, set out in a barouche and four for Percy-hall, the seat of sir Robert Percy.

"So!" cried lady Jane, throwing down the paper, "Mrs. Falconer has accomplished that match at last, and has got one of her daughters well off her hands—the ugly one too. Upon my word, she is amazingly clever. But, after all, the man has a horrid temper, and a very bad character. Now it is over, my dear Caroline, I must tell you, that long ago, before I was so well aware of what sort of a man he was, I had formed the plan of marrying him to you, and so uniting the two branches, and bringing the estate into your family; but we have often reason to rejoice that our best-concerted schemes don't succeed. I give Mrs. Falconer joy. For worlds I would not have such a man married to any relation or friend of mine—Oh! if I recover my fortune, Caroline, I have hopes for you!"

Her ladyship was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Gresham, who came to take leave, as he was just setting out for Holland. He was a man who said less and did more for his friends, as Caroline observed, than almost any person she knew. On seeing his gallery of paintings, she had noticed some beautiful miniatures; he now brought all those which she had admired, and begged to leave them with her during his absence, that she might at her leisure copy any of them she liked. He knew she painted in miniature, for he had long ago, when at the Hills, seen her copy of M. de Tourville's picture of Euphrosyne.

“If,” said Mr. Gresham, observing that Caroline scrupled to take charge of so many precious pictures, “if you are too proud to receive from me the slightest kindness without a return, I am willing to put myself under an obligation to you. While I am away, at your leisure, make me a copy of that Euphrosyne—I shall love it for your sake, and as reminding me of the time when I first saw it—the happiest time perhaps of my life,” added he, in a low voice.

“Oh! Rosamond,” thought Caroline, “if you had heard that!—and if you knew how generously kind he has been to your brothers!”

At parting from Alfred and Erasmus, he said to them, “My good young friends, why don’t either of you marry? To be sure, you are young enough; but think of it in time, and don’t put off, put off, till you grow into old bachelors. I know young men generally in these days say, they find it too expensive to marry—some truth in that, but more selfishness: here’s young Mr. Henry has set you a good example—Your practice in your professions, I suppose, puts you as much at ease in the world by this time as he is. Malthus, you know, whom I saw you studying the other day, objects only to people marrying before they can maintain a family. Alfred, when I was at the Hills, I heard of a certain miss Leicester. If you shall think of marrying before I come back again, you’ll want a house, and I’ve lent mine already—but money, you know, can place one in any part of the town you might like better—I have a sum lying idle at my bankers, which I have just had transferred to the account of Alfred and Erasmus Percy—which-

ever of you marry before I come back, must do me the favour to purchase a good house—I must have it at the polite end of the town, or I shall be worse than an old bachelor—let me find it well furnished and aired—nothing airs a house so well as a warm friend: then, you know, if I should not fancy your purchase, I leave it on your hands, and you pay me the purchase-money year by year, at your leisure—if you can trust that I will not throw you into jail for it.”

The warmth of Alfred's thanks in particular showed Mr. Gresham that he had not been mistaken about miss Leicester.

“I wish I had thought, or rather I wish I had spoken of this sooner,” added Mr. Gresham: “perhaps I might have had the pleasure of seeing you married before my leaving England; but—no—it is best as it is—I might have hurried things—and in these matters every body likes to go their own pace, and their own way. So fare ye well—God bless you both, and give you good wives—I can ask nothing better for you from Heaven.”

No man could be more disposed than Alfred felt himself at this instant to agree with Mr. Gresham, and to marry immediately—visions of beauty and happiness floated before his imagination; but a solicitor knocking at the door of his chambers recalled him to the sense of the sad necessity of finishing some law-papers instead of going into the country to see his fair mistress. His professional duty absolutely required his remaining in town the whole of this term—lady Jane Granville's business, in par-

ticular, depended upon him—he gave his mind to it. She little knew how difficult it was to him at this time to fix his attention, or how much temper it required in these circumstances to bear with her impatience. The week before her cause was expected to come to trial, her ladyship's law-fever was at its height—Alfred avoided her presence, and did her business.

The day arrived—her cause came on—Alfred's exertions proved successful—and hot from the courts he brought the first joyful news—a decree in her favour!

Lady Jane started up, clasped her hands, embraced Alfred, embraced Caroline, returned thanks to Heaven—again and again, in broken sentences, tried to express her gratitude. A flood of tears came to her relief. “Oh! Alfred, what pleasure your generous heart must feel!”

From this day—from this hour, lady Jane's health rapidly recovered; and, as Erasmus observed, her lawyer had at last proved her best physician.

When Caroline saw lady Jane restored to her strength, and in excellent spirits, preparing to take possession of a handsome house in Spring-Gardens, she thought she might be spared to return to her own family. But lady Jane would not part with her; she insisted upon keeping her the remainder of the winter, promising to carry her back to the Hills in a few weeks. It was plain that refusing this request would renew the ire of lady Jane, and render irreconcilable the quarrel between her ladyship and the Percy family. Caroline felt extremely unwilling

to offend one whom she had obliged, and one who really showed such anxiety for her happiness.

“I know, my dear lady Jane,” said she, smiling, “that if I stay with you, you will form a hundred kind schemes for my establishment; but forgive me when I tell you, that it is upon the strength of my belief in the probability that they will none of them be accomplished, that I consent to accept your ladyship’s invitation.”

“Perverse! provoking and incomprehensible!— But since you consent to stay, my dear, I will not quarrel with your motives: I will let them rest as philosophically unintelligible as you please. Be satisfied, I will never more accuse you of perversity in refusing me formerly; nor will I convict you of inconsistency for obliging me now. The being convicted of inconsistency I know is what you people, who pique yourselves upon being rational, are so afraid of. Now we *every-day people*, who make no pretensions to be reasonable, have no character for consistency to support—you cannot conceive what delightful liberty we enjoy. In lieu of whole tomes of casuistry, the simple phrase, ‘I’ve changed my mind,’ does our business. Do let me hear if you could prevail upon yourself to say so.”

“I’ve changed my mind,” said Caroline, playfully.

“That’s candid—now I love as well as admire you.”

“To be entirely candid, then,” said Caroline, “I must, my dear lady Jane, if you will give me leave, tell you more.”

“As much as you please,” said lady Jane, “for I am naturally curious, particularly when young ladies blush.”

Caroline thought that however lady Jane and she might differ on some points, her ladyship’s anxiety to promote her happiness, in the way she thought most advantageous, deserved not only her gratitude but her confidence. Besides, it would be the most effectual way, she hoped, of preventing lady Jane from forming any schemes for her establishment, to confess at once that she really believed it was not likely she should meet with any person, whose character and merits were equal to those of count Altenberg, and any one inferior to him she was determined never to marry. She added a few words, as delicately as she could, upon the dread she felt of being presented in society as a young lady wishing for an establishment.

Lady Jane heard all she said upon this subject with much attention; but when she had finished, her ladyship said to herself, “Nonsense!—Every young lady thinks one lover perfect till she has seen another. Before Caroline has passed a month in fashionable society, provided she has a fashionable admirer, we shall hear no more of this count Altenberg.”

“Well, my dear,” said she, holding out her hand to Caroline, “I will give you my word I will, to the best of my ability, comply with all your conditions. You shall not be advertised as a young lady in search of a husband—but just as if you were a married woman, you will give me leave to introduce my acquaintance to you; and if they should find out, or if in time you should find out, that you are not married, you know, I shall not be to blame.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEHOLD lady Jane Granville reinstated in her fortune, occupying a fine house in a fashionable situation, with suitable equipage and establishment! carriages rolling to her door; tickets crowding her servants' hands; an influx, an affluence of friends, and congratulations such as quite astonished Caroline.

“Where were these people all the time she lived in Clarges-street?” thought she.

Lady Jane, though she knew from experience the emptiness and insincerity of such demonstrations of regard, was, nevertheless, habitually pleased by them and proud to be in a situation where numbers found it worth while to pay her attentions. But notwithstanding her *foibles*, she was not a mere fashionable friend. She was warm in her affection for Caroline. The *producing* her young friend in the great London world was her prime object.

The pretensions of individuals are often cruelly mortified when they come to encounter the vast competition of a capital city. As king James said to the country-gentleman at court, “The little vessels, that made a figure on the lake, appear insignificant on the ocean!”

Happily for Caroline, she had not formed high expectations of pleasure, any hope of producing *effect*, or even *sensation*, upon her first appearance in the fashionable world. As she said in her letters to her friends at home, nothing could be more dull or tiresome than her first experience of a young lady's in-

roduction into life; nothing, as she assured Rosamond, could be less like the reality than the delightful representations in novels, where every day produces new scenes, new adventures, and new characters. She was ashamed to write such stupid letters from London; but unless she were to have recourse to invention, she literally had not any thing entertaining to tell. She would, if Rosamond was in despair, invent a few conquests; and like great historians, put in some fine speeches supposed to have been spoken by celebrated characters.

In reality, Caroline's beauty had not passed so completely unobserved as her modesty and inexperience imagined. She did not know the signs of the times. On her first entrance into a public room eyes turned upon her—the eyes of mothers with apprehension, of daughters with envy. Some gentlemen looked with admiration, others with curiosity.

“A new face! Who is she?”

“A relation of lady Jane Granville.”

“What has she?”

“I don't know—nothing, I believe.”

“Nothing, certainly—a daughter of the Percy who lost his fortune.”

All apprehensions ceased on the part of the ladies, and generally all admiration on the part of the gentleman. Opera-glasses turned another way. Pity succeeding to envy, a few charitably disposed added, “Ah! poor thing! unprovided for—What a pity!”

“Do you dance to night?”

“Does our quadrille come next?”

Some gentleman, an abstract admirer of beauty,

perhaps, asked the honour of her hand—to dance ; but there the abstraction generally ended. A few, indeed, went farther, and swore that she was a fine girl, prophesied that she would *take*, and declared they would be d—d if they would not *think* of her, if they could afford it.

From their prophecies or their oaths nothing ensued, and even the civilities and compliments she received from lady Jane's particular friends and acquaintance, though in a more polite style, were equally unmeaning and unproductive. Days passed without leaving a trace behind.

Unluckily for Caroline, her brother Alfred was about this time obliged to leave town. He was summoned to the country by Dr. Leicester. Dr. Percy was so continually employed, that she could scarcely have a few minutes in a week of his company, now that lady Jane's health no longer required his professional attendance. Caroline, who had always been used to domestic society and conversation, was thus compelled to live completely in public, without the pleasures of home, and without the amusement young people generally enjoy in company, when they are with those of their own age to whom they can communicate their thoughts. Lady Jane Granville was so much afraid of Caroline's not appearing fashionable, that she continually cautioned her against expressing her natural feelings at the sight of any thing new and surprising, or at the perception of the tiresome or ridiculous. Her ladyship would never permit her protégée to ask the name of any person in public places or at private parties—because not to know certain people “argues yourself unknown.”

“I’ll tell you who every body is when we go home;” but when she was at home, lady Jane was generally too much tired to explain or to comprehend the description of these nameless bodies; and even when her ladyship was able to satisfy her curiosity, Caroline was apt to mistake afterwards the titles and histories of the personages, and by the misnomers of which she was guilty, provoked lady Jane past endurance. Whether it was from want of *natural genius* in the scholar, or interest in the study, or from the teacher’s thus unphilosophically separating the name and the idea, it is certain that Caroline made but slow progress in acquiring her fashionable nomenclature. She was nearly in despair at her own want of memory, when fortunately a new instructress fell in her way, who was delighted with her ignorance, and desired nothing better than to tell her who was who; in every private party and public place to point out the ridiculous or notorious, and at the moment the figures were passing, whether they heard or not, to relate anecdotes characteristic and illustrative: this new, entertaining preceptress was lady Frances Arlington. Her ladyship having quarrelled with miss Georgiana Falconer, hated to go out with Mrs. Falconer, hated still more to stay at home with the old tapestry-working duchess her aunt, and was delighted to have lady Jane Granville to take her every where. She cared little what any person thought of herself, much less what they thought of Caroline: therefore, free from all the delicacies and anxieties of lady Jane’s friendship and systems, lady Frances, though from different premises coming to the same conclusion, agreed that thinking of Caroline’s advantage was

stuff! and that all she had to do was to amuse herself in town. Caroline was the most convenient companion to go out with, for she never crossed her ladyship about partners, or admirers, never vied with her for admiration, or seemed to mind her *flirtations*; but quietly suffering her to draw off all the fashionable beaux, whom lady Jane stationed upon duty, she let lady Frances Arlington talk, or dance, to her heart's content, and was satisfied often to sit still and be silent. The variety of words and ideas, facts and remarks, which her lively and practised companion poured into her mind, Caroline was left to class for herself, to generalise, and to make her own conclusions. Now she had means of amusement, she took pleasure in observing all that was going on, and she knew something of the characters and motives of the actors in such different scenes. As a spectator, she was particularly struck by the eagerness of all the players, at their different games of love, interest, or ambition; and in various sets of company, she was diverted by observing how each thought themselves the whole world: here a party of young ladies and gentlemen, practising, morning, noon, and night, steps for their *quadrille*; and while they are dancing the *quadrille*, jockey gentlemen ranged against the wall in the ball-room, talking of their horses; grave heads and snuff-boxes in a corner settling the fate of Europe, proving that they were, are, or ought to be, behind the scenes; at the card-tables, sharpened faces seeing nothing in the universe but their cards; and at the piano-forte a set of signors and signoras, and ladies of quality, mingled together, full of duets,

solos, overtures, cavatinas, expression; execution, and thorough bass—mothers in agonies, daughters pressed or pressing forward—some young and trembling with shame—more, though young, yet confident of applause—others, and these the saddest among the gay, veteran female exhibitors, tired to death, yet forced to continue the unfruitful glories. In one grand party, silence and state; in another group, rival matrons chasing round the room the heir presumptive to a dukedom, or wedging their daughters closer and closer to that door-way through which lord William * * * * * must pass. Here a poet acting enthusiasm with a *chapeau bras*—there another dying of ennui to admiration; here a wit cutting and slashing right or wrong; there a man of judgment standing by, silent as the grave—all for notoriety. Whilst others of high rank, birth, or wealth, without effort or merit, secure of distinction, looked down with sober contempt upon the poor strugglers and wranglers for fame.

Caroline had as yet seen but few of the literary candidates for celebrity; only those privileged few, who, combining the pretensions of rank and talent, had a natural right to be in certain circles; or those who, uniting superior address to superior abilities, had risen or forced their way into fine company. Added to these were two or three, who were invited to parties as being the wonder and show of the season—persons whom the pride of rank found it gratifying to have at command, and who afforded to them a most happy relief from the dulness of their habitual existence. Caroline, though pitying the exhibitors,

whenever she met any of this description, had great curiosity to see more of literary society; but lady Jane systematically hung back on this point, and evaded her promises.

“Yes, my dear, I did promise to take you to lady Angelica Headingham’s, and lady Spilsbury’s, but there’s time enough—not yet—not till I have established you in a higher society: not for your advantage to get among the blue-stockings—the blue rubs off—and the least shade might ruin you with some people. If you were married, I should introduce you to that set with pleasure, for they entertain me vastly, and it is a great privation to me this winter—a long fast; but even this abstinence from wit I can endure for your sake, my dear Caroline—you are my first object. If you would take the *bel esprit* line decidedly—Talents you have, but not courage sufficient; and even if you had, you are scarce old enough: with your beauty and grace, you have a better chance in the circle you are in, my dear.”

But lady Frances Arlington, who thought only of her own chance of amusement, seconded Caroline’s wish to see the literary set. Nothing could be more stupid, her ladyship said, than running round always in the same circle; for her part, she loved to see clever odd people, and though her aunt-duchess would not let her go to lady Spilsbury’s, yet lady Frances was sure that, with lady Jane Granville for her chaperon, she could get a passport for lady Angelica Headingham’s, “because lady Angelica is a sort of cousin, I can’t tell you how many times removed, but just as many as will serve my present

purpose—a connexion quite near enough to prove her fashionable, and respectable, and all that: so, my dear lady Jane—I'll ask leave," concluded lady Frances, "and we will go next conversazione day."

No—Lady Jane was firm to what she believed to be for Caroline's interest, and she refused to take her into *that set*, and therefore declined the honour of chaperoning her ladyship to lady Angelica Headingham's.

"Oh! my dear lady Jane, you couldn't, you wouldn't be so cruel! When I am dying with impatience to see my cousin make herself ridiculous, as I hear she does more and more every day with that baron Wilhelmberg—Wilhelmberg, I said, not Altenberg—miss Caroline Percy need not have turned her head so quickly. Lady Angelica's man is a German, and yours was a Pole, or Prussian, was not he?—Do you know the ugliest man I ever saw in my life, and the handsomest, were both Poles—but they are all well-bred."

"But about lady Angelica's German baron?" interrupted lady Jane.

"Yes, what sort of a person is he?" said Caroline.

"As unlike your count Altenberg as possible—an oddish-looking genius—oldish, too—like one's idea of an alchemist, or a professor, or a conjuror—like any thing rather than a man of fashion; but, nevertheless, since he has got into fashion, the ladies have all found out that he is very like a Roman emperor—and so he is—like *any* head on an old coin."

“But how comes there to be such a value set on this head?—How came he into fashion?” said lady Jane.

“Is it possible you don’t know? Oh! it was when you were out of the world he first made the great noise—by dreaming—yes, dreaming—dreaming himself, and making every body else dream as he pleases; he sported last season a new theory of dreaming—joins practice to theory, too—very extraordinary—interprets all your dreams to your satisfaction, they say—and, quite on philosophical principles, can make you dream whatever he pleases. True, upon my veracity.”

“Did your ladyship ever try his skill?” said lady Jane.

“Not I; for the duchess would not hear of him—but I long the more to know what he could make me dream. He certainly is very clever, for he was asked last winter everywhere. All the world ran mad—lady Spilsbury, and my wise cousin, I understand, came to pulling wigs for him. Angelica conquered at last; you know Angelica was always a little bit of a coquette—not a *little* bit neither. At first, to be sure, she thought no more of love for the German emperor than I do this minute; but he knew how to coquet also—Who would have thought it?—So there were notes, and verses, and dreams, and interpretations, and I can’t tell you what. But, so far, the man is no charlatan—he has made lady Angelica dream the very dream he chose—the strangest, too, imaginable—that she is in love with him. And the interpretation is, that she will take him ‘for better for worse.’”

“That is your own interpretation, is not it, lady Frances?” said Caroline.

“Is it possible there is any truth in it?” said lady Jane.

“All true, positively, I hear. And of all things, I should like to see lady Angelica and the baron face to face—tête-à-tête—or profile by profile, in the true Roman emperor and empress medal style.”

“So should I, I confess,” said lady Jane smiling.

“The best or the worst of it is,” continued lady Frances, “that, after all, this baron bold is, I’ve a notion, no better than an adventurer: for I heard a little bird sing, that a certain ambassador hinted confidentially, that the baron de Wilhelmberg would find it difficult to prove his sixteen quarterings. But now, upon both your honours, promise me you’ll never mention this—never give the least confidential hint of it to man, woman, or child; because it might get round, spoil our sport, and never might I have the dear delight of drawing the caricature.”

“*Now* your ladyship is not serious, I am sure,” said Caroline.

“Never more serious—never so serious in my life; and, I assure you,” cried lady Frances, speaking very earnestly and anxiously, “if you give the least hint, I will never forgive you while I live; for I have set my heart on doing the caricature.”

“Impossible that, for the mere pleasure of drawing a caricature, you would let your own cousin expose herself with an adventurer!” said Caroline.

“La! lady Angelica is only my cousin a hundred removes. I can’t help her being ridiculous: every

body, I dare say, has ridiculous cousins—and laugh one must. If one was forbid to laugh at one's relatives, it would be sad indeed for those who have extensive connexions. Well, lady Jane, I am glad to see that *you* don't pique yourself on being too good to laugh: so I may depend on you. Our party for lady Angelica's is fixed for Monday."

No—lady Jane had, it is certain, some curiosity and some desire to laugh at her neighbour's expence. So far, lady Frances had, with address, touched her foible for her purpose; but lady Jane's affection for Caroline strengthened her against the temptation. She was persuaded that it would be a disadvantage to her to go to this conversazione. She would not upon any account have miss Percy be seen in the blue-stocking set at present—she had her reasons. To this resolution her ladyship adhered, though lady Frances Arlington, pertinacious to accomplish any purpose she took into her fancy, returned morning after morning to the charge. Sometimes she would come with intelligence from her fetcher and carrier of news, as she called him, captain Nuttall.

One day, with a very dejected countenance, her ladyship came in, saying, "It's off—it's all off! Nuttall thinks it will never be a match."

The next day, in high spirits, she brought word, "It's on—it's on again! Nuttall thinks it will certainly be a match—and Angelica is more delightfully ridiculous than ever! Now, my dear lady Jane, Tuesday?—next week?—the week afterwards? In short, my dearest lady Jane, once for all, will you ever take me to her conversazione?"

"Never, my dear lady Frances, till miss Caroline

Percy is married," said lady Jane: "I have my own reasons."

"Then I wish miss Caroline Percy was to be married to-morrow—I have my own reasons. But, after all, tell me, is there any, the least chance of miss Percy's being married?"

"Not the least chance," said Caroline.

"That is her own fault," said lady Jane, looking mortified and displeased.

"That cannot be said of me, there's one comfort," cried lady Frances. "If I'm not married, 'tis not my fault; but my papa's, who, to *make an eldest son*, left me only a poor 5000*l.* portion. What a shame to rob daughters for sons, as the grandees do! I wish it had pleased Heaven to have made me the daughter of an honest merchant, who never thinks of this impertinence: then, with my plum or plums, I might have chosen the first spendthrift lord in the land, or, may be, I might have been blessed with an offer from that paragon of perfection, lord William ——. Do you know what made him such a paragon of perfection? His elder brother's falling sick, and being like to die. Now, if the brother should recover, adieu to my lord William's perfections."

"Not in the opinion of all," said lady Jane. "Lord William was a favourite of mine, and I saw his merit long ago, and shall see it, whether his elder brother dies or recovers."

"At all events," continued lady Frances, "he will be a paragon, you will see, only till he is married, and then—"

'How shall I your true love know
From any other man?'

By the by, the other day, lord William, in flying from the chase of matrons, in his fright (he always looks like a frightened hare, poor creature!) took refuge between you two ladies. Seriously, lady Jane, do you know I think you *manage* vastly well for your protégée—you are not so *broad* as Mrs. Falconer,”

“*Broad!* I beg your ladyship’s pardon for repeating your word,” cried lady Jane, looking quite angry, and feeling too angry to parry, as she usually did, with wit: “I really don’t understand your ladyship.”

“Then I must wish your ladyship a good morning, for I’ve no time or talents for explanation,” said lady Frances, running off, delighted to have produced a sensation.

Lady Jane rang for her carriage, and made no observations on what had passed. But in the evening she declared that she would not take lady Frances Arlington out with her any more, that her ladyship’s spirits were too much for her. “Besides, my dear Caroline, when she is with you, I never hear you speak a word—you leave it entirely to her ladyship. After all, she is, if you observe, a perfectly selfish creature.”

Lady Jane recollected various instances of this.

“She merely makes a tool of me—my carriage, my servants, my time, myself, always to be at her service, whenever the aunt-duchess cannot, or will not, do her ladyship’s behests. For the slightest errand she could devise, she would send me to the antipodes; bid me fetch her a toothpick from the farthest inch

of the city. Well! I could pardon all the trouble she gives for her fancies, if she would take any trouble for others in return. No—ask her to do the least thing for you, and she tells you, she'd be very glad, but she does not know how; or, she would do it this minute, but that she has not time; or, she would have remembered it certainly, but that she forgot it."

Caroline admitted that lady Frances was thoughtless and giddy, but she hoped not incurably selfish, as lady Jane now seemed to suppose.

"Pardon me, she is incurably selfish. Her childishness made me excuse her for a great while: I fancied she was so giddy that she could not remember any thing; but I find she never forgets any thing on which she has set her own foolish head. Giddy! I can't bear people who are too giddy to think of any body but themselves."

Caroline endeavoured to excuse her ladyship, by saying that, by all accounts, she had been educated in a way that must make her selfish. "Idolized, and spoilt, I think you told me she was?"

"True, very likely; let her mother, or her grandmother, settle that account—I am not to blame, and I will not suffer for it. You know, if we entered like your father into the question of education, we might go back to Adam and Eve, and find nobody to blame but them. In the mean time, I will not take lady Frances Arlington out with me any more—on this point I am determined; for, suppose I forgave her selfishness and childishness, and *all that*, why should I be subject to her impertinence? She has

been suffered to say whatever comes into her head and to think it wit. Now, as far as I am concerned, I will teach her better."

Caroline, who always saw the best side of characters, pleaded her freedom from art and dissimulation. "My dear Caroline, she is not half so free from dissimulation as you are from envy and jealousy. She is always in your way, and you never see it. I can't bear to hear you defend her, when I know she would and does sacrifice you at any time and at all times to her own amusement. But she shall not stand in your light—for you are a generous, unsuspecting creature. Lady Frances shall never go out with me again—and I have just thought of an excellent way of settling that matter. I'll change my coach for a vis-à-vis, which will carry only two."

This lady Jane, quick and decided, immediately accomplished; she adhered to her resolution, and never did take lady Frances Arlington out with her more.

Returning from a party this evening—a party where they met lord William, who had sat beside Caroline at supper—lady Jane began to reproach her with having been unusually reserved and silent.

Caroline said she was not conscious of this.

"I hope and trust I am not too broad," continued lady Jane, with a very proud and proper look; "but I own, I think there is as much indelicacy in a young lady's hanging back too much as in her coming too forward. And gentlemen are apt to over-rate their consequence as much, if they find you are afraid to speak to them, as if you were to talk—like miss Falconer herself."

Caroline assented fully to the truth of this remark ; assured lady Jane that she had not intentionally hung back or been reserved ; that she had no affectation of this sort. In a word, she promised to exert herself more in conversation, since lady Jane desired it.

“ I do wish it, my dear: you don't *get on*—there's no *getting you on*. You certainly do not talk enough to gentlemen when they sit beside you. It will be observed.”

“ Then, ma'am, I hope it will be observed, too,” said Caroline, smiling, “ that the gentlemen do not talk to me.”

“ No matter—you should find something to say to them—you have plenty of gold, but no ready change about you. Now, as lord Chesterfield tells us, you know, that will never do.”

Caroline was perfectly sensible of this—she knew she was deficient in the sort of conversation of the moment requisite for fine company and public places.

“ But when I have nothing to say, is not it better for me to say nothing, ma'am ?”

“ No, my dear—half the world are in that predicament ; but would it mend our condition to reduce our parties to quakers' silent meetings ? My dear, you must condescend to talk without saying any thing—and you must bear to hear and say the same words a hundred times over ; and another thing, my dear Caroline—I wish you could cure yourself of looking fatigued. You will never be thought agreeable, unless you can endure, without showing that you are tired, the most stupid people extant——”

Caroline smiled, and said she recollected her

father's telling her that "the prince de Ligne, the most agreeable man of his day, declared that his secret depended not on his wit or talents for conversation, but on his power of concealing the ennui he felt in stupid company."

"Well, my dear, *I* tell you so, as well as the prince de Ligne, and let me see that you profit by it to-morrow."

The next night they went to a large party, at a very fine lady's. It was dull, but Caroline did her best to look happy, and exerted herself to talk to please lady Jane, who, from her card-table, from time to time, looked at her, nodded, and smiled. When they got into their carriage, lady Jane, before she had well drawn up the glass, began to praise her for her performance this evening. "Really, my dear, you got on very well to-night; and I hear miss Caroline Percy is very agreeable. And, shall I tell you who told me so?—No; that would make you too vain: But I'll leave you to sleep upon what has been said—to-morrow you shall hear more."

The next morning, Caroline had stolen away from visitors, and quietly in her own room was endeavouring to proceed in her copy of the miniature for Mr. Gresham, when lady Jane came into her apartment, with a letter and its cover in her hand. "A letter, in which you, Caroline, are deeply concerned."

A sudden hope darted across Caroline's imagination, and illuminated her countenance. As suddenly it vanished, when she saw on the cover of the letter no foreign post-mark—no foreign hand—but a hand unknown to her.

“ Deeply concerned ! How can I—how—how am I concerned in this, ma’am ? ” she asked—with difficulty commanding her voice to articulate the words.

“ Only a proposal for you, my dear,” said lady Jane, smiling: “ not a proposal for which you need blush, as you’ll see, if you’ll read.”

But observing that Caroline was not at this moment capable of reading, without seeming to notice the tremor of her hand, and that she was holding the letter upside down before her eyes, lady Jane, with kind politeness, passed on to the picture at which her young friend had been at work, and stooping to examine the miniature with her glass, made some observations on the painting, and gave Caroline time to recover. Nor did her ladyship look up till Caroline exclaimed, “ John Clay!—English Clay ! ”

“ Yes—Clay, of Clay-hall, as Mrs. Falconer would say. You see, my love, I told you truly, it was no blushing matter. I am sorry I startled you by my abruptness. *Surprises* are generally ill-judged—and always ill-bred. Acquit me, I beseech you, of all but thoughtlessness,” said lady Jane, sitting down by Caroline, and kindly taking her hand: “ I hope you know I am not Mrs. Falconer.”

“ I do, indeed,” said Caroline, pressing her hand: “ I feel all your kindness, all your politeness.”

“ Of course, I knew that a proposal from Clay, of Clay-hall, would be to you—just what it is to me,” said lady Jane. “ I hope you cannot apprehend that, for the sake of his seven or ten thousand, whatever he has per annum, I should press such a match upon

you, Caroline? No, no, you are worth something much better."

"Thank you, my dear lady Jane," cried Caroline, embracing her with warm gratitude.

"Why, child, you could not think me so—merely mercenary. No; touch me upon family, or fashion—any of my aristocratic prejudices, as your father calls them—and I might, perhaps, be a little peremptory. But John Clay is a man just risen from the ranks, lately promoted from being a manufacturer's son to be a subaltern in good company, looking to rise another step by purchase: no, no—a Percy could not accept such an offer—no loss of fortune could justify such a *mésalliance*. Such was my first feeling, and I am sure yours, when you read at the bottom of this awkwardly folded epistle, 'Your ladyship's most devoted, &c. John Clay'——"

"I believe I had no feeling, but pure surprise," said Caroline. "I scarcely think Mr. Clay can be in earnest—for, to the best of my recollection, he never spoke five words to me in his life!"

"English Clay, my dear. Has not he said every thing in one word?—I should have been a little surprised, but that I have been seeing this good while the *dessous des cartes*. Don't flatter yourself that love for you offers Clay-hall—no; but hatred to Mrs. and miss Falconer. There have been quarrels upon quarrels, and poor lady Trant in the middle of them, unable to get out—and John Clay swearing he is not to be *taken in*—and miss Falconer buffeting lady Trant with the willow he left on her brows—and Mrs. Falconer smiling through the whole, and keeping the secret,

which every body knows: in short, my dear, 'tis not worth explaining to you—but John Clay certainly hopes to complete the mortification of the Falconers by giving himself to you. Besides, you are in fashion. Too much has been said about him—I'm tired of him. Write your answer, my dear—or I'm to write, am I? Well, give me some gilt paper—let us do the thing properly." Properly the thing was done—the letter folded, not awkwardly, was sealed and sent, Caroline delighted with lady Jane, and lady Jane delighted with herself.

"So there's an end of that matter," said lady Jane. "I saw how it would be long ago; but I was glad you saw nothing of it, lest you should not have let it come to a declaration. A refusal is always creditable; therefore, I own, I should have been mortified, if the season had passed without your having one proposal. But now you have nothing to be ashamed of—you've killed your man—and I hope and trust I shall live to see you kill another."

Caroline laughed, but said she was glad lady Jane was not one of those who count refusals as so many proofs of a young lady's merit; for her own part, she acknowledged she was inclined to think that they were sometimes proofs rather of coquetry and duplicity.

Lady Jane hesitated, and said she did not see this—she could not agree to this.

The conversation went on, till her ladyship and Caroline came to a complete opposition of opinion on a principle, which, though it was only stated in general, and in the abstract, her ladyship defended

with an urgency, and Caroline resisted with a steadiness, which are seldom shown about any merely speculative point, unless there is some secret apprehension of their being soon reduced to practice.

Lady Jane asserted that "a woman should always let an attachment come to a declaration, before she permits a man to see her mind, even though determined upon a refusal."

Caroline thought this would be using the man ill.

Lady Jane maintained that it would be using him much worse to refuse him before he asked.

"But without refusing," Caroline said that "a gentleman might be led to perceive when he was not likely to be accepted, and thus would be saved the pain and humiliation of a rejected proposal."

"It was not a young lady's first business to think of that—her first duty was to do what was right and proper for herself," lady Jane said.

"Certainly; but the very question is, what is right and proper?"

"To give a distinct answer when a distinct question is asked, neither more nor less," said lady Jane. "Caroline, on these subjects you must trust to one who knows the world, to tell you the opinion of the world. A woman is safe, and cannot be blamed by friend or foe, if she adhere to the plain rule 'Stay till you are asked.' Till a gentleman thinks proper, in form, to declare his attachment, nothing can be more indelicate than for a lady to see it."

"Or, in some cases, more disingenuous, more cruel, than to pretend to be blind to it."

"Cruel!—Cruel is a word of the last century,

or the century before the last. Cruelty is never heard of now, my dear—gentlemen's hearts don't break in these our days; or suppose an odd heart should break, if the lady is treating it according to rule, she is not to blame. Why did not the proud tongue speak? Whatever happens, she is acquitted by the world."

"And by her own conscience? Surely not, if she deceive, and injure by deception."

Lady Jane warmly repeated that she knew the world—that at her time of life she ought to know the world—and that she was certain any line of conduct but that which she had pointed out would expose a woman to the charge of indelicacy, and perhaps of impertinence.

These were heavy charges, Caroline felt; but she thought that, when not deserved, they could be borne better than self-reproaches for the want of candour and truth.

Lady Jane observed that, in the catalogue of female virtues, delicacy must have the foremost place.

Caroline made a distinction between real delicacy and punctilio.

Lady Jane was inclined to call it a distinction without a difference. She, however, more prudently said, that punctilio was necessary as the guard of female delicacy.

Undoubtedly; but the greater virtue should not be sacrificed to the less. Truth and sincerity, Caroline thought, must be classed among the highest virtues of woman, as well as of man, and she hoped they were perfectly consistent with the utmost feminine modesty. She asked whether, after all, the plea of delicacy and

punctilio was not sometimes used to conceal the real motives? Perhaps ladies, in pretending to be too delicate to see a gentleman's sentiments, were often, in fact, gratifying their own vanity, and urging him to that declaration which was to complete the female triumph.

Lady Jane grew angry: but fearing lest Caroline should perceive that she had some particular object in view—doubtful whether Caroline knew, or did not know, her aim—and farther, having a secret hope, that, like other young ladies who support fine sentiments about love and generosity, in conversation, she might, when it came to the test, forget them, her ladyship urged her opinion no farther.

Indeed she candidly acknowledged, that much might be said on Caroline's side of the question—and there the matter ended.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE object that lady Jane had in view was to prevent Caroline from discouraging, by premature candour, a passion which she saw rising in the heart of a young nobleman.

Lord William ——,

“ Well pleased to 'scape from flattery to wit,”

had always preferred lady Jane Granville's company to the society of those who courted him more, or with

less delicacy. Since miss Caroline Percy's arrival and appearance in town, lady Jane had, to do her justice, preserved with his lordship exactly the same even tenor of conduct; whatever her wishes might be, she had too much proper pride to compromise her own or her young friend's dignity. Moreover, her ladyship had sense and knowledge of character sufficient to perceive that such a sacrifice, or the least appearance of a disposition to make it, would be not only degrading, but vain: it would, she knew, for ever disgust and ruin them in the opinion of a man, who had infinitely more penetration and feeling than those who flattered him were aware that he possessed.

Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity, to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was, as it were, snatched from himself. He was subject to that nightmare of the soul, who seats herself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay, which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress, who hurls her spell even upon childhood; and, when she makes the youth her victim, pronounces, “Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character: innocent, you shall look guilty; wise, you shall look silly; never shall you have the use of your natural faculties. That which you wish to say, you shall not say—that which you wish to do, you shall not do: you shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic, insensible when

your heart sinks into melting tenderness. In the presence of those you most wish to please, you shall be most awkward ; and when approached by her you love, you shall become lifeless as a statue, under the irresistible spell of *mauvaise honte*."

Strange that France should give a name to that malady of the mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilized globe!

Under the spell of *mauvaise honte* poor lord William —— laboured—fast bound—and bound the faster by all the efforts made for his relief by the matrons and young damsels who crowded round him continually. They were astonished that all their charms, and all the encouragement they held out, failed to free this young nobleman from his excessive timidity.

"What a pity! it was his only fault, they were sure."—"Ten thousand pities he could not be made to speak—they were certain he had a vast deal to say."—"And he could be so agreeable, they were confident, if he would."—"Most extraordinary that a man of his rank and fortune, whom every creature admired, should be so timid."

True ; but the timid lord William all the time esteemed himself more highly than these ladies who affected to admire him. Mixed with his apparent timidity there was a secret pride. Conscious of the difference between what he was, and what he appeared to be, he was at once mortified and provoked, and felt disdain and disgust for those who pretended to admire his outward man, or who paid

to his fortune that tribute which he thought due to his merit. With some few, some very few, by whom he was appreciated, his pride and his timidity were equally at ease, his reserve vanished in an astonishing manner, and the man came out of the marble. Of this small number in his confidence lady Jane Granville was one. Even from his boyish years she had discerned his worth and value, and he now distinguished her by his grateful and constant regard. But lady Jane Granville, though a woman of considerable talents, could not be a judge of the whole of his mind, or the extent of his powers: her talent was chiefly wit—her knowledge, knowledge of the world—her mind cultivated but slightly, and for embellishment—his deeply, extensively, and with large views. When he became acquainted with miss Caroline Percy, he soon found that to her all this appeared, and by her was justly valued. His assiduity in cultivating his friend lady Jane's acquaintance increased; and his taste for the conversation at her house became so great, that he was always the first, and usually the last, at her parties. His morning visits were frequent and long; he knew, by instinct, the hours when the two ladies were disengaged, but not always so exactly the time when he ought to take leave. His ear never informed him when lady Jane's carriage came to the door, nor did he always hear the servant announce its being in readiness. Her ladyship might fidget as much as her politeness would permit without danger of its being observed. His lordship never was wakened to the sense of its being necessary to stir, till miss Caroline

Percy, by some strong indication, such as putting away her drawing, and the books, or by plainly saying, "We must go out now," made it manifest to him that he must depart. For this Caroline was regularly reproved afterwards by lady Jane—but she never found that it gave lord William any offence; nor did she for some time observe that it caused him much disquietude. He seemed to her to stay from mere habitual absence of mind, and unwillingness to remove from a retreat where he was safe and comfortable, to some place where he was liable to be annoyed by his fair persecutors. That he liked her company and conversation she did not affect to deny, nor could she doubt that he felt for her esteem and regard—he expressed both, and he was not a man to express more than he felt, or the truth of whose professions could be suspected; but she thought that his regard for her, and for lady Jane, were both of the same nature. She thought him *a friend, not a lover*. This was not with Caroline a mere commonplace phrase. She believed this to be true; and at the time she believed it, she was right. But constantly in the society of an amiable, sensible, and beautiful young woman, with a man of feeling, taste, and understanding, whose heart is disengaged, the passage from friendship to love is found so easy and rapid, as to be scarcely perceptible. And to this, which generally happens in similar circumstances, lord William was peculiarly liable. For though, from the crowds who courted his attention, it might seem that his liberty of choice was unlimited, yet, in fact, his power of choosing was contracted and reduced to the few "whom choice and passion both

approve." Among these few his fastidious judgment, and his apprehensions of domestic disquietude, saw frequently, and sometimes too justly, objection to the family connexion of the young lady: some want of union in it—want of principle, or train of dissipation, which he dreaded, or some folly he disliked; so that among the numbers of his own rank who sought his alliance, it was not easy for him to satisfy himself, even as to connexion—still more difficult to satisfy him as to love, "the modern fair one's jest," or, what is worse, her affectation. His lordship was well aware that among the numbers of young ladies who were ready at a moment's warning to marry him, not one of these would love him for his own sake. Now in common with Marmontel's Alcibiades, and with most men of rank who have any superiority of character, lord William had an anxious desire to be loved for his own sake; for though, in the opinion of most people of the world, and of some philosophers, the circumstances of rank and fortune form a part of personal merit; yet as these are not indissolubly associated with the individual, he rather preferred affection and esteem arising from merit, of which he could not be deprived by any revolution of fate or turn of fancy. If he was ever loved by Caroline Percy, it would be *for his own sake*; and of the constancy of her affection, if once obtained, the whole tenor of her character and conduct gave him the most secure pledge. Her education, manners, talents, and beauty, were all such as would honour and grace the highest rank of life. She had no fortune—but that was of no consequence to him—he was likely to have a

princely income: he had no debts, he had at present all that satisfied his wishes, and that could enable him to live married, as well as single, in a manner that suited his station. His friends, eager to have him marry, and almost despairing of his complying, in this point, with their wishes, left him entirely at liberty in his choice. Reason and passion both determined on that choice, just about the time when English Clay proposed for Caroline, and when the conversation about declarations and refusals had passed between her and lady Jane. That conversation, instead of changing or weakening the opinions Caroline then expressed, had confirmed her in her own sentiments, by drawing out more fully the strength of the reasons, and the honourable nature of the feelings, on which they were founded. Some slight circumstances, such as she could scarcely state in words, occurred about this time, which first gave her the idea, that lord William —— felt for her more than esteem. The tender interest he showed one day when she had a slight indisposition—the extreme alarm he expressed one night when there occurred an embarrassment between their carriages at the door of the opera-house, by which lady Jane's vis-à-vis was nearly overturned—an alarm much greater than Caroline thought the occasion required—was succeeded by anger against his coachman, so much more violent and vehement than the error or offence justified, or than his lordship had ever before been seen to show; these things, which in a man of gallantry might mean nothing but to show his politeness, from lord William seemed indicative of some-

thing more. Caroline began to see that the friend might become a lover, and now, for the first time, questioned her own heart. She thought highly of lord William's abilities and character—she saw, as she had once said to lady Jane, “signs which convinced her that this volcano, covered with snow, and often enveloped in clouds, would at some time burst forth in torrents of fire.” Little indication as lord William now showed to common observers of being or of becoming an orator, she perceived in him the soul of eloquence; and she foresaw, that on some great occasion, from some great motive, he would at once vanquish his timidity, and burst forth upon the senate. She felt convinced that whether eloquent or silent, speaking or acting, in public or private life, lord William would in every circumstance of trial fill and sustain the character of an upright, honourable, enlightened English nobleman. Notwithstanding that she thought thus highly of him, count Altenberg, in her opinion, far surpassed him in the qualities they both possessed, and excelled in many, in which lord William was deficient—in manner especially; and manner goes a great way in love, even with people of the best understanding. Besides all the advantages of manner, count Altenberg had far superior talents, or at least far superior habits of conversation—he was altogether as estimable and more agreeable than his rival. He also had had the advantage of finding Caroline's mind disengaged—he had cultivated her society in the country, where he had had time and opportunity to develop his own character and hers—in one word, he had made the first impression on her heart;

and such an impression, once made on a heart like hers, cannot be easily effaced. Though there seemed little chance of his returning to claim his place in her affections—though she had made the most laudable efforts to banish him from her recollection, yet

“ En songeant qu’il faut qu’on l’oublie
On s’en souvient ;”

and now she found, that not only all others compared with him were indifferent to her, but that any, whom she was forced to put in comparison and competition with count Altenberg, immediately sunk in her opinion.

Thus distinctly knowing her own mind, Caroline was however still in doubt as to lord William’s, and afraid of mistaking the nature of his sentiments. She well remembered lady Jane’s cautions; and though she was fully resolved to spare by her candour the suspense and pain which coquetry might create and prolong, yet it was necessary to be certain that she read aright, and therefore to wait for something more decisive, by which to interpret his meaning. Lady Jane wisely forbore all observations on the subject, and never said or looked a word that could recall the memory of her former debate. With the most scrupulous, almost haughty delicacy, and the most consummate prudence, she left things to take their course, secure of what the end would be.

One night lady Jane and Caroline were at a party. When they arrived, they descried lord William, in the midst of a group of the fair and fashionable, looking as if he was suffering martyrdom. His eye caught

Caroline as she passed, and his colour changed. The lady next him put up her glass, to look for the cause of that change—but the glass was put down again, and no apprehensions excited. By degrees, lord William worked his way towards Caroline—no, not towards Caroline, but to lady Jane Granville. The company near her were talking of a proposal, which a gentleman had lately made for a celebrated beauty—his suit had been rejected. Some said that the lady must have seen that he was attached to her, and that she had been to blame in allowing him so long to pay her attentions, if she was determined to refuse him at last; others defended the lady, saying that the gentleman had never made a distinct declaration, and that therefore the lady was quite correct in not appearing to know that his attentions meant any thing more than was avowed. Lord William listened, perfectly silent, and with an appearance of some anxiety. Lady Jane Granville supported warmly the same side of the question which she had taken in a similar conversation with Caroline.

Miss Percy was appealed to for her opinion, “Would it not be strange, indeed, if a lady were to reject a gentleman before she was asked?”

Lord William with increasing anxiety listened, but dared not look at Caroline, who with becoming modesty, but with firmness in what she believed to be right, answered, “that if a woman saw that a gentleman loved her, and felt that she could not return his attachment, she might, without any rude or premature rejecting, simply by a certain ease of manner, which every man of sense knows how to inter-

pret, mark the difference between esteem and tenderer sentiments ; and might, by convincing him that there was no chance of his obtaining any farther interest in her heart, prevent his ever having the pain of a decided refusal."

The discussion ended here. Fresh company joined them ; other subjects were started. Lord William continued silent : he did not take any share in any conversation, but was so absent and absorbed in his own thoughts, that several times he was spoken to, without his being able to give a plausible answer—then he stood covered with confusion—confusion increasing from the sense that it was observed, and could not be conquered. The company moved different ways, but his lordship continued fixed near Caroline. At last the attention of all near him was happily diverted and drawn away from him by the appearance of some new and distinguished person. He seized the moment, and summoned courage sufficient to address some slight question to Caroline : she answered him with an ease of manner which he felt to be unfavourable to his wishes. The spell was upon him, and he could not articulate—a dead silence might have ensued, but that lady Jane happily went on saying something about pine-apple ice. Lord William assented implicitly, without knowing to what, and replied, "Just so—exactly so—" to contradictory assertions ; and if he had been asked at this instant whether what he was eating was hot or cold, he could not have been able to decide. Lady Jane composedly took a biscuit, and enjoyed the passing scene, observing that this was the pleasantest party she had been at this season.

Mrs. Crabstock came up, and lady Jane, with wit at will, kept the pattern-lady in play by an opportunely recollected tale of scandal; with ears delighted, eyes riveted, stood Mrs. Crabstock, while lord William, again relieved from the fear of observation, breathed once more; and, partly recovering his senses through the mist that hung over him, looked at Caroline, in hopes of drawing some encouraging omen from her countenance. He had come to this party determined to say something that should explain to her his sentiments. He thought he could speak to her better in a crowd than alone. Now or never! said he to himself. With desperate effort, and with an oppressed voice, he said—the very thing he did not mean to say.

“Miss Percy, I never was so inclined in all my life to quarrel with ease of manner in any body as in you.” Then, correcting himself, and blushing deeply, he added, “I don’t mean that I don’t admire your ease of manner in general—but—in short, it is impossible, I think, that with your penetration, you can be in any doubt as to my sentiments. If I thought——”

He stopped short: he felt as if his life hung upon a thread—as if the first look, the first sound of her voice, the next word spoken, must decide his fate. He longed, yet feared to see that look, and to hear that word.

“And I think it is impossible that, with your lordship’s penetration, you should mistake mine,” said Caroline.

There was an ingenuous sweetness in her look and voice, a fear of giving pain, yet a resolution to be

sincere. Lord William felt and understood it all. He saw there was no hope. Caroline heard from him a deep sigh. With great and painful emotion, in the most calm voice she could command, but in the kindest tone, she added, "For the sentiments of regard and esteem your lordship has expressed for me, believe me, I am truly grateful."

Mrs. Crabstock moved toward them, and Caroline paused.

"Are you to be at lady Arrowsmith's concert to-morrow, my lord?" said Mrs. Crabstock, who was now at liberty to ask questions; for even scandal will not hold curiosity in check for ever.

"Are you to be at lady Arrowsmith's, my lord; to-morrow night?" repeated she, for her first attack was unheard.

"I do not know, indeed," said he, starting from his fit of absence.

Mrs. Crabstock persisted. "Were you at the opera last night, my lord?"

"I really, ma'am, do not recollect."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Crabstock.

And "Bless me!" cried lady Jane Granville. "We are to be at the duchess of Greenwich's ball; Caroline, my dear—time for us to move. My lord, might I trouble your lordship to ask if our carriage is to be had?"

Lord William, before she had completed the request, obeyed. As they went down the staircase, lady Jane laughing said, "I am afraid I shall be as impertinently curious as Mrs. Crabstock—I was going to ask your lordship whether you are en-

gaged to-morrow, or whether you can come to us—to me?”

“*Unhappily*,” the accent on the word showed it was no expression of course. “Unhappily I cannot—I am engaged—I thank your ladyship.”

Lady Jane looked back at Caroline, who was a little behind her.

“Though I could not recollect in time to tell Mrs. Crabstock where I was last night, or where I am to be to-morrow,” continued his lordship, making an effort to smile, “yet I *can* satisfy your ladyship—I shall be at Tunbridge.”

“Tunbridge!” cried lady Jane, stopping short, and turning to lord William, as the light shone full on his face: “Tunbridge at this season?”

“All seasons are alike to me—all seasons and their change,” replied lord William, scarcely knowing what he answered—the powers of mind and body engrossed in suppressing emotion.

They had now reached the bottom of the stairs—a shawl of lady Jane’s was not to be found; and while the servants were searching for it, she and Caroline, followed by lord William, went into one of the supper-rooms, which was open.

“To Tunbridge!” repeated lady Jane. “No, my lord, you must not leave us.”

“What is there to prevent me?” said lord William, hastily, almost harshly; for though at the time he felt her kindness, yet, irresistibly under the power of his demon, he said the thing he did not mean: his voice and look expressed the reverse of what his heart felt.

“Nay, if there is nothing to prevent your lordship,” said lady Jane, walking away with dignity, “I have only to wish your lordship a good journey.”

“I would stay, if I could see any thing to keep me,” said lord William, impelled, contrary to his better judgment, to appeal once more to Caroline’s countenance. Then cursed himself for his weakness.

Lady Jane, turning back, saw his lordship’s look; and now, convinced that Caroline was to blame for all, reproached herself for misinterpreting his words and manner.

“Well, my lord,” cried she, “you will not be in such haste to set out for Tunbridge, I am sure, as to go before you hear from me in the morning. Perhaps I may trouble your lordship with some commands.”

He bowed, and said he should do himself the honour of waiting her ladyship’s commands. She passed on quickly towards the hall. Lord William offered his arm to Caroline.

“I must speak to you, miss Percy—and have but a moment——”

Caroline walked more slowly.

“Thank you, madam—yes, I *do* thank you. Much pain you have given; but as little as you could. Better now than later. Like yourself—and I thank you for preserving the idea of excellence in my mind in all its integrity—in all—I shall detain you but a moment—you are not impatient?”

“No,” said Caroline, in a tremulous voice; yet for his sake, as well as for the sake of her own consistency, trying to suppress emotion which she thought he might misinterpret.

“Fear not—I shall not misinterpret—I know too well what love is. Speak freely of my sentiments to lady Jane, when I am gone—her friendship deserves it from me.”

He stopped speaking. “Stay,” said Caroline. “It may give your noble mind some ease to know that my heart was engaged before we ever met.”

He was silent. It was the silence of deep feeling. They came within view of the servants—he walked quietly to the carriage—assisted her into it, pressed her hand—and said in a low voice, “Farewell—for ever.”

The carriage-door was shut.

“Where to, my lady?” said the footman.

“The duchess of Greenwich’s, or home, Caroline?”

“Oh! home, if I may choose,” said Caroline.

“Home!” said lady Jane.

And the moment the glass was up, “Caroline, my dear, tell me this instant, what is all this between you and lord William?—Is it as I hope?—or, is it as I fear?—speak.”

Caroline could not—she was in tears.

“What have you done?—If you have said any thing irrevocable, and without consulting me, I never, never will forgive you, Caroline. Speak, at all events.”

Caroline tried to obey her ladyship.

“What have you done? What have you said?”

“I have said the truth—I have done, I hope, what I ought,” said Caroline; “but I have given great pain——”

Lady Jane now perceiving by her voice that she

was in sorrow, spoke no more in anger ; but, checking herself, and changing her tone, said, " It is not irremediable, my dear. Whatever pain you may have given, you know the power to give pleasure is still in your own hands."

Caroline sighed—" Alas! no madam, it is not."

" Why so, my love? He will not leave town in the morning without my commands ; and I am at your command. A note, a line, a word, will set all to rights."

" But that word I *cannot* say."

" Then let me say it for you. Trust your delicacy to me—I will be dignity itself. Can you doubt it? Believe me, much as I wish to see you what and where you ought to be in society, I would not—there it is, begging lady Frances Arlington's pardon, that Mrs. Falconer and I differ in character essentially, and *de fond en comble*. I would never yield a point of real delicacy ; I would not descend the thousandth part of a degree from proper dignity, to make you—any more than to make myself—a princess. And now, without reserve, open your heart, and tell me what you wish to have done or said."

" Nothing, my dear lady Jane."

" Nothing? my dear Caroline."

" I have no more to say—I have said all I can say."

The carriage stopped at their own door.

" We are all in the dark," said lady Jane: " when I have more light, I shall be able better to tell what we are about."

" Now I can see as well as hear," continued she,

as her woman met her with lights. "Keppel, you may go to bed; we shall not want you to-night."

"Now, Caroline, take care: remember your countenance is open to me, if not your heart."

"Both, both are open to you, my dear friend!" cried Caroline. "And lord William, who said you deserved it from him, desired me to speak as freely for him as for myself."

"He's a noble creature! There's the difference between reserve of character and reserve of manner—I always said so. Go on, my dear."

Caroline related every thing that had passed; and lady Jane, when she had finished, said, "A couple of children!—But a couple of charming children. Now I, that have common sense, must set it all to rights, and turn *no* prettily into *yes*."

"It cannot be done," said Caroline.

"Pardon me, solemn fair one, it can."

"Pardon me, my dear lady Jane, it must not be done."

"Children should not say *must*," cried lady Jane, in a playful tone; for never did she feel in more delightful spirits than this moment, when all her hopes for Caroline, as she thought, were realized; "and to complete '*the pleasing history*,' no obstacle remained," she said, "but the Chinese mother-of-pearl curtain of etiquette to be withdrawn, by a dexterous delicate hand, from between Shuey-Ping-Sin and her lover." Lady Jane, late as it was at night, took up a pen, to write a note to lord William.

"What are you going to do, may I ask, my dear madam?" cried Caroline.

“ My dear madam, I am going my own way—let me alone.”

“ But if you mean to write for me——”

“ For you !—not at all—for myself. I beg to see lord William in the morning, to trouble him with my commands.”

“ But seriously, my dear lady Jane, do not give him unnecessary pain—for my mind is decided.”

“ So every young lady says—it is a ruled case—for the first three days.” Lady Jane wrote on as fast as she could.

“ My dear lady Jane,” cried Caroline, stopping her ladyship’s hand, “ I am in earnest.”

“ So, then,” cried lady Jane, impatiently, “ you will not trust me—you will not open your heart to me, Caroline?”

“ I do—I have trusted you entirely, my dear friend. My heart I opened to you long ago.”

A dead pause—and blank consternation in lady Jane’s countenance.

“ But surely since then it must have changed ?”

“ Not in the least.”

“ But it will change: let lord William try to change it.”

Caroline shook her head. “ It will not—I cannot.”

“ And you won’t do this, when I ask it as a favour for my friend, my particular friend ?”

“ Excuse me, dear, kind lady Jane; I know you wish only my happiness, but this would make me unhappy. It is the only thing you could ask with which I would not comply.”

“ Then I’ll never ask any thing else while I live

from you, miss Percy," cried lady Jane, rising and throwing her pen from her. "You are resolved to throw your happiness from you—do so. Wish your happiness!—yes, I have wished it anxiously—ardently! but now I have done: you are determined to be perverse and philosophical. Good night to you."

Lady Jane snatched up her candle, and in haste retired. Caroline, sensible that all her ladyship's anger at this moment arose from warm affection, was the more sorry to have occasioned it, and to feel that she could not, by yielding, allay it instantly.—A sleepless night.

Early in the morning, Keppel, half-dressed and not half awake, came, with her ladyship's love, and begged to speak a word to miss Percy.

"*Love!*" repeated Caroline, as she went to lady Jane's apartment: "how kind she is!"

"My dear, you have not slept, I see—nor I neither; but I am sure you have forgiven my hastiness;" said lady Jane, raising herself on her pillow.

Caroline kissed her affectionately.

"And let these tears, my dearest Caroline," continued lady Jane, "be converted into tears of joy: for my sake—for your whole family—for your own sake, my sweet girl, be advised, and don't throw away your happiness for life. Here's a note from lord William—he waits my commands—that's all. Let me only desire to see him."

"On my account? I cannot," said Caroline—the tears streaming down her face, though she spoke calmly.

“Then it is your pride to refuse the man for whom every other young woman is sighing.”

“No, believe me that I do not act from pride: I feel none—I have no reason to feel any.”

“No reason to feel pride! Don’t you know—yes, you know as well as I do, that this is the man of men—the man on whom every mother’s—every daughter’s eye is fixed—the first unmarried nobleman now in England—the prize of prizes. The most excellent man, you allow, and universally allowed to be the most agreeable.”

“But if he be not so to me?” said Caroline.

“That can only be because—you are conscious of the cause, Caroline—it is your own fault.”

“And therefore I said, that I felt I had no reason to be proud,” said Caroline.

“Then have reason to be proud; conquer this weakness, and then you may have cause to be proud. You pique yourself on being reasonable: is it reasonable to leave your affections in the possession of a man, of whom, in all human probability, you will never hear more?”

“Too probable,” said Caroline.

“And will you, you, Caroline Percy, like lady Angelica Headingham, leave your heart at the mercy of a foreign *adventurer*?”

“Oh! stop, ma’am,” cried Caroline, putting her hand before lady Jane’s mouth: “don’t say that word—any thing else I could bear. But if you knew him—education, character, manners—no, you would not be so unjust.”

“You know you told me you were sensible you ought not to indulge such a weakness, Caroline?”

“I did—I am sensible of it—oh! you see I am; and my best—my very best have I done to drive him from my memory; and never, till I was forced to make this comparison, did I recollect—did I feel——Weak, I may be,” said Caroline, changing from great agitation to perfect decision; “but wicked I will not be: I will never marry one man, and love another. My own happiness if I sacrifice, mine be the consequence; but I will never injure the happiness of another. Do not, madam, keep that noble heart, this excellent lord William, in suspense—What are your commands?”

“My commands!” cried lady Jane, raising her voice, trembling with anger. “Then this is your gratitude—this your generosity!”

“I cannot be generous—I must be just. I have concealed nothing from lord William—he knows that my heart was engaged before we met.”

“And this your affection for all your friends—all who wish for your happiness? You would sacrifice nothing—nothing—no, not the slightest fancy, disgraceful fancy of your own, to please them, when you know how ardently too they wish to see you happily married.”

“To marry to please others, against my own inclination, against my own conscience, must be weakness indeed—self-deception; for if my friends wish my happiness, and I make myself miserable, how can that please them? Any sacrifice I could make, except that of principle, I would; but that I never will make, nor will my friends, nor do they, desire it——Forgive me, dear lady Jane.”

“I never will forgive you,” interrupted lady Jane.

“ Ring!—yes, ring the bell—and when rung, never expect my forgiveness.”

It must be done, thought Caroline, sooner or later.

“ My compliments, Keppel, to lord William,” said lady Jane; “ I have no commands to trouble him with. Stay, I must find something—that parcel for Mrs. Baggot, Tunbridge—I must write—I cannot write.”

With great difficulty, in the agitation of her mind and hand, lady Jane wrote a few lines, and holding the note up, looked at Caroline—a last appeal—in vain.

“ Take it, Keppel—I’m sorry lord William’s servant has been kept waiting,” cried her ladyship, and suddenly closed the curtain. Caroline retired softly, hoping that lady Jane might sleep, and sleep off her anger; but no—the morning passed—the day passed—and the sun went down upon her wrath. At night she would not, she could not, go out any where: Caroline, alone with her, endured a terrible tête-à-tête. Lady Jane never spoke. Caroline tried all she could, by affectionate kindness of look and voice, and by contrite gentleness, to soothe her perturbed spirit. Lady Jane’s anger admitted of no alleviation: her disappointment increased the more she reflected, and the more she thought of what others would think, if they could know it. And that they did not know, might never know it (for lady Jane was too honourable to betray lord William’s secret) was an additional mortification. It was not till after ninety-six hours that Caroline perceived in her ladyship any change for the better. The first favourable

symptom was her giving vent to her natural feelings in the following broken sentences: "After all my pains! When I was just thinking of writing to your father—when I might have carried you home in triumph, lady William! A duke in all human probability—a duchess—absolutely a duchess you might have been! And such a well-informed—such an amiable man!—every thing your own family could have wished——And Rosamond!—Ah! poor Rosamond—Rosamond, you little know!——And nobody will ever know—no creature will ever be a bit the wiser. If you would have let him even come to a declaration—properly, decently to a declaration—let him attend you in public once or twice, your declared admirer—what harm could it possibly have done him, you, or any body? Then there would have been some credit, at least—and some comfort to me. But now, at the end of the campaign, just where we were before! The season over, under lady Jane Granville's *chaperonage*, the beautiful miss Caroline Percy has received one proposal and a quarter!——No, while I live, I will never forgive it.'

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